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Memoir of

ANNA DEBORAH RICHARDSON

WITH

EXTRACTS FROM HER LETTERS

Ubi charitas ibi claritas.

1877

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MEMOIR OF ANNA DEBORAH RICHARDSON.

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ANNA DEBORAH RICHARDSON.

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ANNA DEBORAH RICHARDSON

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PREFACE.

As these pages are intended to meet the eye of none beyond our own family, unless it be a few intimate friends, I need make no apology for what might, under other conditions, seem out of place, but, let me say, that were these pages printed only for those who knew Anna personally, I might have omitted the slight thread of narrative which links the letters together. It is, however, with the hope of interesting our children more, and of making them appreciate more fully the life and character of my dear sister that I have attempted it.

There exists no satisfactory photograph or portrait. That which appears as a frontispiece is the best procurable, and has been kindly contributed by Robert Spence Watson. I may also here acknowledge the great assistance which I have received, in the work of editing, from my sister Caroline,

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CHAPTER I.

CHILDHOOD AND GIRLHOOD.

"At mihi jam puero cœlestia sacra placebant,
Inque suum furtim Musa trahebit opus."
Ovid, Trist. IV., 10.

THE late Dr. Martin Barry once told my sister that, at least, she *ought* to be something above the average level, considering what her parents were.

Our father, Edward Richardson, was more or less an invalid through life. He suffered from asthma, and could not attend much to business, but, being studiously inclined, he never let his classics grow rusty, and took great pleasure in imparting them to his children.

Our mother was the only child, by his first marriage, of John Wigham, of Edinburgh. In his house there was an excellent library, and, I believe, his daughter read every book therein, and some she read more than once. With an extremely retentive memory, she seemed, in her after life, to have all these books in different languages in her head, and, being of an ardent poetic nature, she, at once, infused a desire for knowledge into her children's minds, and set before them a high standard by which to measure their progress.

Of all the other excellencies of our parents, their love, their hospitality, their Christian life, I might and would gladly write at length, but, they will be abundantly perceived in many of the letters which follow.

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My sister Anna, was the eldest child of the family, and was born at No. 6, Summerhill Grove, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, on the 22nd of February, 1832. She was named Anna, after her Aunt Ann (now Mrs. Robert Foster) and Deborah, after her paternal grandmother. These two ladies, mother and daughter, lived together in a house called Spring Gardens. This house is now the office of Messrs. Thompson & Co., the Engine Makers. At that time, it was outside of the town, surrounded by a large garden—a garden famous for fruits of all kinds; and, in those non-teetotal days, the good old lady was very proud of her gooseberry wine. It was a garden which Anna always spoke of with pleasure, although it was given up for building sites when she was still a very little girl.

The earliest notices which I can find of Anna, are in a sort of a diary, kept by her mother.

November 22, 1834, (when 2½ years old).—Anna has improved much in talking lately, and her affections seem much developed. She often comes to me and says: "Anna 'ove Mamma very much indeed, very much indeed. Does Mamma 'ove Anna"? And, if I reply, "Yes, very much indeed," she often says: "Say very much indeed again, Mamma." On the death of her dear Aunt Rebecca, I told her that she was gone to Heaven, where she would be for ever happy, but that she had left us all, and we were very sorry, and that Anna would never see her again. She recurred to the subject, and I then told her that if she were a good girl, she would go to Heaven, too. She touchingly replied: "Anna does'nt want to go to Heaven away from Mamma." She has nearly learnt to put up the dissected map of Europe, and a Scripture puzzle she does quite cleverly. These are, at present, her favourite amusements, and she has an uncommon admiration of the moon and stars.

December 5, 1835.—Anna does not yet speak quite distinctly; she is a very lively child, rather irritable, but generally obedient. She deals greatly in comparisons, continually finding resemblances between things, and in this way she learns to read, and now knows a considerable number of little words. She delights in hearing stories read or told to her, and has a good memory. She is very active and healthy, though small of her age. She is very fond of her little brother, and, one evening, observing his great admiration of the candle, said, quite of herself: "He likes to look at the candle, little dear, he *would* be pleased to see the stars, and the moon, and the comet, and all those *bright things* up in the sky."

March 2, 1836.—Anna improves in learning to read and spell. She puts up cleverly four or five maps, and has some knowledge of the counties. In speaking of serious subjects, her remarks are very amusing—sometimes ludicrous. Looking at the picture of Mary looking to our Saviour, while Martha stands by a large fire, she

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observed with much gravity: "Mamma, I think Martha and Mary should'nt take Jesus Christ *into the kitchen.*" Meeting with the word *Heaven*, she said: "Good people go there when they die, some people *ride up*"; then, seeing an involuntary smile in my face, she added: "Ma knows Elijah did."

June 25, 1837.—Anna is still tall and slight—very active and animated—appeared to gain much strength during our sojourn in Devonshire; has a good deal got over her shyness, but is a curious instance of shyness and boldness; still rather irritable and very high spirited, but devotedly affectionate, and generally obedient to Mamma. She can read nicely, write tolerably, and has some general intelligence, but an extreme dislike to all handicraft occupations. Is a thorough romp, and has less taste for hearing stories than formerly.

An anecdote is told of Anna during this stay in Devonshire, at Torquay. She was then four years old. Her father used to go out riding with another gentleman before breakfast; and, on returning one morning, they both dismounted, and Anna begged to be put on. The horses were left for a moment without anyone holding them, and they both started off at a canter to the stables. Anna quite quietly kept her seat.

About a year later, when she was riding with her father down that grassy lane which connects Ebchester and Lanchester, his horse caught a foot in a drain, and he was thrown heavily to the ground, and remained senseless for a few minutes. When he came to himself he found that the little girl had gone after his horse, and walking with her riding habit tucked up, was quietly leading the two animals back to where he was lying.

My own personal recollections of her younger years, always connect Anna with horses. I never knew a better horsewoman, or a more fearless one. Even before she mounted, I have seen a spirited horse tamed by the mere sound of her quiet voice, and, once in the saddle, it was a pleasure to see the small hand and thin wrist hold the steed in perfect control. And, indeed, to the end of her life, it was always a treat to get her to talk about horses. She could explain *points* like a fox-hunting squire, drawing from her recollections many an interesting anecdote, and from odd bye-ways of knowledge, striking and very unexpected illustrations sometimes made vivid by her ready pencil. Thus, I have heard her to sustain a theory, quote a passage from the travels of Cortez, and again compare by sketches the head of her favourite pony, Jessie, with those of the Greek horses on the

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frieze of the Parthenon. At another time, it would be Cyrus and the Persians, or Cambyses and the Egyptian chariots, or the non-shoeing of the Greek horses, or a sketch from Catlin's Indians, or Head's Pampas, and ever with an original quaintness and vivacity which it is impossible to describe. It was, I suppose, her wonderful clearness of perception and realization of the image in her mind that gave such a force to her talk.

One evening, at Heugh Folds, she had commenced with some theory about fish diet for children, and branched off to the question of teaching young horses to jump; and, I recollect the next morning, after breakfast, when George and I were having a pipe, on the terrace, he said: "I say, Jack, do you think Anna would do best for a head nurse, or at Scott's training stables? or (sotto voce) teaching girls Greek."

One more extract from her mother's diary:—

January, 1838.—In approaching the completion of her sixth year, Anna is a tall girl for her age; continues thin, but very active, animated, and healthy. Her mental powers have been developed with considerable rapidity. She now reads well—and writes very fairly—an exercise of which she is fond,—and can do very easy sums in addition and multiplication. She has lately improved in sewing, and can seam tolerably well when she takes pains. Her memory is retentive as to facts more than words, and she displays much quickness of perception and a comprehension rather above her years. She is fond of hearing poetry, and evinces some taste in the selection. Continues quite a romp, and does not amuse herself by reading so much as I expected. With regard to moral qualities, I hope there is considerable improvement. Her natural self-will, impatience, and irritability are certainly, in some degree, subdued, and she is decidedly more gentle, docile, and obedient, while her affection continues strong and ardent.

January, 1839.—Anna continues to grow tall, which seems rather to diminish her strength. She has made some progress in reading and writing—a good deal in spelling and sewing, and is gaining a slight knowledge of geography. She is very fond of reading to herself now, and altogether, shews a good deal of ability, but rather a want of application.

Some time after this date, Anna was sent to a Friend's day-school, and, for a short time, to one in Durham, in Old Elvet. She used always, in after years, to speak enthusiastically of the walks by the River Wear, and the hyacinths and wood anemones, which they found there in the spring.

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In the summer of 1846, when she would be 14 years old, the whole family paid a long visit to our grandfather, John Wigham, in Edinburgh. The influence of this dear old man on her character, and also of the circle in which he moved, were very marked. He lived in a pleasant house, in Salisbury Road, which branches off from the road to Dalkeith and Berwick, just at the top of the hill which slopes down to Craig Millar Castle. There was a pleasant rectangular garden behind the house, at the far end of which was a raised and turfed terrace, and beyond was Arthur's Seat. There was no odious back street, the adjunct of so many modern houses built under the influence of Local Boards of Health. On one side a wall divided the garden from that appertaining to Lady Spital, and over this wall clusters of jargonel pears used to hang, which were a sore temptation to us youngsters. Besides this, our grandfather had a cottage, called Morton Cottage, near to Musselburgh, and close to the sea, where Anna would often sit and watch the gorgeous sunsets lighting up the Forth with gold, and illuminating the shores of Fife, and the far off Ochil Hills.

Much of the lovely country, round the peerless city of the North, was explored on foot or in carriage excursions, so that Anna, long years after, very justly quoted the lines :—

> "Early they took Dun-Edin's road,
> And I could trace each step they trode :
> Hill, brook, nor dell, nor rock, nor stone,
> Lies on the path to me unknown."

When the visit to Edinburgh came to an end, Anna was sent to a friend's school at Lewes, in Sussex, which was kept by three sisters of the name of Dymond. It was conducted on strictly Quaker principles, so strictly, that on one occasion, she was reproved as shewing an acquaintance with forbidden literature, when, in a school essay, she quoted Scott's lines :—

> "And tinged them with a lustre proud
> Like that which streaks a thunder cloud."

If Scott's poems were tabooed, it may be imagined that all novels were strictly prohibited ; and it was during this period that she gained an acquaintance with such Quaker literature as the lives of William Allen, Stephen Grellett, Elizabeth Fry, &c. I sometimes query whether this restriction may not have been better than the latitude of present times ; but she, herself, afterwards spoke of these books as

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"Dreary works, which I used to devour for the sake of the thread of narrative which ran through them." Here also, she read (and nothing which she read was ever forgotten) Montgomery's "Pelican Island," and "World before the Flood," Cowper's poems, and, what impressed her more than all, Longfellow's "Evangeline," the exquisite pathos of which sank deep into her heart.

The three sisters, who conducted the school, must have been most gifted and superior ladies; for, both at school, and to the end of her life, she ever spoke of them with the utmost affection and admiration, nor have I ever met any of the almunæ of the school who thought otherwise. Of her school friendships I cannot find much trace, but I recollect being, many years afterwards, at a house where a young lady was under care for mental alienation, and I overheard her say, beseechingly, in the next room: "Do let me go to him; he speaks just like Anna Richardson."

The foregoing will make clearer some of the allusions in the following letters:—

From A. D. R. to Hannah Maria Peile.

"6, SUMMERHILL GROVE, *8th of 6th Month*, 1846.

MY VERY, VERY DEAR FRIEND,

"*Many* thanks for thy kind, interesting letter, but I wish thou wouldst not make me feel so ashamed of myself. Thy kindness and sweetness supposes me to be so very different from what, in reality, I am. If thou only knew me a *little* better, I know thou wouldst be very much disappointed. The thought of this sometimes makes me feel quite melancholy. I value thy opinion of me, dear, though it is not true. I may gather from it that thou loves me, which is very comforting and pleasant.

"Please excuse me if this letter is not written all at once, because I have a good many bits of time, though not much together. I am much obliged to thee for thy kind account of the trip to Whitehaven.

"If others write somewhat in the same way as I do respecting thee, it proves that we are right.

"I am much interested in your equestrian performances.

"We have been reading a little of the life of Maria Fox—especially extracts from her journal, when she was quite young—are very interesting. We shall, indeed, enjoy a visit to Morton Cottage, though the pleasure of *mine* will be a little damped by the prospect of leaving home to go to Lewes, so soon after. We intend to sail in the *Vesta* to-morrow week. Edward, jr., will follow on the top of the coach two days after, as he cannot miss his examination. J. W. is going in the same manner, straight from Carlisle."

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From A. D. R. to Hannah Maria Peile.

LEWES, 30*th September*, 1846.

"How kind, dear, to humour me so, and write so soon, such a sweet letter. I enjoyed it so. 'Tis quite a treat to have letters at all, and especially thine, dear. I expect thou thinks me so troublesome in *bothering* thee with my silly letters, and in asking thee to write, but I enjoy hearing from thee, or of thee. I feel myself getting school stiffness. I like school so much though, but thou knows, somehow, people always feel so different,—don't they? when they have to *go by* rules and all that, so please excuse me if I write differently to thee here. I could tell thee a great deal about this school and its heads, if I thought it would interest thee. I think I like it myself, but thou knowest I have never felt the feelings of 18, so I can't tell exactly; but, shall I venture, and thou wilt tell me if thou dost not like it; but I know it will all be as safe with thee as it would if it had never gone out of this house, for I should not like "to tell tales out of school."

"I think I told thee how we go into the dining-room, one after another, and come out the same way. Thou must know that a certain person announced to the girls, in the school room, as "My brother Henry's eldest—her name is Edith"—has been staying here. She, as a matter of course, sat up at the top of the table, on M. D.'s right hand. I happen to sit on the opposite side, and, therefore, was exposed to all the quizzical forces of two large eyes—as were my companions. "Girls," (said M. D. yesterday) "There are three things you want improvement in,—putting the cups gently together, placing the mugs on the waiters, and taking your seats gently. These I have heard remarked upon—not however, lately." The last part of the sentence was pronounced to clear dear niece, Edith, from the bad imputation which would necessarily fall to her lot.

"Then, yesterday, some dozen friends came to dinner, and, consequently, many girls had to sit at a side table, so I was at the bottom of the long one, by J. S. D. (oh, I felt so honoured) when to my dismay, about the middle of dinner, I heard, up at the top of the table—Miriam Dymond's voice—"Anna Deborah, go and see if there is a letter for Annie Frank." I rose, went into the hall, looked over the letters on the marble slab till I came to one with "A. Frank," so I went in—and dosn't thou pity me—walked up that long, long room with it. I was in a pickle.

"We are so proud of Josephine Dymond, because she is so pretty, and she wears hideous bonnets, which attract the attention of passers by, and then they look *under* it. I know most of the girls almost idolize her. If I say to any one: "Dost thou love J. S. D.?" "Anna, I love her excessively—nearly adore her: I would, if I durst"; sometimes followed by: "'Tis so hard to have to keep one's love to one's self"—for we are not at all free with the higher powers. Josephine is so dignified, and yet so *very* kind and sweet. I like Latin so much because she teaches us. She is not only *queenly* in her manners, but in her person, too—she is rather tall. Sometimes she

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talks so kindly. All the Dymonds dress so exceedingly plainly. I never saw any one like them in this respect, in the North.

"One theme day, mine was all about mountains, and I was wild and *up*, and J. S. D. said she did not like the war-like spirit of it, though I did not see it myself, so I had to patch up a peace bit, and stick it on at the end—it looked so silly.

"We have real fun sometimes; such hurry skurries to be in time for the bell, for thou must know that there are five minutes between each bell at the different times during the day, at which it is rung generally 16 times (oh, the everlasting ding-dong; one morning I counted 127 strokes), then, even though a girl is upon the threshold of the school-room door while the *ring* is still in her ears, she is late—the consequence of which is, that if it is in the early morning, we are obliged to go to Mat. (Matins) at 7 o'clock; and, if at any other time, 8. It is excessively amusing sometimes to see the fuss in the morning, when it is cold, and the girls are tempted to be lazy, that is to say, if not in it, for some exclamations express the poignant fear in the breasts of some young ladies. I can't bear being hurried, so generally get up at half-past 5 (we may'nt sooner) to escape it all. We have such a funny French Governess, a Swiss, who teaches several of the girls German. She is very particular—learning to be a Friend, *i.e.*, Quaker, and if we even smile, she makes such a fuss. One day she sent one of the girls to the opposite side of the table for smiling, and then said—"Merci."

I do love thee so. Farewell.

ANNA.

From A. D. R. to her Mother.

LEWES, *13th March*, 1847, *Saturday Evening.*

"I have had it on my mind ever since we came back, that thy birthday, my own beloved mother, will be on the 19th, and though it is now nearly a week beforehand, I thought I should like to keep a journal letter for thee, so that I can write when I like. I will leave all the more immediate birthday part till the conclusion of my epistle, and then it will not be so stale. Oh! if I told thee how much and how constantly I think of thee, and if we could bring it more together and make it more mutual, that is to say, at the same time, perhaps it would a little lessen the pain of separation. This comes often over me very mournfully, and is one great drawback to the pleasures of school. Sometimes the tears will come into my eyes when I think of it, but I force them back, and bring all my *philosophy* into play to think that—

"Not *enjoyment* and not *sorrow*
Is our destined end or way,
But to *act* that each to-morrow
Finds us farther than to-day."

By-the-bye, that "Psalm of Life" I am extremely fond of; I like the spirit of it so, and it often comes to my help to drive away all spirit of discontent, and wearing both of mind and body. I like to see people, and to be as much as possible myself, living with a cheerful,

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hopeful feeling running through the veins, and an eye disposed to look on the bright side of life—not always peeping with gloomy forebodings into the future, but "going ahead" with a steady determination to "bear up" and struggle against all difficulties, mental and physical. I do dislike to see others half asleep, and seeming as though their very existence was a burden, and this makes me very much afraid of imitating them. All this is very good in theory, and may sound very fine. But, alas! not so easy in practice, and life is up hill work at any rate, but more especially at school, I think.

"Oh, for the gift of melody and rhyme,
Right eloquence to state the value rare
Of humble, wakeful effort—built on prayer."

"One day, when I had a headache, I went to rest on the couch in this parlour, and, as I was quite alone, and no one likely to come in, I gave way to a string of uninterrupted thought, perhaps more than I would, or indeed, than I could have done had others been around me. I wished for thee till the wish burned so within me that it was perfectly painful. Some one who was able, and who had the inclination to enter into all my feelings, and who could so well, as one so nearly and so dearly related to me as a mother. There must be more harmony of soul naturally, however wide a difference education, age, and experience may make between two beings, so deeply connected by the ties of blood and affection, than between any one else. Here, every one is too nearly equal (except the Dymonds) and they are too reserved and distant for any one who sees them or even lives with them as we do, to know what kind of hearts they have—whether or no they have the same gushing sympathies of other human breasts it would be hard to tell. Probably they are considerably chilled by the dull and unchanging routine of school for nearly the whole space of thirty or forty years. I suppose the other girls *sometimes* think of more than they seem to; at any rate, it appears as if all pure intellectual feeling was banished from this house. If it does exist, as I trust it does, it never finds an outlet from the hearts where it is flowing. I am disgusted often with the low, puny conversations carried on, and yet I join in them, and most likely, to all appearance, enjoy them! Strange inconsistency! I hardly know how to account for it except that school girls, after having been pouring over books and scholastic affairs, *must* be silly and gossiping to keep up their spirits, and to afford complete relaxation, or at least, complete change to their minds. I must leave off, for I have a few little things to do before one of the eternal bells. Farewell for the present."

2nd Day Evening.

"We have been a long walk to-day, to the little village of Kingston, situated at the foot of the hills of the same name, which, rising rather suddenly at the back, seem like its guardian spirits. Everything was beautiful. The sky was cloudless, and a sweet little lark was singing cheerily high in air. All in nature looked happy, and why should not we be so too, though perhaps, every now and then, thoughts of dear and distant ones flitted across the mind with

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something like melancholy; they soon were driven away by the smiles of inanimate things. I enjoyed it extremely; it was so invigorating, and, as I walked home with Maria, repeating "Branksome Braes," "North Countrie," and some other favourite pieces, I could not help thinking of thee, and what those thoughts were, was better felt than described. Oh, my precious mother, could our earthly pilgrimage be one of unalloyed joy? then would I wish for thee, long life, and, even as it is, in the depths of my love for thee, I half regret that beings who live as thou dost, loved and loving, shedding sweet and holy influence on all around, should ever leave a world in which they are so highly prized. Oh, but then, would it not be hard that, after having borne the cross they should not receive the crown. (I will leave off this ink, for it does not answer my purpose of being more legible). But, my earnest and heartfelt prayer to Heaven is, that thou may'st live to a "good old age," and experience as little of the sorrow of life as God may ordain. I know it would be of no use to wish thee constant happiness, for this cannot be here. Excuse the plainness of my expressions, but it is so difficult, in a noisy school-room, to collect the thoughts.

"Thy sweet, sweet letter of yesterday gladdened my heart, and I would, if I could, thank thee for it. I always look forward to First day mornings with delight, and communications from thy own dear pen fall like soft and healing showers on my path, refreshing me in the oft-times lonely roughness of school, and shedding a halo of purer, better feeling round me. Never mind for me, Mamma darling, it is good for the natural man to bear pain, whether it be of body or mind, and I would not, on any account, add to thy cares by anxiety in my health. It will make me almost afraid to tell thee when I am not quite well."

3rd Day.

"Another splendid morning. I trust this fine weather has extended to you, and it will help dear papa out again. Has he any thoughts of having a horse this spring and summer to ride before breakfast? Used it not to do him good when he had the rheumatism last year? I asked Mary Dymond just now if I might send a letter to thee, as it is thy birthday. She looked rather amused, and sent their united love to thee. Sarah Rickman and Bessie are staying at Margaret Wood's, I believe. I do *love* S. R. so exceedingly, and I *like* her, for she is so intellectual and refined. I always enjoy a little of her company extremely, and sometimes I have such nice little chats with her; and we talk, and we talk about thee, and when thou wast here last. She would be so delighted to see thee, and we should enjoy a little visit so much. It would lessen the pain of parting from all I love here, and we would, perhaps, stay in London a little. It seems such a pity that, while I am in the Metropolis, I should not see a little more of its wonders. I have a great desire to visit Westminster Abbey and the Tower, as places of such great historical interest, and thou knowest how fond I am of reading of ages gone by. I just crossed the threshold of St. Paul's, and no more, and that is something worth a little time. The National Gallery, too, I should extremely

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enjoy going to, and see some of the productions of the first masters. Do bring Carrie and come; for thou knowest it would be almost impossible for me to go quite alone anywhere. I should not like to live with such a dismal impression of the capital of my own country; for I have already felt very unhappy while I have been there. These are all very selfish considerations, I allow, but mortal beings are too apt to say "I" when some other person might, with more propriety, be used. However, think of thyself, dear Mamma. Would it not do thee a great deal of good to take a little journey? Oh! dear me, when I see these beautiful days come, I do wish to be out of the school-room, and scouring away over the hills on my dear old friend, Jessie.

"And now, may I ask thee to receive as a *small*, small proof of my warm affection, the accompanying trifles—the white cuffs thou asked me to make. I am sorry they are so shabby, and the others I made when my head was stupefied with pain, and I felt inclination for no work, whatever, save for thee. They are not worth anything, but take them as a token of my love.

"Now farewell, my precious Mamma.

Thy fondly and faithfully attached,

ANNA D. R."

A small paper packet accompanied this letter, on which was written:—

"For my own Mamma, from Lewes. Margaret Joshua has very kindly given me these violets to send to thee, as I said thou wast fond of them. They are the first we have found wild here."

"Love! love! love! oh, that I could bear these myself home."

The Sarah Rickman mentioned in the last letter, was a widow lady, one of the earliest and best of our mother's friends.

She was a lady of extraordinary ability; and we always thought she might have been a great artist had she not been brought up strictly as a Quakeress. About this time, she made for us the game of William Tell. There are about a dozen or fifteen figures, 6 or 7 inches high, cut out in cardboard, and beautifully drawn and coloured, and set on a little stand of wood. Then, there is the pole, with Jessler's cap upon it, and little Willie with the apple on his head, all as the poet pictures the scene, in the market place of Altdorf. These figures are to be placed on a long dining table, and an exquisite little cross bow and arrows is provided with which to try and emulate the skill of the great patriot.

Then, Sarah Rickman, like Solomon, knew all the wild flowers, and birds, and fishes by name, and could tell us endless stories about

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them. She taught us, also, to make cardboard boxes, and tissue paper fire balloons, and to stuff birds; and, in fact, in those days, we believed there was nothing at all she could not do, even to making a flying machine! She also made exquisite models in cardboard or cork of Gothic buildings, and just before her death, on the occasion of my marriage, she put on *two* pairs of spectacles, and buying a piece of pear tree wood, she carved a model of the Pompeian dog, the "cave canem," a work so spirited and life-like that it is one of my most valued possessions.

It had then been proposed that Anna should spend the short Christmas holidays, at Lewes, with Sarah Rickman; but the illness and death of her little brother, Isaac, brought home from school all the elder children. This brother, Isaac, was a child of great beauty and promise, and had more of Anna's nature than any of the rest. When the terrible illness, water in the brain, first attacked him, he said: "I know some one at Lewes who will be very sorry." Her journey home was delayed by a snow storm, and she did not come in time to be recognized, but, when he died, on the 26th of December, our mother's passionate grief was soothed by Anna's ardent sympathy. She went back to Lewes early in January, to work with a fresh sense of responsibility. During the spring months, the tidings from Ireland of the famine-stricken people so wrought on her mind, that it seemed to her wrong to enjoy more than the barest necessities. To a growing girl, this self-imposed fasting was most dangerous, and very soon her health was affected. A swelling round the toe nail prevented her from walking, and the want of air and exercise made her languid. It was, therefore, arranged that she should have a pony to ride on, and this was a most delightful break in the rather austere school life. She would canter alone for miles over the Downs, and, in after years, used to liken the rapture of these rides to Wordsworth's descriptions of his boyish rambles round Hawkshead. But the disease had taken too deep a hold to be quickly cured, and when she left Lewes, in the summer of 1847, many months of suffering awaited her at home. By the help of a quack doctor, the sore was healed up, and in October, Anna went with her sister to Edinburgh, to stay at her grandfather's, and attend the winter session of classes at the Moray Place Institution. She entered with zest and pleasure into the studies there, and quickly rose to the top of her classes, and

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formed friendships with the more advanced girls. The long walk, however, to and fro, irritated her foot, and lameness again came on. Our mother's kind friend, Elizabeth Candler, consented to go with her to a Hydropathic Establishment, at Dunoon, conducted by Dr. Rowland East, (this gentleman afterwards took orders, and became Incumbent of St. Andrew's, Newcastle), and after eight weeks she returned to Edinburgh, very much better. Professor Lizars, however, advised that the nail should be cut out from the root to prevent a recurrence of the swelling. Without chloroform, she bravely bore the operation, putting her hand in her mouth to keep herself from screaming, and the kind old surgeon, full of admiration for his patient's courage, took her in his arms and carried her out to the cab. It was very disappointing to her that this long break virtually put an end to her school-work in Edinburgh; but a few weeks' attendance before the end of the session, gave time for a drawing which took the first prize, and on the examination day, the extempore essay which she wrote was far beyond those of her competitors, in freedom and grace of expression, and was awarded the first prize. Her life at home, for the following two years, was a very busy one. She taught a younger brother and sister, read voraciously, learnt to cut out and sew with uncommon speed, cooked, rode, and walked, in fact, did everything, small and great, with the enthusiasm of her eager nature; but she never ceased to lament that her course of regular study had been so much interrupted, that she had been, as she put it, so imperfectly educated.

It was soon after her return from Dunoon, that I seem to fix my earliest clear recollection of Anna's personal appearance. A little above the average height of women, an elastic gait, abundant auburn hair, a face expressive, perhaps, rather than beautiful, with a high broad forehead, and clearly pencilled eyebrows. The most *regular* feature of her face was the chin, which had that full curve which we admire so much in the Pallas Athene. Such, I remember her, when taking a long country walk with two young ladies who were visiting her. The three recited alternately whilst walking, long passages of poetry, amongst which were Maculay's "Horatius," the verses of the Creator, "Wenn ich oh Schöpfer, &c.," and Sheriff Bell's stanzas on the Queen of Scots.

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The friendships which Anna formed, always with girls older than herself, were almost painful in their intensity, and just before her eighteenth birthday, a still stronger affection sprung up. Fully approved of by her friends, every circumstance seemed to warrant the perfect confidence and hope with which she entered on an engagement. But, in a few months, without any explanation (nor was any asked or wished) of the motive which could suddenly change the current of what was said to be a long attachment, the engagement was broken off, and all the intensity of love was thrown back on herself to lie miserably wounded for many a long and weary year. A little tour in Switzerland was planned for her relief, but she could not enjoy it, and came home to bear the festering pain as best she could, forcing herself to study as the only relief. But life was never quite the same to her again—

Die schöne Frucht die kaum zu keimen
Begann, da lag sie schon erstarrt.

She felt that her ship of love had been wrecked at the very mouth of the harbour, and she could never again be persuaded to risk her heart in such navigation; but, she enlisted in the ranks of the army, whose chief is the Captain of our Salvation, and with devoted love and loyalty to His person, she found, at once, both a well-loved service and rest to her soul, and the blessed assurance of the recompense of a great and everlasting reward.

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CHAPTER II.

"That blessed mood
In which the burthen of the mystery,
In which the heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world
Is lightened."

Wordsworth.

In the year, 1850, it was determined that the family should leave the old house, in Summerhill Grove, and remove to a large house which had been built, but never completed, for Mr. Matthew Bigge. One end of the house was to be occupied by our Aunt Ann, but the lodge and stables were to be in common. It was largely owing to Anna's influence that this change was determined on, and she worked at the plans and arrangements with her usual zeal and clearness.* I was then at school, and I remember well the sketches which she took the trouble to send to me so that I might be fully acquainted with all the contemplated changes. As often happens, the old house was given up in 1852, before the new one was ready, so Anna went over with her father to take lodgings in the Lake District, where all the school boys and school girls might spend the summer holidays. By the kind help of John Crossfield, the Nab Cottage was fixed upon, and here a new life seemed to dawn upon Anna. The soothing effect of the lovely scenery, the long rambles over the hills, and the fresh mountain air brought a balm to her soul. She began to sketch very carefully; and, though not yet successful, her sense of colour, which found little scope in the smoke of Newcastle, was trained, and her delight in nature was hourly quickened. Those who know the sketches which she subsequently made, would derive

* I may note, as a matter of curiosity, that the total rent for Beech Grove was £130, which, taken at 4 per cent, gives a value of £4,500. In 1875, the house and land which had not been very much altered, were sold for about £24,000.

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instruction were they to look at her earliest efforts and saw the successive steps achieved by honest industry and painstaking.

Perhaps, however, the greatest blessing came to her through her acquaintance with the Lancrigg family. Mrs. Fletcher hearing that our mother was a daughter of John Wigham, of Edinburgh, came with her daughter, Lady Richardson, to call. She kindly proferred the loan of books, and sent some which were all of a philanthropic nature, as she supposed Friends did not enter into other branches of literature!

On one occasion, she invited Anna to Lancrigg to meet her granddaughter, Miss Taylor, of whom and of whose influence much will be seen in the following pages. Mrs. Fletcher's intuitive sympathy won Anna's whole heart; and, when long afterwards she used to quote: "We live by admiration, hope, and love," it was with a keen remembrance of the new life wakened in her by reverence for gifts clothed with a grace and charm she had never felt before.

This intercourse and this pleasure in nature were not lessened when, after the summer holidays, the family party was divided, the parents, and younger children returning to Newcastle or to school, and Anna, with her sister, Caroline and myself removing to High Close, a small farm house, on the ridge between Grasmere and Langdale, which has since been entirely altered and enlarged, and is now the residence of Mr. Wheatly Balme.

The following are to her friend, H. M. Peile:—

RYDAL, 17*th April*, 1852.

"I think of thee very constantly, and always with thankfulness for the blessing of knowing thee. I am sure, too, that I am safe in this blessing, for, tho' I have very misanthropic suspicions of the human race in general, I am continually abandoning myself to a child-like trust in the individual members of it. I have been alone on Loughrigg since tea, watching the golden glory fade over Silver How. I like the solemn loneliness of the peaceful hills, and "the twilight is like the truce of God with a world of care and woe." I hardly know whether it is right to devote myself to these roaming habits—only that it needs my strenuous effort to keep my thoughts in an eccentric course, away from a centre of painful solemnity which steadily attracts them. But I know, if again my heart were assimilated to the transparent "Likeness of God," the pain would be taken away, because pain is allied with sin, and the solemnity be like that of the stars only, radiant with the calm of heavenly love. Will it ever be on earth?"

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"RYDAL, *17th March*, 1852.

"Carrie and I took our farewell walk last night over Loughrigg. My affections for this place are becoming painfully intense. It is too delicate and precious a feeling to be analysed, but certainly the presence of the hills and streams "works inward" with a marvellous power. It quenches for a moment, only to quicken, the ceaseless "heimweh" of the spirit which would, indeed, be an intolerable burden if the far off "heim" were of the indefinite, restless nature of the "weh." I hardly meant to say this, for I was writing strictly on business."

"HIGH CLOSE, LANGDALE, AMBLESIDE, *28th July*, 1852.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

"If I had been talking to thee here, as I hoped to have done, it would be under the most exquisite influences possible, as far as the outward world goes. We are living at a great height above the rest of the country—half way up Loughrigg—just upon the ridge between the vales of Langdale and Grasmere. So thou can'st imagine the view—Windermere stretching away into the line of infinite blue, and the little "Speculum Dianæ," as Wordsworth called it, under our eyes, and the Pikes with their lofty relations filling up the head of the valley. But, as the price of all this we are, or might be, rather lonely, and the distances to the seats of civilisation in the neighbourhood are rather long. So much for the place of a conversation for which I find myself continually longing, so continually, that I can only repress it by the useful reflection of how little we should do if we always talked. I ought to be gratefully satisfied, however, for the social enjoyments of this country quite equal the pleasure of mere moralising. I would say "more than" only it seems like wronging the grand inaudible voices. I am afraid if I were to begin to mention people separately, it would be as wearisome to thy eyes as to my hand, but if thou hast read Hartley Coleridge, thou wilt be glad for us that Derwent, his brother, sat down in the room last night, and politely talked to us on architecture with a flow, not of words, perhaps, but certainly of sentences. Dost thou remember the stream of om-m-jects and sum-m-jects? There is an eccentric original lady here, Phœbe Chorley, who lodges in the cottage nearest us, and with whom, consequently, we are on true neighbourly terms, and to her "large discourses" I am so riveted, that I can seldom listen to them for less than two hours at a time. She is very kind to me, and says such sundry gratifying things, in an indirect way, as never fail to set one at respectful ease; so, out of her amazing storehouse of literature, I gather treasures, new and old.

"All this and much more is very intoxicating for the time, and I see quite well what capuan-like poison it would soon become, and that, therefore, there is every reason to repose in the merciful wisdom which leads us by the still waters, where we can steadily observe the likeness of our own souls alone, as they are, and as we trust they will become. I wish very often that I could give three-fourths of the pleasure I have had here to thee, who, every way, deserves it better—and the thought would have been far more painful, except for the

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blessing of books, for which we are so rightly thankful. It bewilders and heats me to think of the ladies long ago, who could not relieve themselves except by shooting their noble intellects from them, atom by atom, in the eternal tapestry stitch.

"I don't think I half recommended Ruskin's Landscape Painters to thee—thou wilt feel deeply indebted to me when thou hast read it. Chenevix Trench on Words did I mention? or his Hulsean Lectures, which are highly spoken of, and Uncle Tom's Cabin, I hope thou wilt devour.

"Truly the day at Buttermere was tantalising. I wish I could choose out of the subjects merely started, which it is desirable to follow,—was it intellectual capabilities? for which we should be glad of a new phraseology, both modest and true. But, indeed, as Ruskin says, we may be sure a vain man has only looked downward. There is always an excelsior sounding to keep up a right self estimate; but, I often wonder why we may not acknowledge our humble thankfulness for blessings which infinitely transcend in value every other earthly gift, not by their vast comprehensiveness, and fearful capacity for joy and sorrow, but because by the grace of the spirit they may be transmuted into an heavenly. And so I always feel that, in the wandering too and fro of the inner man, and the blank misgivings and the questionings, "to whom shall we go"? There is a justice full and simple in the answer, "Thou, Lord, hast the words of eternal life."

A. D. R.

The Phœbe Chorley named in the foregoing letter, was aunt to Henry Chorley, of the Athenæum. Some time afterwards, I was staying for two or three months in Liverpool, and I received from her a great deal of unmerited kindness and attention. How many people have I found since then, anxious in a similar way, to shew how they valued the friendship of my sister!

A kind invitation from our cousin, Mary Edmundson, of Dublin, to spend a month at Sutton, on the northern shore of Dublin Bay, had been sent to my two elder sisters and myself, and our stay in Ireland comprised a tour through Wicklow, and a visit to Cork and Killarney. The kindness shewn to us at Sutton was beyond description, and the visit, in every way, was most enjoyable. There are few cities more favoured than Dublin, with its beautiful Phœnix Park, and its glorious bay flanked by the Wicklow Hills on the south, and by the Hill of Howth on the north, and surely, of all spots in Europe, Killarney is the sweetest. You have there the freshness of the Emerald Isle, combined with the richness of Italy, and the wild hills and blue distances of Scotland. The following are extracts from a journal which Anna used to send to her mother:—

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"CORK, *23rd August*, 1852.

"Richard Webbe kindly gave up two hours to us yesterday, and on the spur of his urgent advice to do so, we left Dublin at seven this morning. Our ideas of the journey are wonderfully cleared by his pithy descriptions of it, and he descended to the minutest of travelling counsel, how we were to bribe the drivers to give us the view side of the car, &c., &c. We bought of him a little book, "Letters from the kingdom of Kerry," which has given us a great deal of interesting information, which the flashy green guide book that we had gratis is never prepared to do. If you will take the map, you will see the course we much wish to take (of course our doing so will depend on your letters). From Killarney to Valentia, and thence across the bay to Dingle, and so to Mallow, by way of Killarney again. It is chiefly for the sake of the ocean scenery; the road runs along cliffs, in some places 600 feet immediately above the sea. At Maryboro', Queen's County, a woman, with a slightly jewish face, came to Carrie and said: "Oh, Miss Richardson, how *is* the Miss Drewry's getting on? I am Rachel." The mysterious announcement did not much enlighten us, till C. remembered having seen her cleaning J. D.'s steps. At Clonmell, a lady got into our carriage, whose appearance interested me at once. She was silent for a long way, but I guessed she was a mother by her reading a child's book, one of the "Blind Alice" series. At last she pointed out Blarney Castle to us, and I asked her if it had any associative interest,—she thought not,—that most Irish castles had very dim histories. I said, Irish history altogether was dim and floating to us. She did not wonder. Mentioned one or two works of value, and hoped the discoveries of the ancient hieroglyphics and the revelations from them would do much to set poor Ireland in a brighter light. This led to Popery and its direful influence, and she alluded to the intimations of prophecy on the fearful and general power to be obtained by the Romish Church before its final overthrow. These are precisely Dr. Hervey's views, after a long and careful study; he rejoices in them "because we all need persecution to stir us into life." Immediately on our arrival, we went to the Exhibition of Irish Arts and Manufactures. The paintings were, most of them, mere daubs, but there was one little sea piece, done in soft purple greys, by Henrick, very beautiful. In the sculpture room, was a very striking figure of the "Dead Christ," the body wonderfully executed, and the face too, perhaps, but this I should always rather have in ideal,—the subject is beyond, I think, even the very loftiest human genius. We were also struck with a noble altar table, carved in white marble, the I. H. S. left in deep hollow with wreaths of rich vine leaves on each side. After tea, C. and J. W. went down to Cove, and I, on the strength of a Lewes name, went up to call on S. D. Harris, who had some celebrity at school. I sent in my card, and was waiting in the drawing room, expecting a stranger, when Jane E. Backhouse walked in, much surprised, but apparently, equally pleased to see me. She soon introduced me to S. D. H., and we talked of Lewes for a few minutes; their dinner was waiting so I did not stay, but J. E. B. insisted on walking back to Cork with me. She has just been here

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again to call in order to ask us to tea, and to spend the evening. She stayed nearly an hour telling me about Killarney, from which she returned yesterday, and conversing very agreeably on many other subjects."

"GLENGARIFF, *24th August*, 1852.

"Left Cork this morning at nine. On reaching Brandon, the usual summer scene of tourists squabbling for seats. After patient and dignified waiting, very good ones were secured for us. Presently, rain began, which has determinedly continued ever since. So of all the said-to-be "romantic route by Glengariff," we have seen nothing! Nothing, at least, but the dismal hordes of beggars, whining for halfpence one moment, and rejoicing in their rags the next. Their countenances bespoke utter degradation, loathsome, sensual, and heathenish, and while I looked at them, I could not help wondering why the missionaries, whose lives are hazarded in an unhealthy climate, do not think, before they go, of the state of their own Queen's near dominions. We had quite agreeable companions—a retired military officer, who talked of the service he had seen in the Peninsular War; another gentleman, who covered us up with waterproofs; and a negro, who look pleased and interested at every sound of a "thou" or "thee." The hotel here is crammed, and we have a small bed room, which is truly "multum in parvo." We had tea on the toilet table, and at present, it is a very doubtful problem where J. W. will sleep. We asked the waiter if they often had weather like this: "'Deed, Miss, we haven't had the like of it for ten days, but they say a Killarney shower always lasts a month!" With this consolation we are thinking of going to bed."

"KILLARNEY, *25th August.*

"A fair but gloomy ride from Glengariff to-day. The road, an admirable exhibition of engineering skill, brought completely over the mountains, and in one place, through a tunnel 600 feet in length. The sudden view of Magillicuddy's Reeks from the end of this tunnel was very grand, and much further on the journey, these mountains delighted us with the nearer outline of their craggy masses. Killarney, the hills I mean, are far more like those in Argyleshire, than any we have seen lately in Westmoreland. The wood is most luxuriant, and in the midst of so much wildness, strikingly different from either Scotch or English scenery. All the hotels are crowded—we could not get beds at one of them, and are obliged to be thankful for the lodgings we have obtained in the dirty town itself.

"I am becoming a warm convert to Mamma's principle of weekly dusting, and shall, henceforth, hope to feel no annoyance at finding my room periodically disordered; and, indeed, you may truly believe that—over the mountain tops and green woods of Killarney, the dirt, the confusion, the weariness, and the loneliness also—the peaceful settlement of Beech Grove is beginning to look very delightful."

"*26th.*

"We walked through the savage gap of Dunloe to-day—15 miles. How beautifully varied the lakes are! Mamma knows them and will

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tell you, for I am tired. We had them to perfect advantage, "like royalty," as Jane Edmundson would say, "clad in purple and gold." This was the sun's parting blessing to us at the close of a day through which he had favoured us benignly."

"*27th August*, 1852.

"We received both our letters this morning with the greatest delight; many thanks for them and for your kindness. Whether to avail ourselves of it we have not yet decided; do not be surprised to see us home at any time. Killarney is crowded to an unprecedented extent. We are told 10s. was given last night for a single bed. Boats, guides, &c., are proportionately exorbitant in their prices, so we think it better to go through the travellers' routine as quickly as possible, and leave the place. We are tormented with midges and their biting brethren of a less innocent description. A warm bath just now presents a higher physical attraction than any other earthly comfort imaginable. To-day we took a car to the foot of Mangerton, and a guide also as the mists were floating about. The ascent of the mountain took us about an-hour-and-a-half, and truly, the view from the summit repaid the fatigue of several journeys. We revealed our intention of coming down through Glann-a-Coppul to a mountain bugler, who declared the feat absolutely impossible for ladies, and frightened us with stories of a certain black bull said to claim the same ownership as the Punch Bowl. From the spring that supplies this curious tarn I drank four cups of water, icy cold, and very dangerous, carelessly taken. Down the "horse's glen" we did really come, but of all our scrambling rambles, this was by far the most difficult. Every muscle seemed to be jerked into a new line of service, and now they are all throbbing down into a painful stiffness. We walked about 20 miles, and said the guide: "Ye may surely add 10 to it for the crossness of the road." It was not the usual route through the glen, but, in fact, a pathless wandering over the further side. But the savage wildness of the scenery is also unequalled. J. W. found the Tunbridge filmy fern, very rare, in the said glen to-day. The lakes looked lovely again in the purple evening light as we came down the hill, and the mountains grander and of a more "heavenly blue" in the distance than yesterday."

"Beech Grove, *3rd September*, 1852.

"We sauntered through the Muckross Demesne as proposed, sketching and watching the changeful beauty of a stormy sky, and left Killarney at four p.m. Presently, vengeful rain began, and we were, before long, soaked throughout. We had bribed the coach porter for the best view seats, *i.e.*, the highest, and were now chastised for this piece of dishonesty by the full fury of the storm upon our elevation. Six hours to Mallow, and six more, wet, dripping, and comfortless to Dublin, spent in vain attempts to grow dry by clinging as closely as possible to the cushions of the carriage. Arrived at Dublin at five a.m.; went to bed and slept till noon; missed the boat that evening, so spent the next day at Sutton, and were more than consoled for the mismanagement of the preceding evening, by the acquaintance made with Edwin Rickman, who came to breakfast with

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us. He promised to come from Edinburgh in the 10th month, by way of Newcastle, because, as he politely said: "there are, at least, 20 authors we want to talk of together." We enjoyed the glorious sunset and the pure moon-light on the sea—but oh, the sickness! Travelled with a very sweet "Lady Crofton" from Holyhead, and afterwards through the labyrinth of the Yorkshire railways home. At Ferryhill, we met the gentleman who changed our gold for us in the extremities of Scale Hill, at the time of the thunderstorm.* We found no one in at Beech Grove whom we knew, and, therefore, violently shook hands with David Binniecomb Gould, in lieu of sweeter greeting. But we were soon once more a *home* circle very closely attracted to each other, and for a long time to industrious settlement."

I find in the correspondence of this year, 1852, her twentieth, various notices of Anna's course of reading—Schiller's "Maria Stuart," and Goethe's "Faust," being especially dwelt upon. At this time, she also began to learn Greek, but her reading in this language, though always pursued with avidity, never went beyond Homer, a little Plato, and the New Testament. Of this latter work, however, she made a profound study.

The newly planted garden at Beech Grove, also became a great interest, and there was always an eager wish to help the poor. Mrs. Fletcher wrote to ask that one of their poor Grasmere neighbours, who had been sent to the Dunston Asylum, might be visited. Anna undertook this, and used to ride over to see him, and talk with him, and write as cheerfully as she could to his poor wife. She was told that unless he had good clothes he must be sent among the pauper patients. She begged for some of her father's quaker clothes, and altered them with great skill to fit the poor patient, whose faithful attachment shewed itself very touchingly afterwards at Grasmere.

From A. D. R. to her Father.

"BEECH GROVE, *4th day.*

MY DEAREST FATHER,

"I do not know how best to thank thee for thy beautiful letter, so kind and full, and tenderly, adapted to my need. There is always, I think, in every trial, a compensating good—outwardly first, as for instance in the fine scenery of the Clyde, against the physical suffering of lameness, and then inwardly, where it can only be fully understood

* This gentleman recalled himself to our recollection when we were waiting at the Ferryhill Junction, on our way to Ireland, and, by a curious coincidence, he again, a month later, found us in the same waiting room.

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by the individual heart; where again it would be rightly supposed that for the disappointment in an interruption to a kind of intellectual work that was becoming dangerous in its excitement. I had lessons of quiet patience, and time for calmer reflection, than was possible in the whirl of the Institution. And more lately the merciful compensation of trial has not been less apparent, although in its tighter grasp upon the whole of my inner life, it is impossible for my dearest friends to guess the struggle and the alternating times of clear light and profound darkness there. This is meant for myself alone, and I believe it is gradually accomplishing the work, as our early friends would say, "of drawing me away from all dependence on the creature." At present, perhaps, it shews itself in a feeling that looks rather like misanthropy, but I pray and believe that in time it will be regulated by pure Christian charity. Indeed, my quarrel with mankind, Quakers especially, is not because they are in the valley of Baca, where we all are more or less, but because they do not feel it to be a valley of Baca, nor wrestle with enough earnestness of purpose for the blessing of the early and latter rain upon its parched and thirsty ground." * * * *

The following was written towards the close of the year (1852) to a friend, whose acquaintance was made at the Moray Place Institution:—

"J. W. and I hope to spend ten days at Salisbury Road after the Christmas holidays. I have not been there for two-years-and-a-half, and it is time I should pay my devotions to the old city. It never seems altogether right, when thou art not there to grace it, and I shall be much disappointed if it is not decreed as thy final home. I should be thankful to meet thee anywhere, in the meantime, as soon as it can be made possible, for I believe thou would'st now find me almost as foreign as a stranger. Thou hast not told me if thou hast yet read Hartley Coleridge, or liked Tennyson any better. Of "In Memoriam" it is impossible to weary—such new and manifold beauties spring up every time you open it. The first time I read it I could hardly bear it,—it was like listening to a dreary wind among pines; but I soon found the infinite melodies in that wild music. Very likely one's own mind acts upon it, and is re-acted upon, as in almost every case of real influence—at least, I fancy it needs quietness and serious earnestness for its full enjoyment. These moods, in a very busy, anxious life, are not always procurable; but we might have had them (if it had not been for the coarseness of our own spirits I suppose) continually among the mountains in Westmoreland, and were, in fact, often blessed with them. I do not think I told thee that we were honoured with most delightful and kind intercourse by Mrs. Fletcher, who lives near Grasmere. If thou knows her personally, do tell me; but, at all events, her name must be familiar to every Edinburgh person. She is the lady who is mentioned with such reverence by Lord Brougham and Lord Cockburn, in Lord Jeffrey's Life, and in refinement and wonderful clearness of mind (she is 83) and in the

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most gracefully dignified presence, I never knew her equal, as indeed, is hardly likely. One of her daughters is married to a brother of Sir H. Davy, and another to Sir J. Richardson. Mrs. Taylor, who is also her daughter, is the wife of a gentleman who was once M.P. for one of the Scotch counties, but has been unfortunate since, I believe. This lady has one daughter, a very fascinating young lady, whom it is a delight merely to look upon. Her conversation was admirable—such stores of literature set among very rich thoughts of her own. She told me of some pamphlets emanating from Cambridge, on the Restoration of belief, which I thought striking, and which I fancy thou would'st like. They are attributed to the son of Gorham, "*versus* Exeter."

Again, she writes from Edinburgh:—

"Do I like Edinburgh? Why I love it with adoration, and without the torment of trembling too; because I cannot believe the glorious city will be swallowed up to rescue me from the sin of idolatry. I wonder what lone women are to do with their affections? It is well there is so much in the inanimate world to rest them upon, and that enthusiastic natures can hide palpitations, and scalding tears under dry cold semblances."

The visit to Edinburgh had a very beneficial effect. She attended several lectures of great interest, and heard and met Dr. Guthrie more than once. One evening, when, as a letter says: "The Harvey's, Muir's, Chambers's, McLaren's, and Dick Cunnyngham's, and various other very interesting people" were present, I recollect how Robert Chambers sat in a far off corner, and began to talk in his soft, quiet way. Presently, those near him, stopped to listen, and at length, the whole company formed in a semi-circle listening to his talk.

From A. D. R. to her Mother.

"EDINBURGH, *26th January*, 1853.

MY DEAREST MOTHER,

"Thine and Carrie's letters came this morning, very gratefully indeed, for, in the midst of so much enjoyment myself, I could not help fearing you were leading a rather dull life at home, and the propriety of the difference, it takes some little reflection to reconcile. Edinburgh is a place so entirely to one's taste, for whatever that may be there is abundant gratification; and in this visit we are meeting so much interesting society, that its attractions are stronger than usual. And, until to-day, the weather has been fair and generally bright, as favourable as possible for long walks. The frost is broken, but ask dearest C., if it should return, to put some tub or other over the scarlet rhododendrons, lest the blossoms should be nipped. And wilt thou remind her of the German Dictionary, please? Last night was the first of a series of lectures on Organic Chemistry, by Dr.

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George Wilson: it was unusually interesting, and it was not my ignorance of the subject which made it so, for learned people expressed the same opinion. He is the author of a life of Dr. Reid, which I mean to buy for one of you, for it is said to be beautifully written. The opening words of the lecturer were striking. Now science is not to be degraded to the mere utilitarian purposes of life, solely—grateful though we should be for all that she has done for us in these respects, but exalted as the teacher of that spirit wherein the outward creation is made to teem with lessons for eternity. The experiments went off to admiration—excited great cheering, coughing, and minute shrieking among the ladies. * * * * * * *

"Grand Papa went this morning to breakfast with Lord Murray, who appears much attached to him, as well he may, for his Christian liberality is beautiful. He and Dr. Guthrie are also becoming great friends, the "Juveniles" being the bond between them."

From A. D. R. to her Mother.

"EDINBURGH, *Monday.*

MY DEAREST MOTHER,

"Johnnie s letter would tell thee of dear Grand Papa's illness, and how busy Grand Mamma is in her constant attendance. The dear patient has had a pretty comfortable night, and the doctor hopes he may be better in a few days. Thou may'st suppose how sorry I am to add to the care of the kind nurses; and, indeed, I mean to leave them in quietness as soon as ever I can, but the doctor kept me in bed the whole of yesterday, where, indeed, I had been the greater part of the two days previous, and I do not know exactly when I may go out. It is a very trying finale to our pleasant visit, and I feel rather dispirited to find myself so open to these severe colds—but I could not help it, so conclude it must be for the best. My throat feels relieved this morning, and my chest also."

The first three-quarters of the year, 1853, were devoted to teaching her younger sister, but in the autumn, this was given up, and Lizzie went to Lewes school. Soon afterwards Anna paid another visit to Edinburgh.

The note about the Morocco process, in the next letter, refers to the manufacture of leather. The usual mode of producing the mottled surface on calf skins is by scoring the calf skin into a kind of corduroy surface, by means of grooved cylinders of lignum vitæ, or box-wood, which are passed quickly and with strong pressure over the face of the skin. The same process is repeated crosswise. Then the workman doubles it over and rubs it with a piece of cork. This latter is a tedious operation, requiring, also, very highly skilled and highly paid labour.

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The proposed electrotyping process referred to, was to rub a finished skin with black lead, and then make, by electrotyping, a copper sheet as a matrix, which would stamp any number of skins. I believe this stamped leather did not find favour on account of the grain not being so clearly defined as by the old process.

From A. D. R. to her Sister Elizabeth R.

"7, FRONT STREET, TYNEMOUTH, *3rd October*, 1853.

DEAREST L.—,

"It is a bright lovely morning, and I hope Lewes will be in its most sun-shiny dress, that there may be nothing to answer anything in thy heart but gladness. I think with delight of the good Mamma will gain with those delicious soft winds from the Downs blowing upon her, and her dear Sarah Rickman's society for the inner medicine. Give my love to them both, please, and say to Mamma that Maggie is wonderfully better to-day, and the three quite well. J. E. and E. A. have gone to the Station with Papa. We have had a most pleasant visit from him, and he is coming again this evening, after the funeral. It was very refreshing to have him last night after the children had gone to bed. Railway shares and their complex branched subjects discussed, as usual, for a little, and then the new electrotyping of Morocco and its difficulties, from whence to reflections on the different lots of men and women. I, rather lamenting over the want of definite aim in ours, but he asserting that it is far the nobler of the two, inasmuch as *they* are the drones immersed in work, and often drudgery—that is, if women were what they ought to be, upholders of every noble thing against all the sophistry of interest, and the insinuations of flattery with which men get us to be mere playthings, or try to do so, perhaps it would be fairer to say, so that the natural reasons for the cultivation of the intellectual powers are stronger than any other, because it is the disparity of intellect, and the narrow range of thought to which women habituate themselves, that cause all these evils."

From A. D. R. to H. M. Peile.

"EDINBURGH, *17th November*, 1853.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

"Thank thee always for thy letters. * * * *

"I feel in a tumult here. The causes for excitement being hidden in all the associations of Edinburgh, and their effects, happily, are hidden also from every one but myself. If it would not give thee an overcharged idea of intellectual activity, I think I might tell thee how dangerous my thoughts often are to me. Not from their nature exactly, for I think their tendency is generally for good, but from the crowd of one upon another, rushing sometimes with such whirlwind impetuosity, that my self consciousness is almost destroyed, and the world of mental action is the only world I know. But this is chiefly

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at night, when I cannot sleep; only, I suppose, the three silences of the Quietists would apply to such a state,—silence of the body, silence of the tongue, silence of the thoughts. Its chief danger is the reaction, earthly, sensuous, and bad, so that I seem always by one of the extremes, taken away from a quiet trust in God, from the meekness of the intellect, on which, Wordsworth says, that peace should dwell. By-the-bye, I do not think thou wilt like Wordsworth's life, it is steeped in the formal canonship of his nephew's mind—unless it be the beautiful notes of his sister, his speech at Bowness, and the notes at the end of the second volume, which interested me before I knew the ladies who wrote them. A letter, too, from R. P. Graves, is good. The Poet's own letters are heavy, and give me an uncomfortable impression of vanity. The same, I am sure, the contents of the last sheet must give to thee, and I would burn it if I did not look up to thee for strength as a species of Episcopa.

"Ruskin's last lecture had more information, less eloquence, than the former. Will it do if I send thee the notes when I am done with them at home, and then thou can'st keep them till I come for them? And wilt thou give me the publisher's name for Madame Krudener?

"My window I have accomplished, and wrote a note of thanks to Ruskin for his generosity. Wilt thou read George Herbert's "Discharge"? Mary Taylor mentioned it in a letter to me the other day, and I did not know it before.

"Meeting time has come. Don't trouble thyself to reply to this as a letter, for it does not deserve it, and I will write to thee again from home. Yet thy notes are always blessings."

From A. D. R. to H. M. Peile.

"Beech Grove 24*th November*, 1853.

My dear Friend,

"The lectures I have done with at last, and I send them, but fear they are quite out of date. Ambitious thoughts take away every possible hope of working into things, to themselves. Perhaps every form of greatness has flitted before thee in those terrible hours which, I am thankful to find, thou knows; and yet, it is a selfish thankfulness, only such, because the "feared shadow" makes us understand each other. I think I have been sometimes conscious that mental government, in the plain language of hideous fact, sanity, was only retained by an intense effort of will; and, when experience like this is, and may be always, the humiliating lesson of our half-idolised intellectual life, what can we look for, but to be always learning, and never coming to the knowledge of the truth, because that very blaze of light ineffable would be too much for us, laid low in earthly weakness. There is strong consolation in believing that the life, which is only rightly called life, is hid with Christ in God, treasured there for us till we are trained to bear its exhaustless energy. And, I believe, also, that the foretastes of this life are given through the higher faculties, so that it seems a bounden duty to keep them in a burnished state. For, just as we agreed Mathematics were good to keep the intellect disciplined, yet, without any tangible good result, so we may

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hope the entire scope of mental culture is good as a discipline for the spirit. In both cases, it is not in the thing itself, but in its subordination to a higher purpose, that the good lies. We eat and drink that our body may live; we feed our mental appetites that our spirits may live, not in sloth, but in action, and our spirits are kept alive that the Creator may eternally live in his creatures. Yet, I know the trembling doubts over literature, and they would quite overthrow me if I were not sure that the need of it is too irrevocably fixed in the existence of the natures that like it, to accept a denial. We should *starve* without such pursuits; sink into a state of such utter degradation, that it would need the power of the Apostles to rouse us every time the thought of religion came near. Because it is not as though we were permitted to walk in an atmosphere of perpetual elevation. Ten thousand petty cares would necessarily beat us down from this, and which is the heavier fall? Into the cold and doubtful light of the moon, still a reflex of the absorbing sun, or into the pitfalls of outer darkness?

"Thank thee for thy pleasant dreams for me! But the world is stocked with "artists," artists who had much better keep their forms to themselves, and leave us alone with "the mighty orbs of song." But there is an outlet for all the energy of consecrated power that was ever given to man, and far safer, because it has fewer fascinations; hardly any incentives to vanity, and few enough competitors, and that is in the bettering of social wrong. I fancy it was for some such ministering work that women were made, "gathering the outcasts of Israel," and binding up the broken-hearted. I have glimmerings of these things in the remote future, they may be right for me, because they are repulsive to a fastidious taste, in their realisation,—only accordant with a taste that is altogether "Thy will be done."

"It is too much, too kind, and too intensely productive of grateful feelings, that thou should'st think and write all these things for me. I have often wondered how thou poured out thy life, but did not like to ask—whether it was always in consecration of the water to God, and to a thirsty earth. Perhaps thou wilt tell me now? If we had not some action either giving or taking, we should prey upon our own vitals, and become indubitably insane. And it is safer for the present to take only.

"The Friend" * is a continual feast. It is one admiring amen that I have to say to it, hardly one part more than another. And I have not come to any of the ante-types of peach stones yet. The bondages of home life are fixing upon me, so that, I doubt, there is little chance of breaking them for two or three months, so that if I cannot see thee sooner, I must try and make the best of letters."

In a letter, dated Edinburgh, is perhaps too severe a criticism on Professor Blackie, with whom she afterwards had much pleasant intercourse:—

* Coleridge's "Friend."

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"We had a lecture from Professor Blackie (E. Pease's friend) last night, clever and amusing, but in condescension to his audience, and that is intolerable,—one or two ideas tricked out in a great deal of foolish bombast. He had a fertile subject: 'The beautiful.'"

Anna, at this time, was a great admirer of Macaulay's writings. As is generally known from Mr. Black's introduction to the "Biographies," our Grandfather had taken a prominent part in unseating the great author, at Edinburgh; and, I remember my sister's disgust, on one occasion, when she found the old gentleman burning some letters, and exclaiming with great satisfaction: "Now! I've got rid of the letters of that *rascal*, Macaulay."

From A. D. R. to H. M. Peile.

"Beech Grove, 12*th December*, 1853.

* * * * * * * *

"I have my little darling, Maggie,* beside me, with her sweet affection, and feel, how indeed, the distractions of little children are made up for by their eminently poetical offices. And it is the same with the poor, the many annoyances that are connected with them have a sobering effect upon the tumult of our own thoughts, and rather stay the vehemence of enjoyment with which we should otherwise hurry through life,—so transmuting evil to good, by the natural process of a philosophic benevolence, and a habit of seeing the possible ministry of all things to final good, that there is a great danger of forgetting the hideousness of evil itself, how strong it is, how necessary to hate it intensely if it is ever to be laid low. This error, I think, Sterling fell into, and Carlyle. Job Scott would have done so, if he had not been blessed with the riches of child-like faith; and I should fear it now for men like Maurice and Kingsley, if they did not evidently keep fast hold of a personal love for Christ our Redeemer. And so, when William Law, does he not? says: "Look for Christ and you will find him enshrined in your own hearts"; though this is most true, yet, if the distinct person of the Lord is not insisted upon at the same time, very soon the reverence comes to be one for an abstraction, more or less tinged with self, and so the infinite gulf between the mightiest creature and the Creator is done away with, and it is our own life we are living to, and not the death in Jesus that we may be one with Him for ever. I think the early Friends had a tendency to forget this, and are, therefore, charged with Unitarianism, most unjustly. But the love for a Divine Friend, to whom, as to a parent of exhaustless consolation, we may carry all our troubles, and from this close relation, receive sympathy as we need it, and light and knowledge as we are able to bear it; this is, indeed, the fulness of blessing, the crown encircling the cross, of whose exceeding worth we feel ourselves so unworthy. And dost thou not

* Her youngest sister.

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think even the vexations of daily life have something of the same use that Dr. Arnold ingeniously assigns to our bodies? when he says, the Corinthians found it so hard to believe the resurrection, liking better to call their bodies prison houses for their cultivated spirits, and to attribute to them all the evil they ought to look for in their own proper selves. So, without puerile perplexities, we should live a life of too intense thought, one of which the conscious thread would be snapped before we were ready for the blaze of light to come. How I do bless thee for thy letters."

"*Evening.*

"Swedenborg's views about capacity were new to me, only we should remember that everything in nature which receives, universally re-produces, otherwise we should be gorged and ugly excrescences. I am reading with too much feverishness, I believe, W. S. Landor's Greek and Roman Conversations. Dost thou know them? Grote's History of Greece, the Greek Grammar itself, of all other speculative things, and Spenser as a sort of recapitulation, it does one's tumultuous head such good to walk a little through his "Land of Faerie." You would be delighted with his Hymn to Heavenly Love, if thou dost not already know his works. I can send my copy to thee with the Friend.

* * * * * *

"Did S. send thee the "Guardian" with some of Ruskin's poems? Thou wilt enjoy his Modern Painters. I like to think of thee with it. I read it at Rydal and High Close, with illustrations of perfect loveliness strewed lavishly around me. How beautiful the frosty mornings are now, with a finished picture of every blade of grass, and the beaded dew-drops set over the earth—it is beauty that makes your sight ache with delight. But oh, the cold is set against it! And the high shoulders and frowns that are cultivated therewith!"

From A. D. R. to H. M. Peile.

"Beech Grove, 18*th January*, 1854.

My dear Friend,

"I have been reading, and rise from it, as I generally do, if it is worth much, oppressed with a sense of undefined vastness in every radius of thought, borne down also with the corresponding littleness of human power, and a weary inability to know rightly. The morning has been one of those few delicious ones we have in the very early spring, such a display of grey and golden glory among the clouds, as I have seldom seen. The calm mingling of green and blue in a sun rise sky, crossed by wild marches of rain-cloud, too rapid to be caught by the quiet river, which is still a sheet of brilliant silver; the valley is flooded as far up as I can see, so that the reflected lights run up into the blue distance, and give the hills a charge of what is very like human life. I wish we could be as still and patient, in the midst of outward tumult, as the river is, and so receive the beauty of Heaven, with the same quick under motion too, towards the infinite parent of its life—the rest of motion rather like the light of

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Teufelsdröck's eyes. When the work of salvation seems to be so easy, so within the compass of every little child, that by a single trustful prayer, it may be begun or carried on; then, suddenly, why is this priceless grace torn from us by a whirl of questioning? Whether it is true of the evil one I cannot tell, or whether being this, it is permitted and over-ruled, to teach us that in inward things also the Sabbath is a Divine ordinance, a rest sent from God in his own good pleasure only; but it forces us to think that of all the gifts of God, the intellect, full of pain in its wanderings on every side, is the most distorted, the most bound into good and evil. There is only one comfort, and it is the compensation which there probably is in the antagonisms of social life. I hope, and almost believe that, as by our intellectual knowledge, there comes to us a world of doubt and difficulty; so without it, there may often be an undisturbed intercourse between the Friend of suffering sinners, and the souls of those whom He died to save among the masses of the uninstructed people. If it were not so, what could we think of all social evil? Only be crushed by it; and it is here that the great doctrine of the Bible, which George Fox preached, finds its highest argument, the visitations of the Divine Spirit to the naked and miserable, as much, even more, than to those who are clothed and flourishing, except, indeed, these can feel themselves, through a longing and hungering after truth, naked and miserable in their souls. Therefore, with the truths of the atonement, the truth of this Heavenly light within, should be preached also, that with the invitation: "Come unto Me," and the risen up question: "Lord, where art Thou?" we might be answered: "Nigh Thee, even in Thy heart."

"I do not know why I have said all this to thee, except that it is so continually floating in my mind, that it comes up whenever I speak seriously. Dost thou remember how Shakspeare struggled with something like it long ago, as his "Come little ones;" and then again, "it is as hard to come, as for a camel to thread the postern of a needle's eye?" * * *

"I sent thee thy books by G. W., but I do not know when they may reach thee, as it was left to his discretion whether to forward them or not per rail. Also, Maurice, which I thought thou might care to see, only do not trouble thyself to read it against the grain, just to humour me. I am not sending anything very impressive, except the other poems of Spenser, which are reposeful to a degree that I have seldom known, and the "Œuvres Spirituelles of Fénélon." But I am aware that religious reading of this exalted nature, may easily be overdone, and become a danger rather than otherwise. And it is humiliating to find it so. I had something very important to say to thee last night, but I cannot find it again; it is tiresome. I wish I had thy dear presence. How often I long for it, I cannot say, the only friend now out of my own family whom I entirely delight in, as well as love, the only friend to whom I can say anything I wish, without question. Thy mountains must be very grand now, with the snow left in the hollows, and the bright "slanting columns" of the

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sunshine let down into all their beauties. The recollections of the hills are always strengthening. I feel thankful that I know them so well."

From A. D. R. to H. M. Peile.

"BEECH GROVE, *5th February*, 1854.

"It is First Day, and I am too tired to read, besides there is company, and banish the qualms of conscience at doing anything which might be twisted by others into business matters on the quiet Sabbath, so I hope thou wilt forgive me as I forgive myself. Thank thee for thy last letter. I do not feel quite sure of what thou says of William Law, because the cry of avenging justice is not from an offended God, but from every human breast, and self-tormenting conscience, from the days when Lamech slew a man, to the wounding of that hurt, until now. And there must be suffering, and rending up of all falsely healed surfaces, before we can ever apprehend the greatness of the atoning love that bore it all, that we might not bear it for ever; and if people will shut their hearts to mercy, and go on in their abominable wickedness and alienated indifference to all good, then, what is there for them? A strong purging fire would be a blessing, and it must be here that the idea of purgatory crept in. For the head gets as sick as the heart in the sight of the surging billows of sin that roll up and crash against eternity, so that by no means can we do anything but reverse that saying of Paul's, and make it: "Where grace abounded sin did much more abound." I know I am embittered now, and shall be always, by the effect of sin in a debasing form. I mean a species of trial that is not ennobling in its tendencies, and that, therefore, I am continually growling with indignation against evil, instead of reposing on the limitless power of love. It is only when the same divine love is very mighty in its melody over our hearts that we best understand the possibilities of an awful future, and how the single penitent: "Father, I have sinned," wipes out a life of iniquity. I believe this is a very wicked town, and that I see further into vice than is quite safe; and on this ground do forgive the words of depressing pain with which, I fear, I quite pest thee. I hope it will be granted me to help the poor sometime or other. I enclose thee a letter from my kind friend, Episcopus, it may give thee a little insight into his really noble nature. He is very unjust to Dr. Arnold, as thou will see." * * *

From A. D. R. to H. M. Peile.

"BEECH GROVE, 1*st March*, 1854.

"To-day, Quakerism must give place to poetry, seeing that the lady spring has blessed us with the most glorious of days that was ever crowned with a gold and purple sunset. I hope it has been fine with you. I should like to have seen the sun go down over the sea, in the same mass of grand clouds as here. Yesterday I received thy letter, and heartily thank thee for it, additionally, because it was a piece of spontaneous goodness to send it just when it came. If I had only

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time to jot down all the thoughts that are thy especial right, out of the hundreds with which I am pleased and tormented, then thou would'st be as much bothered with letters as with books. To-day, I went out under the delusion that I could walk on the terrace, and play with "Sancho," and learn a Greek verb at once, and it ended with a laugh at the folly with which we cram ourselves with occupations—of the head especially—in the same way always. I have been secretly growling at the insult the multitudinous authors of the present day pay to their readers. I dare say it was thy remark about Maurice that brought it on. You feel sickened with the want of vigour and concentration of style; precisely a hundred per cent. of words to fifty per cent. of ideas. Stories about nothing, interlarded with yearnings after the absolute and unknown, and a heap of German phrases, done into English by the paltry imitators of Carlyle, and far worse, Emerson, so that it is enough to make you dislike the very German language itself. Turner said to somebody who asked for advice about painting: "Know what you have to do, and do it." If we could only preach effectively all over England, know what you have to say, and say it, how we, overwhelmed lovers of books, should be comforted! It is all the more provoking that every minute you give to these tramps of literature, you take from the grand old masters, at whose feet truly, we may for ever sit and wonder—a double loss which we are not altogether accountable for bearing. I have written this rather as Robert Hall wrote his book against satire, in order that his friends might upbraid him with his own principles if ever he fell into the like sin. So scourge me well when I trouble thee with insanity. I cannot tell thee the Bible ideas about cherubs without consulting the texts, only I remember Coleridge's account of the old rabbinical doctrine of the soul's being wafted on the wings of the Seraphim to the "pure empyrean," into the very region, as it were, where God himself "rode upon a *cherub* and did fly." We have, I think, far more to do with the cultivation of the loving faculties; and of love to practise chiefly its blindness. To spy out an error is to plant a serpent's tooth, and we might well disgrace our judgment for the sake of universal charity. Thou know'st I say this because I need it—the small perception of an infinitely future knowledge. I am tried, unspeakably, with the hatred I have against the various things and characters—not persons—there is a little difference, I hope."

From A. D. R. to H. M. Peile.

"BEECH GROVE, *11th April*, 1854.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

"Thank thee for thy last welcome letter. I *did* think it rather long in coming, but was aware of the motives just as certainly as thou could'st tell me. And I have not written from similar causes, a pre-occupation of my thoughts, a strife as usual, of good and evil, and further, of making the difficult reconcilement between healthy cheerfulness of mind and temper, and that deep sensitiveness to every lesson which our Father may send us through outward matters working

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very powerfully on our inward life, which is, I think, a strong duty of every Christian who is not a nun. I have been spending the whole of to-day down by the sea, with Mrs. Twining, Dr. Arnold's second daughter. She is staying at Tynemouth, to look after her brother, Walter, who has joined his ship there, and brought introductions from two or three of our dear Westmoreland people. Her father's name, I think I have told thee, works upon me always like a spell, so bound up with my own "exit out of the shell," and commanding my most fine and admiring sympathies in a fervour of intellectual and moral earnestness which I never found equalled in the writings of any other man. So the talk I had with Mary Twining, as we sat on the rocks listening to the "multitudinous laughter" of the hollow sea, was naturally serious enough. Indeed, Mrs. Twining gives me the impression of a person who has mixed in every society, and has, at the same time, received more ideas than she is able entirely to assimilate. Thou may'st fancy, to use her own terms about some one else, that this gives a sort of "luminous haze" to her conversation—a haze, indeed, that is not at all unpleasing, covering, as I think it does, a very earnest piety, and a simple, truthful love of all good which is worthy of her father. She told me much that was very interesting of her friend, Professor Maurice, to whom, she says, she owes her entire existence as a reflective being, so far as we can ever trace this to human agency; consequently, she cannot let her judgment have fair play over his works, it is so lost in an absorbing affection for him. Kingsley too, she knows, and he is under deep mental obligations to Maurice. Archdeacon Hare, of course, and Sterling, and many other men, whom we know through books, she told me of The doctrine of the immediate teaching of the Holy Spirit, she thinks the one most needed to counteract the teaching of our own times—the honest unwavering obedience to good, and the practical faith that we can find truth independently of all outward circumstances. She seemed to know and to sympathise in the pleasure it must be to us "Friends," to find the leading and ancient views of our own body taken up so earnestly by the best men of the day. She mentioned, and wondered I did not know Maurice's "Kingdom of Christ," letters addressed to a "Quaker." Hast thou seen it? And I hope thou art not tired of all this. I am never interested in anything but I long to tell thee about it; not that I often indulge myself in this impulse, only just now I have not my dear safety valve, Carrie. It was not a *head* interest in Mrs. Twining exactly, not, for instance, the radiant intellect that Mary Taylor has, exulting in, and appropriating everything it touches, that made me enjoy to-day, but goodness and seriousness in a rather different phase than that to which I am accustomed."

4th Day, Morning.

"Thy last letter, I remember stowing away in some very safe place, but where I cannot recall. I wanted to say a good deal about the extracts, but I am afraid to do so without a second reference—only I believe the impression they gave me, was of the necessity of not separating the soul's worship from the mind's action, which, I think,

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Albertus Magnus, and even Friends, are in some danger of doing. And, for this reason, because the strained introversion of spirit into those very heights of abstruse feeling, must produce a proportionate reaction, not at all favourable to the great work we have to do in the world. If, in the course of God's providence and will, we are favoured with moments of entire communion with Him, then we are "blest indeed"; but, when a humbler Christian life is before us, a simple obedience to God's will, that we may know heareafter of the doctrine, then, I think, we should not be depressed or repining because His more immediate presence is not felt. Keble's beautiful verse is often on my lips, and still oftener in my heart:—

"Only, oh! Lord, in Thy dear love,
Fit us for perfect rest above;
And help us this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray."

"Thou art aware, I dare say, of the constant temptation to make our religion a thing of the intellect. Now all the rapt beauty of the mystic writers is deeply fascinating, and I find, when I read them, that my head-knowledge of spiritual things goes on at a rapid rate, very much rejoicing in the subtle thought, and in the effort of realising for the moment a profound feeling. But this is not at all the true work of the Holy Spirit on the heart, at least, so I find it, and, therefore, I am very careful how far I indulge myself in these tastes."

From A. D. R. to H. M. Peile.

"Beech Grove, *29th April*, 1854.

"The sadness at Fir Vale depresses me,—so, in a less degree, does Lord Cockburn's death. We are losing the links to a brilliant past so quickly,—and yet one ought not to be sorry that so much self-dedicated genius should give way to a better spirit of humble goodness. I have an eccentric friend here—I do not know if I have ever told thee of him—and it is interesting to me to hear his strong views of the almost illimitable power which the human intellect may attain, sanctified by divine grace. His idea of the intimate union for action possible between them, would not have so much weight from an ordinarily educated man, but he has done all he has done for himself, so that his opinions have often a natural freshness about them which we miss in reading people. And he is so sure on the one hand, that intellect never bends as it ought to do before God; and on the other, that good persons waste nearly all their resolutions for goodness and greatness for want of polish in the agency; that his dreams of the perfectibility of the race are quite as grand as Emerson's, and far more truly rational. I have been reading, though it was almost too rapid for the name, Frederica Bremer's "Homes of the New World," and it has made me think, not so much from its inherent power of doing so, as by its misty perplexities. I wonder how it is that a page here and there can disgust you with a whole book, only, I suppose, because it tears away for a moment a veil which lies upon some ugliness of character generally hidden. I am provoked with some passages of Miss Bremer's, that familiar handling

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of sacred things which altogether outrages the teaching of the text that God is in Heaven and we upon Earth, therefore should our words be few of Him as well as to Him. She has the torment of aspiration, or call it what you will, and partly knows where to go for rest, yet she is caught by the hollow magnificence of Transcendentalism, and by the Unitarian creed also. Not that Unitarians are not Christians, I believe the difference is often merely nominal, but there is in them according to Miss Bremer's shewing, that instead of the hearty obedience to God's will, and that his fulness is able to fill their thirst fully as he will have it filled, they set up the idea of their own greatness and worship it so beautifully, so amiably, and so benevolently also, that it is very hard to see it. If they would only know entirely still "to suspect and still revere themselves in lowliness of heart!" How christian that is, and yet Wordsworth is called not eminently so; but, indeed, my dear H. M., if the world could only be preached too, the better ambitious, hungering world I mean, that they have within themselves as a direct gift from God, a burning light which He will consecrate unto His own effulgence, if only it ascends to him purely, and is willing to be anywhere, even under a bushel now, if so it can be one with Him,—then poor, dear, Thomas Potts* might rest in peace for humanity, and we likewise. And yet this loneliness of spirit, even Paul had it often, in all his triumphant faith; and to calm us we must, as thou says, believe that its silent, suffering, and yet most unquiet growth is the seedtime of an unseen fruition. But this needs faith, and this is what we want.

"Mary Twining sent me this morning a few hymns which Frances Bunsen had marked as among the most beautiful in her father's collection, (I wish *Ein Hirte, &c.*, had been among them, but I asked C. to get a copy of the book for thee in Germany, and I hope she will do so), among the rest, one, "There remaineth therefore a Rest," &c., let us *labour* therefore; this connection has always struck me as curious and profoundly full of meaning, and the hymn partly carries it out. I must apply to thee for a free translation of it some day. May I?

5th Day, 2nd Month.

"Thank thee for so kindly acceding to my plan of the tour. I will bring no sketch book without special permission, for I know as well as Walter Scott did, the horror of travelling with ladies who draw. I think, as far as I can see now, that if I were with thee for three or four weeks I should not have time to go to Whitehaven too, although I really *long* to see Mary Nicholson again. But we can talk this over the night we meet at Penrith! What presumption to talk of any single night three months hence, only that I think of thee to refresh myself, and sometimes with the exultation, that, as Miss Bremer beautifully says, can only relieve itself in a psalm of thankfulness, and thou must let me have this pleasure for once with a definite aim of seeing thee. I had, last night, a world of things to say to thee, but they are all gone.

Most affectionately,
A. D. R."

* See note at end of Chapter.

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I have seen Swarthmore, the dear old place, and should like to again; Furness also, where I was much tried by the railway, and the grand, dapper Hotel. The only drawback to them both, is that they are off from the mountains, a trial of separation which my hungry delight makes always very hard to bear, but, if thou wished it, then I should too, most heartily.

From A. D. R. to H. M. Peile.

BEECH GROVE, *27th June*, 1854.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

"I so longed for a silent hour to answer thy letter the day I had it, but that did not come, nor any other since till now, and even this is in the midst of conversation. I have had a truly comforting visit from my friend, Ina. I was a little tried and anxious for the first few days, lest we should not——* into each other, but we did, and it was exceedingly interesting to me to listen to the unrolling of her interior life since I saw her last, how it went back gradually into a deep perception—Empfindung,—as the Germans say, based upon a fastidious intellectual sense, and a most noble and truthful conscientiousness, which I heartily revere. Her face is like her character, full of purity and entire repose—that of conquered storm, thou know'st, which is the only quiet worth caring about. She has gone on into Scotland, but we still have our dear friend of universal accomplishments, S. Rickman, and Maria Voigt,† besides our gathered household; so it never rains but it pours. It would be much more interesting to have our society smoothed over the winter months, instead of crushed into a few feverish summer ones; but it is an advantage any way, I think, on the whole, though I do not see, dear H. M., why thou envies it to us because, out of the aggregate, there are only one or two really beneath-the-surface people. And these, I think, come to every one about equally; at all events, we may be sure as often as they are needed. For it is a kind of sympathy that has excitement enough in it to be quite dangerous, and very apt, also, to lead you to take truth, instead of devotedly digging it for yourself. This is, at least, the experience I gain from a squash of good things at once. And against it the silent pain of undefined "hungering after full perfection," and that, too, which springs from the frequent bitterness of outward life, to which we have nothing but the blessed calm of "Who is he that shall harm you if you be followers of that which is good." Followers only, with an infinite stretch of attainment before. I am delighted with the hymn; I see it is faithful in every line. The only one I do not like is: "Oh, as thy member let me live." Need it be quite so literal? Wilt thou give me a translation of "Es ist nur eine Ruh, &c. I think it would bear a very fine one, for it is really wadded with rich meaning."

* * * * * *

* This word is not legible.

† A daughter of the family with whom Caroline had been staying in Lubeck.

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From A. D. R. to Ina.

"Beech Grove, 28*th June*, 1854.

My Dearest Ina,

"I was greatly comforted by thy letter this morning, for in spite of all my philosophy and thorough battering down of quick feeling, I was certainly very *flat* and dismal as the train rolled out of the station, and have had a strong tendency to be so ever since. I really expanded with astonishment when I came to that part of thy letter which treats of the experience of the first few days here. I, well informed! My dear Ina, it is very fortunate thy visit was short, or thou might have come to the end of my information, which would have been unpleasantly vacant for both of us. Thou *must* know how half-educated, in the common sense of the term, I am, and how much I respect the steady, accurate state of thy head, which is as admirable to me as the quiet of thy whole beloved nature. Though these things, as thou says, do not make much difference, and would not at all, I believe, if we were perfectly humble..

"Maria is most affectionate to me, and tries to soothe me in my loss, as she says. It makes me heave about with laughter to hear her talk about thee. Thou hast so effectually scared her. "Oh, you know, if I were only in the vernünftigen Jahren, I could, perhaps, appreciate your friend; but I am a foolish child, and she is too good to have any idea of folly.* A little absprechend and schrof, how do you say. I do not mean, no, but I am a child, you know; if I were only twenty; besides she does everything like a lady, she puts on her thimble like a lady, &c., &c." Poor Maria! I love her very much, and have great hopes of her future steadiness, though very likely it will not come till she has half-a-dozen children about her, and so begins to feel anxiety for others. Emmie's love and thanks for "Prince Charlie." Maria has the air quite right, it sounds to me who know nothing about it, and they, two, practise away together. * * * *

From A. D. R. to Ina.

"Beech Grove, 2*nd December*, 1854.

My Dear Ina,

"I suppose if I tried to make adequate apologies for my long silences I should fill up a decent sheet with them. I am as busy as thou art, and less methodical, which explains all shortcomings,—there is a confused multiplicity of lectures, conversation-times, so called, meetings, visitings, and other weary ways break upon one's regular work which try my patience to the very uttermost; and are doing their business quickly enough of making me sharp, and with a feeling of hashed brains,—one's sympathies, as far as they can be got off one's unfortunate self, are quite absorbed by the war. Every newspaper adds to the terrific interest, and I really feel a sort of stupefying amazement at the enthusiastic encouragement this bloody work meets with. Not that any one could help thrilling at the

* Bin doch ein arm uuwissened kind,
Begreife nicht was er an mir find't.

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bravery and devotion of the troops,—that, thou knowst, would be against nature, for human life is so truly militant in its lightest as well as its deepest action that we all delight in any tale of struggle,—but that English nobleness should blast itself either into death or heathenish doings, for the sake of a false national honour, first; and second, for a nation that ought, if any war is to be justified, to be driven from the earth like the old Canaanites, is past my powers of reasoning reconcilement,—through a political blunder too, which any honest, clear-headed man might have set right,—is it not an extraordinary delusion? What an unchristian tone all the newspapers have—all the virtues of the Sermon on the Mount are utterly ignored, and, in the place of them, we have the fine devolpments which make Milton's Satan so interesting. Besides the logic of the press has gone down after a strange fashion, since every man who hates the war must be voted a friend of Russia. Negative premisses thou wilt observe reduced, thus: Bright does not like the battles of the Allies, Nicholas does not like the battles of the Allies, therefore Bright loves Nicholas; otherwise, black is not red, white is not red, therefore black is white. It is very absurd, seriously it is often in my mind, that strong delusion which is sent so that they should believe a lie. But, after all, one is brought back to the old image of the coming tide being made up of separate coming and receding waves; and if God has granted to our tiny human eye only the sight of the lessening water, we must simply leave the ebb and flow with Him. I wish to speak very reverently, however homely I may be. Social interests are immensely exciting to me, and I cannot help it; I can but think of what S. Rickman quoted; wast thou there?—"to roll the concerns of this World upon the Creator of it,"—and, further, to see after our own holiness. * * *

"By-the-bye, I have read "Oakfield,"* I do not wonder * * thinks the loomings up of India dismal after it. It is intensely melancholy, hardly one ray of hope about it, scarcely even of Christian hope, except that which comes after death. All Dr. Arnold's depression from social evil, without any of his buoyancy,—an echo in prose of Matthew Arnold's "Morality," if thou know'st it,—very, very sad, yet natural, because we all suffer the same. I like the book, though I half wish it had not been written; it goes too nearly into the sources of one's own "nameless weariness;" and, as it does not in the least dry them up, or even hope that such a consummation is possible, the general effect is, as I have said. Oh, dear! "twist ye, twine ye, even so." And we are forced to be superficial and trifle-loving to bear our overpowering responsibilities. * * *

Thy true and affectionate Friend,
A. D. R."

From A. D. R. to H. M. Peile.

"BEECH GROVE *4th January*, 1855.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

"It is the first time I have written the name of the new year, and I feel startled in doing so. I wonder where thou art just now.

* A Novel of Anglo-Indian Life, by a Son of Dr. Arnold.

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It will be safer, perhaps, to direct to Whitehaven, as James spoke of a fortnight longer there for thee. Annie Fletcher, of a week only. Edward is in Edinburgh, where he is looking forward with much pleasure to meeting thee. I feel quite thankful that it should fall so, for he has little or no improving society here, dear fellow. We have had the huge bustle of a Christmas tree, and of the Q. and M. Meetings both together. Two lady guests in the house, K. Backhouse and E. Barclay, but not very much other company. A very admirable and much needed ministry from E. O. Tregelles, J. Pease, &c. The latter very full, and, as Friends say, searching, taking the argument of war, slavery, hired preaching, and oaths, down to the very root, and shewing how these in the free spirit of God's Grace, there ceased to be any question of argument at all, the whole soul walking straight on, in a clear path of light, with no fetters of *pro* and *con* whatever. How, to those who had not reached the truth in these matters, the title of great and honourable, was, by no means, on this account to be denied, seeing we are not made judges of each other's convictions, but that their minds were partly darkened, not beeause they lived too much in the letter of the Bible, that dare hardly be said, but that they live far too little in the Spirit. Of course, thou hast seen the appeal; very strong and logical, is it not? One is simply astonished at the blindness of men. Public interests are most exciting, just now. It is difficult to keep cool in the midst of them. To go back to what we were speaking of, I wish thou would'st write thy essay on the early Friends, with a lucid historical account of them, and their views, if it were only to please my dear father, there would be no end of his delight in thee for it. And if thou would'st read Bunsen's "Hippolytus" first, which I have been doing lately, I think thou would'st be greatly interested in the comparison between early Christianity and early Quakerism. I am reading, too, "Lady Guyon," (Upham's) which Grandmamma bought for me, a book of extraordinary interest and subtlety, that is, for a Christian whose love is strong enough to bear it. Like the "Hidden Life," I think one could scarcely, in a time of spiritual doubt and difficulty, venture into such close anatomy of the feelings, for it is from the clinging anguish of such times, surely, that the blindness which men give to faith must be suggested. Thy letter came to me at last. I had been expecting it for weeks. Thank thee very heartily for it. The message, excuse me, was not at all imperative as I gave it, but on the contrary, carefully polite. I dare say I have told thee that I am not, nor ever shall be, out of the icy state of suspecting the affections of everybody, and first and foremost my own. This last is a very unhappy habit, which, I trust, thou know'st nothing about, only perhaps, it may serve to explain a good deal, which, without a conception of its possibility, may seem very odd to thee. And this much, at least, I trust thee, that thou wilt very kindly believe the fault is more grafted on me than native, and that, as far as I am responsible for it, I do truly struggle against it. I have been reading the ravings of poor Balder; what a woeful commentary the book is, and its gawky tribe of fellows likewise, on what thou said to me the other day. For this

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very point, the truthful endeavour to leave oneself and one's morbid cravings (and, as Monckton Milnes calls them, "clamourous sublimities") quite behind, and to follow on to know the Lord Jesus, in deed and in truth. I think thou would'st so very much like the "Theologia Germanica," not that one has not always a very mournful sense, that it is not in the absence of an understanding of these things that the want lies, but in the momently committal of them to our own hearts. I know this, day after day, to my exceeding sorrow, and yet I read on; perhaps it is not dangerous on the whole, seeing that one has the answer of peace, or rather, of disquiet constantly, that no head work will do; and for the thirsty barrenness of the intervening seed and growth time. I often think with much comfort of: "Who would go forth in haste by flight, from the dry land which Thou wilt bless, &c." Knowing so surely as we do from even the trifles, so they seem, of our daily life, how lovely our true welfare is guarded for us.

* * * *

"The year has opened with delicious spring-like weather, a soft wind blowing from your mountains full of exquisite feeling to me, and such sunlight through clouds! This reminds me—I have not forgotten Harper's* picture for thee, though the time may seem very long. We had a very busy, animated Christmas; our tree really beautiful, and great profusion from it; to me, a *perfect* Greek Testament, Shelley, Keats, Prescott, &c., &c. I felt ashamed of so much kindness, and a little afraid, as I always am in such cases, lest there should be some feeling of proving forgiveness of injuries thereby. Farewell, very best of friends. I hope thou believes heartily in me. I am very "honest," so honest that there is much danger of displeasing every one I love.

Faithfully,
A. D. R."

From A. D. R. to H. M. Peile.

"Beech Grove, *17th January*, 1855.

My Dear Friend,

"Edward came home last night and gave me to-day the book which it was so very kind of thee to think of for me. My mother has long wished to have Archbishop Leighton's works in the house, and is consequently nearly as glad of it as I am, though I have the strong attraction of Coleridge's associations. But I like it best of all as thy gift,—particularly balsam-like to me just now after all the unravelling of feeling that I have been going through for the last month or two; and if thou hast as much pleasure in my pleasure, as I have in the book from thee, then I congratulate thee in very dear love. I hope thou dost not want Plato yet, for I have barely looked into it. By the way, as thou art in Edinburgh, perhaps thou would'st take some spare hour of waiting, at the Subscription Library, to read the fifty-seventh chapter in the eighth volume of Grote's Greek History.

* A local artist of great promise, but with a want of application, which, eventually, was fatal to him.

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I am sure it would please thee, if it were only for its masterly style. The account of the Sophists is so exceedingly clear and interesting, and in rather a new phase to me. And do, as thou sayest in thy note, give part of one of thy "thirds" to the Greek Testament still. I cannot think why thou gave it up, when thou knowst that for thee there cannot be the shadow of an intellectual difficulty in the way. But I write this with a very reverent recollection of how the Word is indeed nigh unto us, even in our heart, that we may see it; and also with a very *deferential* remembrance of thee, so that I dare not speak aloud of any other motive in asking this than the mere pleasure I am sure it would be to thee. It is a little esoteric intellectual rest, thou seest, though I hope it is not out of this exclusive notion that I like it; one is so thankful for anything that seems to bear more directly on the eternal rest for which we hope, than the multifarious mixture of everyday employment,—not that all this may not be completely hallowed to that same hope, thou knowst I do not mean so. "Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ,"—I think this has been more ceaselessly over all my thoughts and wishes lately than anything else, so full, such a rock and shadow of defence to save us. And then if one is, even for a moment, granted the blessing of this single eye, how very peaceful all our strongest love becomes, so willing to leave the very dearest people away from ourselves anywhere, if only they are with Him "whose folds are many, but whose flock is one." And I hope that, little by little, the lonely house at Grandpapa's will be filled by this presence of faith made joyful, perhaps there could hardly be, but made blessed over the severest earthly mourning. I am sure thou wilt do a great deal in the "outward ministrations" of these things, and we are all thankful thou art there; and Grandpapa's illness has evidently had the atoning good of giving Grandmama some necessity for change of thought. Wilt thou ask her, please, with our dearest love, to let us know when her poor little stock of two caps is done, and we will send her more? Also to take no trouble about the likenesses, which can come at any time. My best love to A. M., too, and I hope she will not injure her attainments by staying among the the Low Germans. The children and we all talk much and anxiously about Grandpapa, hoping he will soon be well. * * *

There is very little said, in the foregoing letters, about Anna's visiting among the poor. This she always kept under a shield of reserve, and the members of her own family heard most of her kindness and zeal from the poor people themselves, who, when she was away from home, would come up sometimes to Beech Grove, and sing her praises, and lament her absence.

The room in which she studied, at Beech Grove, was on the first or bed room floor, furnished with one solitary gas bracket, over the jet of which was a blue glass globe. The window (a small mullioned one) looked towards the south; below it, the long broad terrace-walk,

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and the sun-dial, with the motto: "Horas non numero nisi serenas." Beyond the terrace, were her favourite roses, then a large field, and half-a-mile further, the Tyne; and, on the other side, the long stretching Team Valley, over the further end of which the top of Durham Cathedral could be seen with a telescope. On the left of the Valley, is Gateshead Fell, and on the right Ravensworth Hill. After Scotland or Westmorland, this scene may strike us as tame; but, over all, there is the glorious canopy of the sky, and the ever varying clouds; and it was from this window that she first commenced those studies of atmosphere, which, afterwards, gave such a charm to her water-colour sketches.

NOTE.—Thomas Potts was a remarkable man in many ways. He was an old man-of-wars-man, and had become a *Friend*, and was, at this time, employed as foreman or manager of some glue works. It is related of him, that once when someone said something disparaging of his employer, he threw himself into a sparring attitude, and casting off his coat, exclaimed: "There goes Tommy the Quaker! Now, come on."

At a later period, he much alarmed Anna, by confiding to her that he thought it his duty to give a certain bank director, who had caused great loss to his employer, *a leaden pill!*

I find a memorandum, under date, March, 1854, of a conversation with this Thomas Potts, in Anna's handwriting, as follows:—

"This afternoon, Thomas Potts called, and, after some talk about the frames he had sent me, he said he wished to pay me a little visit, as he thought it might be the last time he would be able to do so. I warded off the allusion, and he did not tell me until afterwards, that he meant to go to the Retreat, to see if they could do anything for his head. He spoke a good deal of the necessity of Christian self-denial; of the poor man giving up ardent spirits and tobacco, and subscribing a shilling or more a week, first to the Bible Society, that the minds of the people may be enlightened; next to Colporteurs to distribute the Word of God, then to district Missionaries, then to Schools; and if the rich would but do likewise in proportion to their means! Then we might hope, firmly, to see the world evangelized. But Friends are too supine, too unenergetic.

"I said I thought the minds of Christians would be crushed down too heavily, by the knowledge of the thousand outcasts apparently

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beyond what are called the means of grace, if it were not for the revelation of a divine teacher to be listened to in the heart. He agreed, and said this testimony of the early Quakers was not yet fully preached,—that it ought to go hand-in-hand with the doctrine of the atonement, for that the idea of a God, who hurled his own creatures into fire and *rived* to pieces, and tormented them perpetually for their sins, he could never bear, such notions only repulsed the affections of men; and without this grace of inward teaching, said he, how could man be accountable? upon it, the entire belief of a future punishment depends. Then he told me several stories of people, whom he had known, in very humble life, whose faith supported them in hourly privations. Such instances, he said, were far more common than the richer classes ever dreamed of.

"One poor man, he used to visit, in Gallowgate, very much afflicted with asthma. He had a large arm chair from which the bottom had long departed, but the loss was supplied with a bit of loose deal laid from one side to the other. Here the poor invalid used to sit, thankful for every kindness shown him, and in perfect trust that such kindness would never fail. His wife, when washing up their things one Saturday night, said to her husband, "this shirt of thine is hanging in strips, it won't go on again," and "I canna get that on thy back to wash't, what dost'te mean to do?" "Oh," replied he, "this shirt 'll sarve me a week longer; and of this I'm as sure as I am of my own existence, that the good Lord, whom I wish to serve, will never leave me without a shirt." The next Saturday night came, and the same household operation began. "Thy shirt is long o' comin'," said the wife. "Dinna say so, I div'nt want it yet." Seven o'clock came,—eight,—and no shirt. Then came a low tap at the door, the wife answered, and enquired the messenger's errand. A small parcel was handed in, addressed: "Will —— accept this as from the Lord?" It contained two neatly mended shirts, a neckcloth, and two or three pairs of stockings. "The Lord will provide," said the good man, "in all the straits of his humble servants; come, let us give him thanks." Before they rose from their knees another parcel was handed in. It was a strong blue shirt, and some other trifle. The asthmatic patient never found out who were the donors of these things.

"I made some remark on the fullness of the prayer, "Give us this day our daily bread." Thomas Potts said that he believed such reward, as the above, was only granted to the true and faithful Israelite; and, that where such trust was wanting, there would be a turning and an overturning, a turning again and an overturning, until it was attained. And that the Christian needed to be baptized with the baptism his Lord was baptized with, and drink of the same cup of utter hatred to sin, if he hoped to sit with Him in His kingdom. If, he said, I hear words of evil, even the name of the Great Intelligence, whose beneficence fills all space, spoken lightly, I cannot bear it. I go up to the offender, and lay my hand on his shoulder, and say, my dear friend, oh do not speak so in the company of Thomas Potts; and I feel as though a wool carder were drawn down my nerves, and a dagger plunged into my heart.

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"A great deal more, he said, in the same way, full of feeling, and of the most earnest desires for the good of the race. In going away, he said, with the tears rolling down his cheeks, "I may never see thee again, but, if a few hours of lightsomeness from the weight on my head should ever be granted me, I will write to thee, indeed I will."

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CHAPTER III.

PARIS, 1855.

Doch immer bin ich, wie im ersten, fremd,
Denn, ach! mich trennt das Meer von den Geliebten,
Und an dem Ufer steh ich lange Tage,
Das Land der Griechen mit der Seele suchend;
Und gegen meine Seufzer bringt die Welle
Nur dumpfe Töne brausend mir herüber.
Weh dem, der fern von Eltern und Geschwistern
Ein einsam Leben führt! Ihm zehrt der Gram
Das nächste Glück vor seinen Lippen weg.
Ihm schwärmen abwärts immer die Gedanken
Nach seines Vaters Hallen, wo die Sonne
Zuerst den Himmel vor ihm aufschloss, wo
Sich Mitgeborne spielend fest und fester
Mit sanften Banden an einander knüpften.

Gœthe's Iphigenie auf Tauris.

My eldest brother had expressed a great wish to study chemistry, in Paris, in 1855; and, naturally, our father dreaded for him the temptations of such a life. His objections were finally overcome when my sister volunteered to accompany and keep house, so to speak, for her brother. It was an unusual step, and looked upon by our mother with no little apprehension. At a later date, Anna, herself, writes that she "looks forward, with dismay, to a long time of loneliness * * I had such fearful revelations of my own weakness and want of self-reliance, in Paris."

I purpose to give the letters of this period pretty much in extenso; there are so many descriptions of phases of Paris life that we may search for, in vain, among the many works relating to that City, over

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and above the light which is thrown upon the character of the writer. Her desperate striving to be economical is, at once, touching and amusing. All through life it was a foible of hers to be averse from spending money on herself. Besides, she so fully sympathized with the natural apprehensions of our father when he found, as his family grew up, that his expenses multiplied apace. As a fact, however, all the letters which Anna received from home expressed the hope that she would not grudge any necessary or reasonable expense. She speaks continually of her difficulty in mastering the language. Perhaps it was after her return to England that the spirit of it settled down in her mind; but, certainly, her French was afterwards regarded as being so good and elegant, as to have merited eulogium, even had she been a native.

From A. D. R. to her Mother.

"SCOTT'S YARD, LONDON, *Monday Evening.*

MY DEAREST MOTHER,

"We are safe here, after a most prosperous and punctual journey. Very respectable company almost all the way, quiet, and not crowded. There were a number of, what Edmund calls, "knobby" people in the train; and, at Retford, a promiscuous horde of hawkers and navvies joined, but not infused into the second carriages at all. So that I hope, between the two extremes, we were in the golden medium,—a very comfortable one at any rate. Thanks to your kind concern, and Aunt Sarah's delicious tin, I never once felt the cold the whole way; my feet were perfectly warm, and there was no trouble in getting the hot water renewed. I took only tiny doses systematically, and (I will not say how) the soreness in my throat has nearly gone. Edward was as kind as possible, and said he did not feel the journey fatiguing. We came past the great shadow of St. Paul's into Cannon Street—now so widened, I did not know it again. Edward does not consider this place at all first-rate, and, indeed, they have things in a shabby sort of way; but we are very comfortable by a bright fire, with quiet, agreeable looking friends, whose names I do not know. And, I doubt, it is the space and breadth of Beech Grove which minifies everything, for I used to think this saloon quite magnificent; so much for "the lines having fallen to us in pleasant places," Papa will say. There was a kind note, from J. Forster, awaiting us, just to say he will be glad to see us any time before twelve to-morrow; so, I hope, we have arranged matters well. Our dearest love to you all. Aunt Annie's buns were excellently appreciated, and the tarts also. I indulged in one orange, and one apple; please advertise Johnny of the latter fact. Dear Maggie's face was the last I saw, peeping under Mary's arm. I feel anxious to hear how Carrie is.

Most affectionately, your grateful daughter,

A. D. R."

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From A. D. R. to C. R.

"SCOTT'S YARD, LONDON, *Tuesday, 30th January* 1855.

DEAREST CARRIE,

"Edward would tell you of our expedition to Tottenham, through the snowstorm this morning, and the result of it. We had a long and fatiguing walk back again, to Stoke Newington, also in a storm, but a little mitigated, where we found Elizabeth Candler, with a heavy influenza cold, very kind, and glad to see us. She gave us the comfort of saying that our non-meeting with Josiah Forster was precisely what might have been expected, that himself and his whole family are "the most disorganised people in the world," and cause endless trouble by their want of punctuality, so that, with the best and kindest intentions, they are often trying to their friends. I had written a very apologetic note to J. F., which I hope, would put matters right, as far as feeling is concerned. Lunch was kindly provided for us by the Reeds, and we afterwards went on to R. Allsop's, who now lives in Stoke Newington. He, and the sweet, warm-hearted French lady,* were most kind, and gave us several introductions. I find the charge, at a respectable pension, is 200 francs a month; so, I think, that settles the question. The only difficulty about lodgings is that, C. Allsop says, servants in Paris are almost universally dishonest, and fleece strangers in every possible way. We must hope for better fortune in this matter. Perhaps I shall turn universal doer and care-taker myself. By the time these calls were accomplished, my cold, in consequence of the wetting, had become very troublesome, and we were thankful to get into an omnibus, and come back to change here. I did so, and felt better, and much tempted to see Mary Taylor; I found her in, with her mother, surprised, but glad, I think to see me. Mrs. Taylor looks much older; she was muffled up with caps of various kinds and shapes, which helped the effect, I daresay. Mary, just as she was when we knew her, exceedingly beautiful, very bright, and with a kind of hectic colour, which I was very sorry to see, particularly, as, her mother told me, she had not been well all the winter, one cold after another very much weakening her. The conversation was, of course, general,—enquiries for one's friends on both sides. Mrs. Fletcher remarkably well; the Davys, also. Wordsworth's sister died, a few days ago, very peacefully. We know how a second childhood had been creeping over her for some time; she used to ask those about her if they would like to hear her repeat some of his poems; and then she would go over them, always ending with that one, "to find a surer trust in thee." To Mrs. Wordsworth, her sister's death is a great relief, as she lived in continual fear of her being left, in this helpless state, with no constant care-taker. Mrs. Arnold is well; the author of "Oakfield" has not returned to India, but has become tutor to the young Lord Lovelace, Bryon's grandson, and they are at Bonn together. While this talk went on, Angus Fletcher came in, a huge, stalwart Scotchman, with an intellectual and benevolent face. When I was introduced, he enquired of "Newcastle?"

* His wife, née Christine Majolier.

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and then asked after my mother, with great regard. While he was talking to his sister, I had a little more conversation, with Mary Taylor, about William Dixon,*—Upham's Life of Madame Guyon, which they are reading with much interest, &c., &c.; and then Mr. Fletcher went away, and we fell on the debate of last night,—Miss Nightingale, and her able assistant, a daughter of Dr. Chalmer's, and a great friend of M. G. T's., (Miss Taylor); also of another friend of her's, *Dr.* Elizabeth Blackwell, the American Surgeonerin; and of the need for more surgical knowledge among women, whose more quick and light hands are well fitted for such work,—even the doctors, jealous as they are of Miss Nightingale, now always call her to tie an artery, as they see she does it better than they. A register is kept of the number of milk-pails of arrowroot which Miss N. herself makes. She is said to be a first-rate cook, and the medical men want to depress her, and her whole staff of ladies, into this department. So then, for the call was unavoidably a little stiff, and, as it were unexpected, I came away, having been into quite an oasis in the midst of this great desert of stones and humanity. I meant to go to Chester Square,† but, at last, gave it up; it was so far, so dusk, so cold, so wet, and so dreary,—and I know dearest mother, would, on the whole, like this decision best.

"I feel refreshed by tea, and am writing, while E. goes to hear Papa's much recommended Albert Smith. Some loneliness is on me to night, and a heavy sense that the sea will soon be between us, and between our place and this noble England,—which intensifies, in every attribute of greatness and loveliness, with the thought of leaving it.

Most tenderly, to you all,
A. D. R."

From A. D. R. to her Mother.

LONDON, *Tuesday.*

MY DEAREST MOTHER,

"E. Candler was most affectionate, and sent dear love to thee. She hopes to write, within a day or two, to give thee some particulars of the very touching death of Ann Eliza C. Her husband was telegraphed for, but did not arrive in time to see her alive. Edward is very kind, and very dear to me. We are quite harmonious, and I look up to him greatly. I think I shall agree in his wish to go straight to Paris. The weather is so exceedingly comfortless, that we could scarcely enjoy Rouen; I rather nurse a hope of seeing it with thee.

"*Lewes.*

"A stormy night, pelting snow, and there is some doubt whether the boat will sail or not; but, in an hour's time, we are going down to Newhaven to try. Our train was late, the wheels slipped so. Sarah Rickman at Meeting, but soon came in. Dined here, with our kind friends; afterwards, went to see the Russians, but the prison was shut, and we failed.

* A poor workman, at Grasmere, who had a mental alienation.

† Where H. J. Chorley and his sister lived.

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"From J. Forster came, the kindest of letters, last night; fatherly, and with a most kind order to draw on him, at a Protestant bookseller's, for tracts to distribute; though we shall have to be very careful how we do this, with a prison looming in the possible distance. Also an introduction to Pressensé. They are all well here, except Barnard. Thanks, for thy precious letter, and E. Smith's; also, for dear Papa's cheering lines, in London. Best love to you all, and my dearest Johnnie, of whom I think much.

Most affectionately,
A. D. R."

"My cold is better to night. Oh, the sea!"

From A. D. R. to her Mother.

NEWHAVEN, *Thursday Morning.*

MY DEAREST MOTHER,

"I write a very few lines to let you know that we are still on this side of the channel. We went on board last night, and slept there, with a slight degree of comfort; but the captain would not venture the boat in such a stormy sea, and, having lost the tide, we were obliged to wait till noon to-day for going out. The deck of the steamer is sheeted with ice, and the cliffs, in many a multiplied sense, white shores now. It is very cold, but we are both well, and anxious to be off. I thought thou would'st like to know we had not been at sea in the tempest of last night, though I fear for thy anxious thoughts; then as we cross in daylight, there is no need to have them any more. We think of taking a little breakfast here before starting, though, alas, for its final destination! Not very many passengers, twenty-five is the average in winter; all shabby sort of people, as far as one ventures to judge from the outwards. I was very warm at night, and had much comfort in lending the invaluable tin to a poor girl who seemed half paralysed with cold feet. But the cabin is a close, stinking, little place; and, I think, I shall try to weather it on deck, as I never take cold at sea. Trusting you are all well, beloved people.

Thy most affectionate,
A. D. R."

"Did I say that I had a most informing letter, from Miss Forster, in London."

From A. D. R. to her Mother.

ROUEN, *Friday, 2nd February*, 1855.

MY DEAREST MOTHER,

"We sailed from Newhaven about noon yesterday; thou would'st get the note I wrote for thee there. The sea was calm till we passed Beachy Head, then we caught the wind and the waves with a vengeance, and were obliged to take refuge in the cabin. I never was more ill at sea, I think. The place was purgatorial, and most of the people in the ladies' cabin were in the same dead-alive condition. Edward says he bore it better, and I do not think he has felt so much upset since as I have done. We reached Dieppe in very good time.

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The custom house was a polite farce, and we soon got through to the station, intending to go straight on to Paris. The train, however, was very slow. I felt sick and weary, so Edward kindly arranged to stay here. We got into an odd little inn, much like that we were taken to at Heidelberg, and for the same cause—all the good hotels are a long way from the station, and we were too tired, in the middle of the night, to march down to them. The beds beautifully clean, and we enjoyed them with feelings of much thankfulness in having gained the "desired haven." All through the moonlight and the snow last night, I could see picturesque country churches, such as Carrie would delight in, and the orchards of Normandy set round with lean poplars, which reminded me of Edward Smith's Grenadier Guards, as they might be after a Crimean expedition. After breakfast this morning, we set out for Nôtre Dame. From Turner's magnificent picture I expected it larger. The front is in the most minutely finished Gothic, ornament on ornament perplexing the eye. There is a noble gateway on the north "Portail des Libraires," the name of which, I daresay, C. knows. They have been restoring it, which, to me, a little spoils its present appearance. The inside is not very imposing—not so much so nearly as York, or even Durham—but the stained glass of the famous 13th century, beyond all my hopes of beauty. The golden panes seem to *produce* light from their brilliancy, and as for the combinations of colour, especially purple, green, and grey, one might sit before them long before being weary. I admire the circular end of the choir exceedingly, but the pillars of the aisles are frightful—not true Corinthian—no filets whatever, only a starched looking capital of stiff acanthus stuck on to the top of a perfectly plain shaft. Our own clustered columns are far finer. We saw the tomb of Richard Cœur de Lion, and an effigy of Wm. Long Epée, and of the famous old Rollo, who has been lying there in his quiet side chapel ever since 970. The ugly iron central tower entirely ruins any general effect, which the other rather low towers might give, and is, indeed, only a cheap subterfuge. We walked on the Quays, and made our first acquaintance with the Seine, here about the width of the Wear, at Sunderland,* or perhaps a little wider. The washerwomen were busy in their curious boats, as they used to be on the Rhine, and there was a steamer by the Quay of a very odd construction, which J. W. could explain to us, paddles, rudder, &c., at the end like this (here is a sketch) a long coffin-like thing it was. There are many flights of wild geese going south, in their beautiful military order, with a change of leader every two or three minutes. We walked on to the Place de la Pucelle; very humiliating to our English feelings. There is a statue of Joan, over a common pant in the centre, rough and unartistic, but still with an expression of pitying remonstrance in her face, I thought. Then on to St. Ouen, a beautiful Church, outside and inside, really satisfying to the eye. Service was going on which we listened to; the music very grand, and echoing through the deep building. I was struck with the "avis" to strangers, not to talk much or loud, because it is written: "My House shall be called a House of prayer." Prayer

* See subsequent letter, page 61.

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to those poor kneeling people only too formal I fear, and yet: "See thou that holdest reason ripe," &c. We, perhaps, shall not write immediately from Paris, but to-morrow I hope to post a letter.

"In the warmest love to all,

Thy most affectionate,

A. D. R."

"Tell Maggie I stole many "pussies" from her darling cheek when she was sleeping, and did not know it.

"In much haste."

From A. D. R. to her Mother.

"HÔTEL DES ÉTRANGERS, 3 RUE VIVIENNE, PARIS,

Friday, 2nd February, 1855.

MY DEAREST MOTHER,

"Here we are at last, in excellent health and spirits; much pleased with our quarters, where we have been dining at the table d'hôte, and where I am now sitting in the prettiest of bedrooms, with tables, drawers, glasses, desk, &c., by a bright wood fire, lighted with huge cones, from "the mountains," as the waiter said, and most comfortable, after our late fates at sea and Newhaven. The weather has broken up, and it is a thaw, streets filthy, at least, so they seemed, as we drove through them in a very good and handsome cabriolet, and, I think, Edward will find them so. He has gone out to have his hair cut, alas! and to look about a little, before coming in for the night. Our journey was a very pleasant one from Rouen. There was one gentleman, in the carriage, with whom I made an attempt at conversation about the war. He said, he had a friend, an officer, out in the army, and that he complained of the terrible cold and suffering; but they were getting up games, and theatricals, in the camp, that the patience of the men might not wear out. When I said how grateful the English were for the assistance of the French horses and mules in supplying the troops with provisions, he, with French politeness, laid the blame of the mortality of our own horses, upon their excellent breeding, and attention at home, which made them feel hardships all the more. All the French to whom we have spoken about it, seem delighted to have the English for Allies, and augur, from it, much good and happiness for the future,—enough, they seem to think, to counterbalance all the present misery. A little, elegant lady, was our only fellow-traveller, besides; and both these were for very short distances. Water seemed everywhere solid out of doors at Rouen, so that the change to more warmth is, on most accounts, very pleasant."

"1, RUE DES FLEURUS, *7th Day, Evening.*

DEAREST MOTHER,

"We set out this morning on our search for lodgings, struck by the statliness of Paris, the magnificent stretches of the Louvre and the Tuileries, and the open, brilliant effect of the "quais." The weather is very fine and warm to-day—a sudden leap into Spring, blue sky, very hot, and almost oppressive sun, and women selling tiny bunches

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of violets at the corners of the streets. We walked by the side of the river, and then went to the lodgings recommended by Miss Armstrong; but they had only two cellar rooms to let, very close and bad, which you would not have liked for us. Then I went to call on a friend of Christine Allsop, Jeanne des Roches, and spent an hour, with her, very pleasantly, talking French, which, indeed, I have been doing all day. She advised me to enquire here, telling me very few, of what we call lodgings, were to be found, easily, by strangers; one is so apt to be taken, and tricked into a not respectable place. It was curious that a letter, most full and kind, from Miss Forster, this morning, had mentioned the same "pensionnaire;" and, Mrs. Laval, a lady, on whom I also called, spoke very highly of it. So we have agreed to stay here for one month. I ought to say we had looked at two others; but, at the one, the rooms were being papered, and, besides, it was 200 francs a month; at the other, no gentlemen were admitted. I feel rather anxious about what you think of the price here; but, after much deep consideration, we have concluded it best to come. It is £6 4s. a month for each, *everything* included, except washing, and bedroom candles; and, at the end of the month, there will be two alternatives to which you can advise us,—either for Edward, if he likes it, to be left here, or for both of us to seek a cheaper lodging,—and, by that time, I hope we shall speak fluently, so as to avoid imposition. There is every facility for learning to do so here; a very agreeable lady, the hostess, everywhere highly spoken of, a Protestant, and a friend of nearly all Aunt A.'s people, to whom we have introductions; her two sons, professors, and one or two other gentlemen, I believe; some more ladies are expected next week. We have nice, but small, bedrooms, mine, which Edward kindly insisted on giving me, has a particularly pleasant view over the gardens of the Luxembourg.

"If Papa will kindly calculate the cost of lodgings, at the price he told us, £5 a month, and two meals a day each, at tenpence, and a little for fires, extras, &c., he will, I think, find it £10 a month; so that it is, as it were, two pounds eight, for the advantage of learning to speak French quickly, and being let into the foreign ways of Paris. I shall be relieved to hear what you think of it, for it is a great responsibility for me. The chapel, which Madame Vallouy (for that is the lady's name) attends, is one where Pastor Bridel and De Pressensé preach, and, I suppose, we shall go there to-morrow. This is a very dry, business-like letter, but it will help you to realise us, and I will write to you soon again.

In dearest love,
A. D. R."

From A. D. R. to her Mother.

"1, Rue de Fleurus, Paris, *5th February*, 1855.

My dearest Mother,

"I wrote last on 7th day night. That evening we were tired, and went to bed early—delicious beds, very mysteriously elastic;

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there must be springs somewhere, I think, and warm eider-down coverlets, which would defy almost any cold. I wish the poor creatures in the Crimea could have some of them. The hours of this house are arranged to suit the different places of study. Breakfast at ten (for there are courses before this on Sanscrit, Hebrew, &c.) served with hot meat, hot potatoes, ham, wine, toast, bread, butter, and coffee, (unnecessarily good fare, which causes me many scruples.) Dinner at six, of three courses, soup and dessert, but all these simple and inexpensive, and tea is handed at nine. We went to the little Protestant chapel yesterday, at eleven, a service very much resembling the Presbyterian, opened by a hymn, sung badly, but with all the heart and lungs too, then the reading of the Bible and prayer. M. de Pressensé preached on the true nature of the sacrament, the inner work of the Spirit, and the necessity of a lively sense of sin. I followed very nearly all he said; there was another hymn, and then we separated. Edward and I walked to the Hôtel des Étrangers, in the hope of finding letters; there were none, so we made a grand walk by the Boulevards into Champs Elysées, up to the Arc de Triomphe—an amazing number of carriages—just like Hyde Park at four o clock in the height of the season. Many other gaieties going on, some supremely absurd, jugglers, dancers, round-a-bouts, screeching music, &c. And all the shops were open as usual, though I did not think there seemed to be quite so much traffic as on other days, We saw the Emperor ride from the Tuileries in returning, but at a distance. He was on horseback, dressed in black, with two other gentlemen with him, and two footmen in simple livery. There was no cheering, but a general run to see, and E. observed he raised his hat to the people. Paris seems to smoke one huge cigar; no place is free from the smell of it, and how people bear it in summer I do not know. There is also a very constant smell of cooking and of vinegar; and as for dress, it seems to be a scientific study; at all events, with the ladies. I feel very plain and independent in my straw bonnet and black cloak. After dinner, we went again to the chapel and heard Louis Bridel preach—a most agreeable man, with a serious, slow delivery, which it was very easy to understand. The subject was Moses and the burning bush, figuratively treated. Tracts were distributed at the close of the service. Yesterday, we went to the Palais des Beaux Arts, but were hurried through too fast by the porter. What struck me most were the beautiful morsels of Gothic carving round the court, gathered from old chateaux and chapels. Also, some very fine heads in oil, prize paintings in one of the galleries. They did not let us seek the Ecole, for which I was very sorry. A bright and lively evening. Music, discussion—in which we stammeringly took part about the English Cabinet—read in the *Presse*, the telegraphic news of *that noon*, that Lord Palmerston was likely to succeed in forming one. This morning, Edward called on Mons. Pelouse, and has decided to attend his laboratory. He is master of the Mint, and has a great reputation. E. came back to breakfast, and was then off again to his work. I walked over for letters; was much cheered to have one; many thanks to each of you for them, and for the news, gossip, &c."

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"I came back to attend a lecture, in the Collége de France, on the Modern Literature of England. Sir J. Brooks, was the subject. Mr. Philarète Chasles, the professor, a man of the utmost liveliness of manner. He drew an amusing parallel between the life of Beau Brummel,—"a life of the cravat and corset,"—and the triple life, well developed, but not perfect, of Rajah Brooks. How to the ferocious savages, he went among, he was a true "King," that is the first man on account of "Knowing," "Kenning" a "König," (there was a play, on the name of Canning, here, by the way); that, in this sense, all great leaders are Kings,—Washington, Tell, &c.,—a position harmonious with the spirit of the Anglo-Saxons,—quite different to the Emperor, imperator, and rex, qui regit, of the Romans. Further, how Brooks carried civilisation among the Sumatrians, as much as he could, by moral force, though this was not altogether possible, owing to the stoical ferocity of the people he was with. "To make cannons, and teach how to make them, that is not civilisation, else one might forge a huge piece, of such-and-such a diameter, and finish mankind, at two or three blows, cultivating these playthings of our peaceable civilization." This low bit of sarcasm was treated with great cheers and laughs, and there were immensely more of these, when, the lecturer, referring to the charges against Sir J. Brooks, in the House of Commons, of trickery, malicious intention, &c., gave a long, and witty illustration, by supposing himself to have borrowed the article, in the Law Quarterly Review, about Miss Rigby, (is this the Englishwoman in Russia?) and, after doing justice to her travelling abilities, &c., should contradict the whole of what she says to the disadvantage of the French ladies, giving, however, her own text along with the refutation, and, that after this, he should be brought to the law, and accused of having wilfully, wickedly, and thievishly, printed an article against the women of France! I was very glad to lose comparatively little of this lecture; much depends on the speaker. I heard one, the day before, of which I hardly understood a single word.

"Edward seems to have been much pleased with his new situation; he is writing, himself, however. We breakfast together at nine, henceforward, on his account. Madame Vallouy is a very agreeable lady,—I am, of course, a good deal with her. We were speaking, the other evening, of that passage, in Corinthians, about sacrificing to demons, which is, in the English translation, devils, and how "demon" only implied an inferior spirit, not necessarily a wicked one; witness Socrates, who called, what was clearly a saving and right spirit to him, "demon." Madame Vallouy remarked how the modes of operation, by the Spirit of God, are infinitely varied,—it was not a tree only, but the *leaves* of a tree spread for the healing of the nations. I can tell you more about our future schemes, as to lodging, &c., when I have heard from you. Of course, these letters are as much for dear Aunt A., as for you all; and, I do not think, my love needs to be particularized. Of the precious children, I think much, and wish they could play in these beautiful gardens of the Luxembourg, which are the scene of the most merry romps every day."

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From A. D. R. to her Mother.

"1 Rue de Pleurus, Paris, *February*, 1855.

My dearest Mother,

"There is a thaw in good earnest now, for which we are very thankful. The streets of Paris are turned into a kind of flood of water, snow, and mud; but, for the sake of warmth, we are quite patient with all its complements."

"23*rd*.

"I went to M. Lévi's, simply to listen again,—another class altogether,—much commoner looking young ladies, and much more vulgar women, as mothers and chaperons. So I chose the former course as a regular one. Went, also, to Mdle. Laval, who is a very thorough, and philosophical sort of teacher, only, I doubt, the better part of me will wither under a perpetual régime of grammar."

"24*th*.

"My lesson again, and saw one of Mdle. Laval's little pupils, a charming little child, the daughter of a man of letters, here. I will tell Emmie and Allie a story about her. There is a sale of work, and other articles, every three months, for the poor, and this sale was to be held at the house of Madame St. Hilaire, the little girl's mother. The preparations were going on some weeks beforehand, and Gabrielle, for that is her name, I think, was exceedingly interested in them. She asked her mother, constantly, if she had nothing that would do for this sale, and her mother told her to think for herself. Now, a very rich, and beautiful doll had been given to Gabrielle, a few days before, and this doll was the very darling of her life. She thought it would be sure to please some lady, who would buy it; but, then, how could she give it up? So, for three weeks, every day, there was a great struggle in the heart of this little child, but, finally, she decided to send it into the sale, for the sake of all the poor people the knew. And, every one admired the doll exceedingly, but the price was very great,—thirty shillings; so a number of ladies subscribed, and drew lots for it, and it fell to a lady who had no children. Gabrielle is in the habit of visiting Madame Keller, whose husband has a school of boys, and she is a great favourite with all these young gentlemen. The story of the doll came to their ears, and they were very sorry for Gabrielle. They talked to each other about it, and soon subscribed the thirty shillings, sent it to the lady, who had no children, begging her to let them have the doll; the lady returned the doll, and it was given back to Gabrielle, by her chivalrous friends.

"I walked over to Madame Foville's, to present S. Rickman's introduction, but had not time to go in. Hurried back to the Collège de France. While we were waiting for the lecturer, the daughter of the Duchesse de Broglie was pointed out to me,—granddaughter to Madame de Staël. She had her daughter with her, a sweet, simple looking girl; but with no trace, on her face, of the commanding talents one might look for. The lecture was excellent,—Monsieur Ampère's. I think, I told you, he is treating of the causes of the

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revival of letters. It was the Greeks, again, and their mighty influence, from the Indus to the Tagus, everywhere felt. Syrian and Babylonian culture strongly touched by it. Andalusian dances, to this day, with a chorus almost identical with those of Athens. Then, we were told how, Euxinos, a merchant from the Greek colony of Phocia, came to the coasts of Provence, and settled near the mouth of the Rhone, founding Marseilles, and the smaller towns around. And how, with the graceful legends which are to be found in all Greek story, the tradition is that, in a great meeting of the native Provence people, their king desired them to choose a husband for his daughter, and the choice fell, unanimously on Euxinos; so that he settled peaceably, with his fellow Greeks, in France. And, again, there was a great immigration of Greeks, 160 years after,—Asian Greeks, who would not bend to the Persian yoke, during the wars of Cyrus, and who scattered themselves all along the Italian coasts, and extended their borders, in Provence, all down the Spanish coast of Catalonia; so that there was a girdle of Greeks, and of civilsation, all round the Mediterranean, battered, on every side, by barbarian waves, but never yielding. To this day, there are Greek customs, and traditions, and words, among the people of the south of France. A huge, pebbly plain, between Marseilles and Avignon, the "Crau," where the people still hold to the story of Æschylus, that, here, Hercules had a great fight with his enemies, and, having spent all his arrows, called to his father Jupiter, who, forthwith, sent down a plentiful artillery of stones, of which this plain is the witness. The southern Greeks penetrated the whole of France, ascended the rivers, and reached, even the heart of Bretagne, setting into the French language an everlasting vitality, by their own mighty action, like a single particle of colour changing a whole volume of water. I was much interested in this enthusiam for Greece, and in the illustrations M. Ampère gave from a journey he had made there, but, I thought, the etymological part of his address hardly went deep enough. We had given to us, as examples, couper, from κόπτειν, tuer, from τύπτειν, bal, from βάλλειν, golfe, from κόλπος, &c.; and the French locution, with faire faire bouillir, faire porter, &c., exactly answering to the middle voice in Greek, which is true, is it not, Johnnie?"

"1*st Day.*

"A very kind note from L. Sturge, asking for our new address, telling us of lectures, and hoping we shall go to Fontainebleau. Your delightful letters also, but am very sorry to hear of Maggie's cold. We are much obliged for the money. Papa will think us hopeless beggars; but, after Madame Vallouy is paid for our second fortnight, I am afraid there will not be enough even for E.'s laboratory fees, and everything is paid in advance here; however, we have paid for nearly one week of our future lodgings in arles or arlhes, as they call them here. Thank you for your best wishes for me,—dear Papa is flattering himself too much over me, I fear. I often think that if it is permitted to any creature to prevent a little evil, or give a little comfort in the world, we ought not to feel disappointed in doing no positive good. My fears about being here, at present, are simply lest

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it should be "paying too dear for the whistle;" that is, whether you will think my progress in the language worth the unavoidable expense I incur. I work as hard as I can, and so, I think, does Edward; though, thou knowst, he never appears to be in a burning zeal or hurry about anything. We are very happy together; and I hope, when we are quiet, and alone, in lodgings, to persuade him to let me go over the lessons with him which I have taken, from Mdle. Laval, in the daytime.

"Madame Vallouy is better, and in the salon again; very pleasant for me. I read to her, and talk to her, and find her a truly kind friend. All the difficulties, which cousin A. H. R. foresaw, have proved the sheerest mirage,—everybody is very kind and polite, and, all we have done, has been made very smooth before us. We are both very well. I feel quite buoyant to-day with the sweet Spring air, and the "time of the singing of birds." I have neither headaches, nor chilliness, nor even so much laziness, as I have at home; and the stimulus of full work, and fresh faces, nearly every day, give a great energy even to one's physical life. I do not reply to all your home news in detail, but drink it all in. We have been to the Oratoire. A. Coquerel, "fils," preached a very eloquent and ardent sermon, on the breadth of Christian duties, to which there is given the same infinitude, as to the nature and powers of man, and not the slightest Jewish idea of legal limit,—to support this, "How often shall my brother sin against me?" &c., was quoted, and other texts. A severe reflection on the greater part of lazy, nominal Christians, who dare to use the words of our Lord's prayer, "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done," and who, in their hearts, bless themselves for having a narrrower range of comfortable duties. All this was said in a manner strongly satirical. M. Coquerel, I think, we saw at Frankfort. He is suspected of Unitarian tendencies, and this is the reason why Messrs. F. Monod, Pressensé, Bridel, and others, have declined to be in connection with the National Church, of which he is a minister, and have established the little chapels, I spoke of, in different parts of Paris. We hope to go, to-night, to the School Chapel, to hear Pastor Meyer preach to the children.

"I am sorry Isabella does not do better, feeling a little responsible for her. Will C. tell me a little about Miss Armstrong and art. I hear nothing of J. W., either. Dear Georgie's letter very pleasant. I am sure he must have enjoyed Mamma's nursing, but I hope there may be no more need of it. What are J. and Lizzy reading? Many kisses to Maggie.

Always thine,
A. D. R."

"Edward has gone to take a walk for the sake of his health, and will not have time to write much.

"Will C. ask at the library if they have Lamartine's Histories in French? Also tell me if you would rather not be troubled with the account of the lectures.

"I think my English spelling is going to wreck. I constantly write words in the French way, a letter too much or too little."

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From A. D. R. to her Mother.

"PARIS, *7th February*, 1855.

MY DEAST MOTHER,

"I have been, to-day, to the Luxembourg, with the greatest enjoyment. It is a noble palace, several of the long galleries devoted to paintings and engravings. Among the pictures I chiefly admired, was one of the Betrayal of our Saviour, admirably drawn, all the figures, except the one prominent, in deep shade, but with a very powerful expression, which seems to grow upon you out of darkness; and the look of pity and grief, mingled with the clearest insight into the teaching of the act, on the face of Jesus, is really wonderful. Another, the death of Queen Elizabeth, is a very fine painting; the face of the old woman is horribly clever; and wicked and wretched looking as it ought to be. Cecil is kneeling over her, as palmy as possible, servile to the very last. This painting is by Paul de la Roche. There were one or two very good landscapes in oil—studies in Savoy, and in the high country about Grenoble. I looked with much interest on the painting of the Plough, by Mdlle. Rosa Bonheur, an exceedingly clever thing in execution; there are the deep ruts of newly turned earth with the shadows of the oxen actually flitting upon them; a distant green country, and a deep breadth of blue sky. But, I must confess, this last was the only feature in the painting which was to me capable of going further into one, than the mere delight of the eye in masterly drawing. To us, who are ignorant of art, design and feeling are everything; but, to an artist like Miss Armstrong, I fancy the execution becomes, in itself, an inspiring thing. There was another picture which touched me very much, Count Eberhard, called "Le Larmoyeur," weeping over his dead son, while all his followers are rioting in the victory which cost his life. The catalogue quotes a ballad of Schiller's about it which, I daresay, C. will know.* Also, two faces of women, very different, but each perfectly beautiful. I did not know how to go away from them,—Saint Veronica, and "Ode" personified. There were many more exceedingly interesting, but these, I think, struck me most. In the evening, read in *La Presse*, the account of our new Ministry, at home, and some very severe remarks from the London correspondent, on the selfish conduct of Lord J. Russell. The *Times* of the 29th, speculated rightly as to the Premiership, but I wonder how it will like Lord Panmure for a War Minister, instead of Lord Grey. A gentleman called, who told

* Graf Eberhard der Greiner, beginning—

"Ihr —— ihr dort aussen in der Welt
"Die Nasen eingespannt!
"Auch manchen Mann, auch manchen Held,
"In Frieden gut, und stark im Feld
"Gebar das Schwabenland."

Compare also the well-known ballad:—

"Preisend mit viel schönen Reden
"Ihre Lände Werth und Zahl," &c.
* * *
"Eberhard, der mit dem Barte
"Würtemberg's geliebter Herr," &c.

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us about the intended marriage between Prince Napoleon and the Princess of Cambridge."

"*8th.*

"Heard a lecture at the College de France, from Saisset, on the Psychology of Plato; very good, though a little material; for example, the Demiurgos illustrated by a chemist, taking a little of one gas, a little of another, jumbling them together, and so making water, or air, as the case may be,—thus, to take a part from what is ideal, and a part from what is substantial, mingling them by a fusive virtue of his own nature in the work of the Demiurgos, in evolving life. I was amused at the conclusion of the whole matter: "Mais encore messieurs c'est un grand mystère"—truly! These lectures are all free, by the first professors—a great boon, is it not? So are those on science, which Edward attends at the Conservatoire, though these are a little more elementary; there are none at this latter place to which ladies can go, except on Sunday mornings! I went, also, to call on M. de Pressensé. Delivered J. Forster's parcel; found him a benign and truly kind man, but did not stay long, as he seemed to be much occupied. Saw in the courtyard of the same house, a gentleman assist a lady to mount her horse. She did not do so by a light spring as we English should, but in a highly methodical fashion, as everything else is done in France—a slow, steady, pulley-like heaving upwards. I called at Dr. Lamouroux, but found them all out. The Place de la Concorde, Palaces, &c., beautiful fountains playing—everything sunshiny and brilliant in the fashionable quarters of the exquisite city. In the evening the *Presse* as usual, with the ministerial news of the same morning."

"*9th.*

"Your invaluable letters, thanks for them all; but I am very sorry the Rouen letter was such a dear bargain. We have informed ourselves of the new postal arrangement, not knowing that only a-quarter-of-an-ounce was allowed. Be sure to tell us if you pay double again. I advise Lizzy and Jenny to read "Grote," beginning with the second or third volume, not the first; they will like it better than any other. I advise them also to do—what I much regret not having done—to read a French book, and write résumés of it in French after Mrs. Lowne's plan, and most affectionately wish them success. We are much relieved by your approval of our plans. Had we staid at the hotel till 2nd day, it must have cost us more than £3—very dear. I have been to-day looking about to get an idea of lodgings. Have seen some, excellent in the Rue Rivoli, which I hope to get in three weeks, at three guineas the month for two rooms, service included. It is a large new and fresh Hôtel Garni, where you can have a room if you come, as I do trust you will. The better rooms are from £2 10s. to £3 10s. each per month. I give you the address, and beg you to tell any one of it, who may want to come to Paris: "Hôtel de la Toison d'or, 2, Rue de Rivoli, Prolongée, (they have been extending this street). A cold, piercing east wind to-day—so it is not always May. Heard a lecture on Political Economy, but do not venture to give an account of it, because the argument hung on

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a former lecture. Went to Nôtre Dame. Pray, tell Emmie "the swallow had found a nest in the House of the Lord;" or perhaps, it was a sparrow, but birds were flitting about under the magnificent arches. I longed for Carrie to enjoy it. The entrance very rich, the "glorious army of the Apostles and Martyrs" carved all round the door ways. Splendid windows, shedding coloured light over all, and the deep voices of the priests singing Latin psalms, sounding through the whole building, with every now and then a response in the silvery tone of women and children. For Carrie,—the arches inside are covered with a deep blue enamel, on the vaulted part, ornamented with a small golden crest, just the pattern of the carpet in the House of Lords. I am not sure that I like it, but it gives an effect of warmth.

"My walk to the lectures is through the Luxembourg Gardens, very near the famous Sorbonne and the Pantheon, and almost close to the Hotel Cluny, a charming ancient château, with exquisite carving, where the Abbess of Port Royal took refuge with her nuns. Interesting, is it not?"

"*9th.*

"Went to the Louvre, to get a rapid glance of what was to be looked carefully at in future. In nearly all the pictures I thought there was too much strained attitude, but I looked at them very hastily. The palace itself magnificent; and in the part devoted to ancient sculpture, I was much struck by a marble statue of Polyhymnia. The Vénus de Milon of which Mrs. Stowe quotes: "Greatness of mind and nobleness their seat build in her loveliest, and create an awe about her like a guard angelic placed." A little disappointed; the lower part of the face and the mouth are heavy and rather animal looking. Afterwards, to a lecture on French Literature, of which I did not catch much, as the lecturer had a very low voice, and I was far from him. Regretted that I had not gone with Madame Vallouy instead, to see the marriage of a niece of M. de Pressensé to a young pastor. She described it as very interesting and pretty. This reminds me to tell dear Aunt A. that the husband of Madame André died two years ago; but they say she spends her widowhood in doing "infinitely much good." I ought also to set right a mistake we made about the Seine, at Rouen; it was only a branch of it we crossed, and saw from the railway afterwards that it was a very noble river."

"11*th.*

"We have been, this morning, to the chapel of the British Embasy, a beautiful little building, quite filled with English of upper class, I should think, from the long rows of carriages which were waiting when we came out. The service very striking, as it always is to me, and the sound of English delicious music. There is something very touching here, abroad, in the prayers for the Queen and for her Ministers, that they may find "grace, wisdom, and understanding." Also, in the prayer of that fashionable assembly to be kept from the deceits of this present evil world. There was not much to help them or guide them in the sermon—a truly fashionable performance—chiefly a tirade against Eve for having brought sin into the world, and

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against the beguilements, vanity, and wilfulness of all women after her, especially in the one great folly of not consulting their husbands in everything they do. And the poor preacher seemed greatly puzzled to know which was worst, a state of things in which men loved their wives, and were like Adam, led astray into weakness, or a state of things like the present, in which men commonly did not love their wives, and were very bitter against them. There was a gentleman, just before me, with his bride, trembling with laughter, many others smiling likewise; as for me I was amused, but felt more inclined to be covered with blushes—it was very humiliating, and I thought much of the blessing of a silent meeting. To-day and yesterday, hard frost and raw wind. Skating going on in the stone basins of the Tuileries. You will be going into your afternoon Meeting, just now. I think of you all with the warmest love. Pray tell dear Papa to calm his anxieties, they are quite needless. My heart has been ossified for some time, and as for Edward's, there is really nobody to invade it that I can see.

"Tell me, please, if you find this plan of crossing with red ink disagreeable."

Most affectionately thy daughter,
A. D. R."

From A. D. R. to her Mother.

"PARIS, 12*th February*, 1855.

MY DEAREST MOTHER,

"Heavy snow, and snowing all day. I kept indoors, reading the life of Jaqueline Pascal, and took one short walk up to the Abbey of Port Royal,—the scene of the best part of that life."

"13*th*.

"Heavier snow, and very cold. Your most welcome letters. I feel very grateful for the kind interest of all our friends, and trust that the invalids will soon be better. I feel very anxious, too, for thee in all this cold, that thou should'st not go to the door to the poor people, but get them brought into the second hall; pray, do. Here, the poor creatures seem quite taken by surprise by the cold, not being at all accustomed to it. Madame Vallouy says it is a very rare thing to have such snow in Paris, and, rarer still, to see skating. For nine years, she does not remember such severe weather.

"We have been speculating, who the Friend can be, who has so alarmed you about Paris. I do hope we shall both be kept from danger. Thy remarks are most true,—in the world we must always be, but not necessarily of it. English politics are of absorbing interest to us aliens. Johnnie will be glad that Frederic Peel is in, as Under-Secretary of War; he is said to have all the talents and virtues of his father; is he not? I saw, too, in the Presse, the expected mission of Lord J. Russell to Vienna. I wonder if he is the best man to send; he seems hardly downright enough. The rumour that Marcus Niebuhr was to be here, on a diplomatic errand, is contradicted. The course of Philarète Chasles was to-day, again. I wish I could

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describe the wit and fun of this lecturer. It reminds me of "like on liquid roses floating, as floats this foam on light Champagne;" for, all he says, is, at the bottom, serious, and with a determined end for good. But the amusement of the mock heroic way in which he flatters his hearers; and the malicious good humour of his stories, and his affected gravity; together with the contagion of laughter and enjoyment everywhere, very nearly bring most of us to the state, Ella remarked upon, "why, mamma is laughing till she cries." He took, yesterday, the correspondence of Franklin, Washington, and Jefferson, for his subject; translating various criticisms, from the Athenæum, as he went on; telling us how the world is inundated with Memoirs, Lives, and Letters, of a perfect hubbub of unknown people, not, however, to be condemned *en masse*, as they argue, not only an acute sense of personal responsibilities afloat, but also a keen interest in the human species; that, for the sickliness of a morbid vanity, or an ornamented nothingness, we are forced to seek relief among letters like Cicero's or Washington's. That the true Washington had an eye always to the last result, and devoted himself to it; leading a life, spotted with little faults, as the lives of all men, but with "magnificent aspirations for all greatness." He was not the ideal Washington of his young Republican hearers. He was a true man. A little avaricious, rather fond of dress, courted by the ladies to dance; riding in a coach and six horses. Quelle horreur! Messieurs, quelle abomination! the great Republican Washington in a coach-and-six, with liveried servants! A man, hungry and thirsty after battle, going into an alehouse and begging for table beer, falling in love, at dinner, with a rich young widow, Martha. J' en suis très faché Messieurs, but she was a widow with three children, and very rich; marrying her, and liking, rather, the domestic hearth, than the bustle of government; hesitating, modest, half-lazy, half-benevolent. When they came with the offer of the Presidency,—a true, noble, imperfect, and fearless man. A hearty Englishman, of the time of William III., caring for the substance of liberty and political force, and nothing for the chimera of a Republic. Then, we had a laughable account of the sensation Franklin made at the French Court. What an important bearing, his thick shoes had, on the Revolution. How completely he entrapped, with his grey, unpowdered hair, (it would not have been so, had it been powdered), and his benign, grandfather-like appearance, ready to give a blessing, that highly impressible, marvellous nation,—nous mêmes, messieurs, of mathematicians and dancers, cooks and chemists, soldiers and moralists,—constant in one thing, perfectly constant in a love of all possible revolutions. And the sum of the address was an exhortation to seek truth with a single eye, because "a false ideal is the death of all real good."

"14*th*.

"Still worse weather; so I keep indoors, and work hard, at grammar and exercises, by way of allaying the feeling of fret and irritation at finding myself so deplorably lame at speaking French. It is quite another thing to understand an address,—of the rapid idiomatic conversation, that goes on, I lose much, and feel rather dis-

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couraged. Edward is improving fast. There is a young man, at the Laboratory, half English, who tells him all his faults."

"15*th.*

"Went to a lecture, in which, Plato's astronomy was explained. Very cold."

"16*th.*

"Intense frost. Walked over, with cousin Anna's note, and the ten shillings, to see Miss Blundell, Found her out at the Hospital. Mr. Blundell enquired after the "Bible Missionaries," with much interest. He was very kind, and spent the greater part of the time I was there, in telling me a strange story of the Catholic priests, which I was to be sure not to tell any one else, and, especially, not to let his daughter know that he had told me."

"17*th.*

"Mamma wants to know about the people here. First: there is Madame Vallouy, the widow of a Swiss Pastor, and a truly kind Christian lady. Her eldest son, who is a professor of languages, gives lessons, a polite, and well educated young man. Her youngest son, who is in a commercial house, a great darling of his mother, about eighteen, I should think, lively, and very kind. He reminds me much of my dear cousin Joey, in his face, voice, &c. Mons. M * * * a student of engineering. M. Couve, a student of law. M. Vincens, a pupil at the Polytechnic School. M. de Candolle, who aspires to be a "savant," as his father, and grandfather, the "famous botanists," have been before him,—a very clever, lively, satirical youth. The lady who was coming, is frightened by the cold, and postpones her journey. We see very little of these gentlemen, however. We breakfast alone, meet them at dinner, and, then, again at tea, after which, they often stay till ten o'clock. I went with Madame Vallouy to call on her sister, and saw, there, this lady's step-daughter, the great-grand-daughter of Oberlin. Went with them to the College of France. A good, plain lecture on the influence the Greeks have had on the world; their teeming population at home; their expansiveness, which led them to colonise largely, as the Anglo-Saxons are doing now; their immense force in permeating other literature, &c.; with some truisms on the certainty with which two nations being placed alongside, the less civilised succumbs to the more civilised. It seemed, to me, an elementary address, but that might be because, by chance, I have been reading Bunsen and Kingsley of late."

"18*th.*

"First day. The Carnival at Nôtre Dame, they say. Third day is "Mardi Gras," a festival which consists in parading very fat oxen about the streets. This promenade begins to-day, at ten o'clock, and lasts over to-morrow, as well as the next day, The Laboratory and schools are closed, and it is a general holiday. We have been to the Oratoire this morning. Heard an excellent sermon from Mons. Grandpierre,—the subject, Moses's reply to Joshua: "Enviest thou for my sake? Would God that all the Lord's people were prophets, and that the Lord would put his Spirit upon them." This was

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expanded, very well, into an inquiry of the duties of the "laity," and the excellence of a "noble evangelical propagandism" among them. That the Pastors, however zealous and hard-working they might be, could not compass a large and scattered church like that of Paris; and that, therefore, it was for all Christians to see how far they, too, might become ministers of Christ,—through their wealth or their industry, their talents or their hands, their advice or example, their influence, or their power of serving others. Much was said of the new position Christianity gave to women—as the Scriptural Deaconesses, the good women of the Ban de la Roche, were cited, and "la sœur Sievking," at Hamburgh; and this was an agreeable antidote to the sermon of last week."

"Edward has gone to take a walk. The cold is most piercing,—it makes one ache all over. Do tell us all you are doing, and reading, and thinking about? How Isabella does,—whether Maggie grows fonder of her? How the darling children go on with their lessons? Whether C. is better? Whether you have had any fine days for riding, which, I trust, Aunt Anna will do, in the Spring, for the refreshment of her health, from her truly deaconal duties? Perhaps Lizzie will go, sometimes, to read to Mrs. Riddle; and dear C. will kindly tell me, before long, how poor Dixon is. I hope there are better accounts of G. Pumphrey.

In the most affectionate love to you all, thy daughter,

A. D. R."

"We have not felt any inconvenience from the late dinner hour, except that I was faint one day, when we waited for some visitors till seven o'clock; so I intend to take something, at noon, for the future."

From A. D. R. to her Mother.

"1, RUE DE FLEURUS, 21*st February*, 1855,

Wednesday.

MY DEAREST MOTHER,

"Your letters came in yesterday; a great comfort. First, please, thank my dearest father for his truly kind note. We will take care of ourselves, indeed. This morning a bright sun is shining in at my window, but it is very cold; yesterday was bitter. We suffer as everyone does in comfort but not in health, I think. Poor Madame Vallouy is confined to bed with neuralgia, and is in great pain. You will see from our letters that we are presenting our introductions by degrees, but no notice has yet been taken of them. I fancy the Paris people are very busy. We find ourselves so, exceedingly. I have not time even to think of drawing, and if, when the fine weather comes, I can snatch two or three sketches, it will be all dear C. must expect. We are much interested in all your news, and it can never be too minute for us. On 2nd day, I walked to the Champ de Mars, a great plain set round with trees, very white now. Edward skated at the Bois de Boulogne. Yesterday at the Luxembourg and Louvre—enjoyed both exceedingly—the latter more than last time, partly because E. was with me, partly because I was not so tired,—very unartistic

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reasons both of them. We then went to look at lodgings. Gave up the Hotel de la Toison d'or, because we could not agree with the man to have the same terms during the Exhibition, if we should stay a week or two into May. We are sorry to leave this pleasant place, but think it worth while to do so. Could you post your letters on 4th or 5th day, so that we might get them on 7th? Because now they cross, and Edward prefers 1st day to any other for sending his.

"*22nd.*

"A day of very thoughtful interests to me. It is snowing again hard, and we are wondering when the tardy thaw will come. Yesterday I entered myself at the classes of Mons. Lévi, a man who has a great reputation here, having chivalrously taken up the education of women on a more extended scale than is usual. I mean to go thrice-a-week, for two hours. I was invited to stay yesterday to see the class then sitting—about thirty young ladies—some of them with charming faces—all very *French*, and of an excellent station in life, judging from their manner and their dress. Their mothers and chaperons sat all round the room to take care of them! and listened. First, there was a little Roman History, then a little derivation, then a little French History and dates, then a kind of recess for five minutes, in which there was a tremendous chatter of French—such volubility as I should have thought no tongue was capable of. Then a dictation of historical facts, and finally, a long repeating of poetry, one of La Fontaine's fables, I think, altogether. You will think it odd for me to go to school again, but it is for the sake of learning the language in a variety of ways, and also, for the sake of comforting one's social feelings when we are alone in lodgings. I have also agreed with a young lady, a friend of Miss Forster's, to give me a a lesson every day, and for this, she only asks the small sum of twenty francs a month. I need hardly say that I keep a separate account of all these private expenses of mine. M. Lévi's terms are sixty francs a quarter.

"*Noon.*

"A thaw, for which we are thankful. I hope it will last. I had a delightful lesson with Madlle. Laval; she is a capital teacher. I then went to look at some lodgings E. had found on the Quay, but they looked dirty, and smelt of beer; also, I met a drunken man on the stair—so have finally taken for second day, the 5th, a very nice quiet "appartement," that is, a room with a bed in an alcove, which shuts up during the day all right and straight; another little sleeping room, and a dressing room, in the Rue Buonaparte, No. 27. We are to have attendance, cleaning, &c., and breakfast served, but not provided, for £4 a month; it is rather dearer than the place on the Quay, but I hope you will not think it extravagant. I wonder if dear Carrie would think it very troublesome to let E. Smith and Ina know our change of address? Not that I would mean to infer to E. Smith that I expect him to write, but simply lest he should. Ina would be delighted to hear how you all are; and, perhaps, C. would ask her to tell me, when she writes, the French story she was so pleased with. I daresay, I could see it here. I am much interested

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to hear of Papa's pleasure in Mrs. Browning, but be sure not to pall either him or Johnnie with it, or else we shall hear of the sickly nature of women's poetry. I shall be very busy now with these new arrangements—but look forward to the pleasure of giving out to some of you a little of what I take in here. I don't think I can write letters worth reading till mild weather is fairly set in, and my brains begin to thaw, if even then.

Most faithfully,
A. D. R."

From A. D. R. to her Mother.

"PARIS, *Monday, 27th February,* 1855.

MY DEAREST MOTHER,

"This morning is deliciously soft and warm, and we are comforted. I took my lesson, then went to the beautiful Jardin des Plantes to enquire about the chemical course L. Sturge recommended, but it does not open until April. Came back to the Collège de France to hear M. Paulin Paris, whom I have not heard since the second day we were here,—then, I could hardly understand him at all, his utterance is so very rapid, now, I follow nearly all he said; encouraging to me on the whole, but the talking is the great stumbling block. Achille Foville called, a very pleasant young man, with a frank Saxon face; he hopes I will call on his mother again, and that we will spend an evening with them soon. It is pleasant to have one of our introductions noticed. Madame Vallouy confesses that people here are not very *acceuillant*, they are rather tormented with too many strangers.

"Read, in the *Presse*, the account of the scene in the House of Commons, on the 24th, with feelings of great disgust and shame, and they were not softened when one of the gentlemen remarked, satirically, what curious doings we have in England now. The London Correspondent gives an indignant picture of Lord Palmerston's lazy promenades in St. James's Park; his idle way of crossing into the House, when the deepest interests were at stake; his sleepy manner, as though he were taking a siesta; his vaunted patriotism, and his reply, of ten minutes length, to a "puritanical discourse from Mr. Bright, which even the Long Parliament would hardly have tolerated." The general opinion seems to be that Louis Napoleon is the only man able to finish the war, "the most capable head in Europe, the only one, in fact!" The papers say he has already gone to Boulogne, and, there is a report afloat, that he is to take the Pope with him to the Crimea to bless and inspire the army, then Sebastopol is to fall by magic; the Russians are to be hurled back into the heart of their own deserts; the Turks, and the people of the Principalities, are to be freed, and then there is to be a grand future for the world; so the speculations go."

"*3rd Day.*

"Another lecture from Philarète Chasles, of which I have unfortunately lost the notes,—it was very clever as usual, a discourse on the

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"breadth and largeness" of the word literary. A droll flood of pity over the savants who shut themselves up in the Catacombs with Mummies and Greek aorists; and then a discourse on Fortune's travels in China, which you know."

"*4th Day.*

"I went to M. Lévi's for the first time. One or two ladies very kind indeed, seeing me alone and a stranger, I think. I find I have so much to do, that I hardly know when to write this journal, though I am generally up at half-past six, and working hard all the day. But, of course, the lessons I have set myself will constantly become easier. A very interesting lecture from M. Ampère, on the influence of the Romans, this time. He is epigramatic, as all the French are, and he said two things, which I thought good. St. Augustine says, somewhere, that "God is patient because He is eternal"; and Rome might say I am eternal because I am patient. Thus Rome worked, and worked, till she finished by being Mistress of the World,—great in her youth, colossal, rather than great, in her maturity. Rome was like a son whose father died, leaving him to struggle for his own fortune. Modern Italy, like a son entered too early upon a rich inheritance."

"*5th Day.*

"The first of March ushered in with a brilliant sunrise, but the weather is still damp and chilly, also very enervating. Poor Madame Vallouy is evidently much tried that we are going to leave her; though I told her from the first that it was probable, but she is very kind,—a true friend to us both,—and hopes that we shall come to see her sometimes."

"*2nd.*

"Went to M. Lévi's class again.—an older one, the ages ranging from sixteen to twenty-five, I should think. First, a young lady read an essay, clever, and well put together, on songs,—very patriotic, too, it was; then there was a grand discourse on history,—the virtues of Margaret of Austria, at once perfect in her accomplishments of the outward world of politics, and in the inward household world, where she was an excellent seamstress, cook, and nurse. M. Lévi has a strong penchant for ladies, I think. He grew quite eloquent and pathetic, on describing the sorrow he feels, on entering a salon, to hear one lady say to another, "what a pretty embroidery you have got! Oh, do you think so, yes, it is well enough. Have you seen the new tune, by so and so. No!" And so the conversation begins and ends.

"To-day, your most welcome letters. Many thanks for Papa's most liberal supply of money; I hope it will last us out the time, or nearly so. I feel very anxious about Mamma, and rather out of my place in not being at home to help; but I do trust the warm weather will revive you all. My best love to Maggie, and I hope she will nurse Mamma with her gentleness and patience, as she is now rather better herself. C.'s headaches, too; I doubt you are in a very deplorable state. I long to be with you, and help you."

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"7th Day.

"The great news of the day, which one hardly knows how to credit. But if the Czar be really dead, I trust it is an opening for a solid peace; surely, they will not let it escape. My lesson as usual, and a very interesting lecture. Still Greece and Rome,—the "Marriage of Hercules and Hebe," "a rose grafted on an oak." Beauty sprang to life wherever the breath of Greece passed."

"1st Day.

"The weather magnificent, quite as warm as is pleasant. I hardly know what we shall do with our winter wardrobe when the season is more advanced. The glare of the sun on the white houses is very powerful, and I see many ladies with parasols already. The gardens full of children and the nurses. One dear little boy made me think of Maggie,—he had a bandage round his eyes, but he was playing merrily with a ball, and a beautiful little Italian greyhound, though his nurse always had to lead him as he ran to the place where the ball fell."

"E. and I have been to the Oratoire; a clever and subtle sermon from M. Coquerel, but I utterly disagreed with the doctrine, I walked with E. up the Champs Elysées—a very gay scene, the din of carriages incessant. I think, some first day, we shall go a few miles out of Paris, by the railway, to get a little of the quiet of the country, and see if we can fancy ourselves in the enjoyment of an English Sabbath. I so remember the Sundays at Dunoon,—so intensely still, you could almost hear the motion of a bird's wing, just such weather as this, too; and the Clyde and the mountains in a perfect beauty of light and shadow. Fontainebleau is tempting enough, but we must wait for the leaves to be out in the Forest. In the meantime, we are exceedingly prosperous. You may fancy us, to-morrow, at 27, Rue Buonaparte, very near the Seine, and almost the centre of the city, We shall manage excellently there, I have not the least doubt. We go about at five o'clock, after E. has done his day's work. Very sorry to leave Madame Vallouy, who has been truly kind, and has given us a great deal of information which we might have been a long time in picking up for ourselves. If you can, do recommend her pension; it is well ordered, and, in every way, agreeable."

"Lest E. should forget, I will put down a few books for David. I have not read them, but they are very highly spoken of: Histoire des Découvertes, by Mons. Figuier; Mignet's History of the Revolution; Thierry's Tiers État; Villemain French Literature. These books are all comparatively recent, and if they are not in the Lit. and Phil., would not be very expensive to buy. I trust your next letters will be brighter. Do not forget to change the direction, 27, Rue Buonaparte. I called again on Madame Foville the other day, but was unfortunate in finding her out. Louis Bridel and his family are removing to Lausanne.

Most affectionately to you all,

A. D. R."

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From A. D. R. to her Mother.

"Paris, 12*th March*, 1855.

My Dearest Mother,

"To-day is very stormy—rain, sleet, and heavy hail, with glimpses of the sun now and then. I have made an accurate account of our week's expenses, and find that we save considerably by being here. A very kind letter from L. Sturge, promptly written in reply to mine, and enclosing an introduction to Pastor Meyer. She hopes we will go down to Fontaineblean, at Easter. What would you say if we went into the extravagance of spending a night there? Supposing the weather were fine, I should be greatly tempted by the sketching scenes in the Forest, and the Laboratory is closed for three days."

"*3rd Day.*

"Still stormy, and cold. I am depressed by watching my very, very slow progress in the language, about which I begin almost to despair. I have not much opportunity for speaking it, and when I have, it is usually only a wider discovery of my perpetual mistakes. I have a bad headache with thinking about it, and am altogether rather *down*. I have been reading the first volume of the History of Port Royal—there are four altogether—it is exceedingly interesting, and very well told. The book is lent me by our lady at the sub-library, because "she thinks I have an honest face," although it (the book) is so rare that there are few persons to whom she would trust it. However, I have heard of a copy at a second-hand book shop for £1, by which I am tempted for C.'s sake. She would so enjoy it; but hesitate, as I can make copious notes from the other copy at the library. What does she advise? There are biographical sketches of all the Port Royalists, and historical allusions in plenty, as well as a very good and acute literary taste over the whole.

"Edward went last night to an exhibition of leger-de-main, and came back much entertained. A very excellent lecture from Mons. Philarète Chasles to-day. We have done with the voyages and memoirs, and are now entering upon a course of the great men, chiefly reformers of the 19th century. So there was first a little summary to act as a lock between the one stream and the other. Chinese defects and discrepitude explained by the total absense of the moral sense, that is to say of energetic action, profound love of truth, and of an ideal above ourselves. Whittier was the subject of the lecture, as eminently possessing all three qualities. Whittier, shoemaker, farmer, pamphleteer, politician, philanthropist, poet, and to crown the whole, Quaker, a "member of that singular sect which you know was founded by Fox and Penn, and which through the inconsistencies of human nature has always shewn itself a most combative upholder of peace—of which truth this poet, Whittier, is an example, fiery, faithful, and true, armed to the very teeth against all warriors and all war, and sometimes saying in his zeal, things which are neither kind nor polite, of his opponents." We had free prose translations of several of the ballads and much judicious criticism of the other poems, some of

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which were quite new to me, having come out in the last edition. Whittier, it seems, is a member of the know-nothing sect (a know-nothingest Messieurs, if you will please to accept the word) and this sect, Mons. Chasles thinks, joined to the idomitable abolitionists, will not only root out the "abominable system of slavery," but will take into their own hands the whole future of America. A kind of Free-masonry secret, and containing the very best men of the New World; its object seems to be to stem the frightful tendency towards the worship of material things, which has so rapidly risen during the last thirty years, and of which the darkest and worst side of American life, Barnum's charlatanry and baseness may be taken as the extremest type. This "worship of material things" is partly the result, according to the lecturer, of the wonderful mastery of science, its "unsanctified application," as Dr. Chalmers would say."

"*4th Day.*

"I am completely tired; and, therefore, give myself the treat of writing English to you, instead of French, for Madlle. Lava[1]. I have had a very busy day. First, early to Mons. Lévi's class, where I ventured to answer questions for the first time, and succeeded, as Mons. Philarète Chasles says we always succeed in this life, the one-half of what we hoped, and sometimes three-quarters. By a kind of desperate mesmeric recollection I managed to remember, out of Tytler, or some such book, that Conrad, the Crusader, belonged to the house of Höhemstaufen. So far so well; but, in giving an account of the said second Crusade, I broke down in the middle, the facts starting into the most painful reality in my head, but all French words wherewith to clothe them utterly banished. So I passed the answer on to some-one else, and can only trust for more fluency next time. The con-sciousness that fifty or sixty people are listening does not help it—but M. Lévi is very paternal, and scatters abundantly the consolations of "courage ma petite enfant," très bien mademoiselle, allons, allons ma bonne petite, &c., &c., and he is at the bottom an affectionate and benevolent little man. Then I walked rapidly to the other side of Paris, to present L. Sturge's introduction to Mons. Meyer. I found him at home, a truly kind, *pastoral* friend at once. His earnest German face a pledge of confidence, and his manner, giving one the impression of a man who is constantly struggling with evil. He could not spare me many minutes owing to an engagement, and I felt afraid to trespass even upon them, for his youngest child, he said, is dying, and his wife constantly by its bed in the greatest distress—it was so ill that they hardly hoped it could live until night. M. Meyer kindly invited me to call again soon with Edward, whom he hopes to introduce, if E. likes it, to an association of young men, similar on a small scale to the Christian Association of London. I came from his house to M. Ampère's lecture—a little sleepy to-day, I thought it; or, perhaps, I was sleepy. Then to the lesson, and back here to dinner at half-past six. A long and interesting day. Achille Foville has paid us a pleasant visit to-night. His younger brother is not in good health and is to be sent to school in England—they want to find one pretty near Lewes, for the sake of S. R.'s oversight, "for the boy is

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very concentrated and needs somebody to love him." I hope to call on Madame Foville again to-morrow."

"*1st Day.*

"Your letters this morning, after we have been famishing two whole days for them. I cannot imagine why you have not received ours, long and important, of last week; I saw E. post it accurately, last First Day evening, our regular time. I hope by this time all is right, and that the delay was owing to the east winds in the Channel, or some such cause. Will you write soon to let us know? for, otherwise, I must write over again all that I then said. We are very well, and very comfortable, dearest Mother: pray, do not be anxious. I have been disheartened from writing, the last two days, by the discomfort and pain of having no letter from you. If you knew what a blank it is, when tired and lonely, after mounting this long staircase I find no letter, you, too, would be very punctual; but to go back."

"*5th Day.*

"I had my class at M. Lévi's, always most interesting, on French literature, style, &c. Then I called on Madame Foville, a kind, hearty, and not very lady-like person, who has immense reverence for the attainments of S. Rickman, whom she has taken as the type of "all you learned English." I soon set that idea down to its level, and we talked away pleasantly for nearly an hour. I, of course, floundering oddly enough through grammar and idiom."

"*6th Day.*

"I went early, as the morning was lovely, a long, long way, three or four miles, to the House of Deaconesses; heard the children sing in La Sœur Beckman's school, and was then taken by her all over the establishment. Everything interesting and well arranged,—the little hospital with its white beds, and gentle looking nurses; but I was rather shocked to find myself, without any warning, in the midst of so much suffering—several of the patients very ill of typhus fever, and looking ghastly. I think, if La Sœur had asked me beforehand, I should have thought it prudent to decline going from the fresh air into the middle of this fever; as it was, I was painfully interested. Then I found La Sœur Malvoisin, who remembered Aunt A. perfectly, and was exceedingly kind to me. I staid with her half-an-hour. In the evening we went to call on Madame Vallouy; she was delighted to see us, and welcomed us in the most affectionate manner: I felt quite made happy in consequence. After a little, she took us upstairs to a soirée given in the Atelier of Mons. Rivulon, an artist whom we knew a little before. He has a most agreeable wife. C. would be delighted with the room, truly artistic. There was excellent music, and, such singing! by a lady, a professor, to whom £10 is usually given for a song; but she is a friend of the artist's, and, of course, everything was friendly and frank. All her soul seemed to be thrown into her voice, and the effect was grand. There were several dances afterwards, and we left them about eleven; intending, I suppose, to keep up the entertainments until morning."

"To-day, we have been to the Oratoire."

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From A. D. R. to her Mother.

"PARIS, *Tuesday, 20th March,* 1855.

MY DEAREST MOTHER,

"To-day and yesterday have been magnificent—cloudless sky and hot sun—everything brilliant—the ladies coming out in Spring dresses to heighten the general effect. It is very luxurious, and we find our quiet little rooms cool and refreshing after the turmoil out of doors. The shrubs, too, in the Luxembourg Gardens, are pushing out their leaves, tufts here and there quite formed, though not entirely expanded; and I see that, when the trees are in foliage, Paris will look very charming, and there will be a chance of shade from the glare of the gaily painted houses.

"I long for you to come, and yet feel sure that our advice to postpone your visit, till the last week in April, is sound and good. By-the-bye, I cannot help feeling anxious on the score of the missing letter. It is provoking if it be lost, for there will be a gap in the journal of our doings which I have not memory enough to fill in.

"A very interesting lecture from Philarète Chasles. The novelists of England, Dickens and Charles Kingsley, chiefly; a long brilliant eulogium of the former, and then a dissection of Hypatia, interesting as the criticism of a foreigner, but not altogether just, at least, so I venture to think. I begin to wonder whether a Frenchman, even the best of them, as Mons. Phil. Chasles, *could* enter into the under meaning of Hypatia. *That* is poured out for people with Teutonic blood, and the lesson of the book is more especially aimed at them, I think. This lesson is, by no means, as has been asserted to us to-day, —a lesson for women to keep at home and occupy themselves with the most trifling and material duties of their household, taking warning from the fate of poor Hypatia; nor has Kingsley an unconquerable hatred and contempt for the cultivation of women, which Mons. Chasles also believes. You, who know Phaëthon, will believe that Kingsley would never consent to publish two volumes with no better aim. But, it is true, "that his own conscience is rather vague," and true also of his school, "ils nous desolent, mais ils ne nous consolent jamais."

"What the lecture has done, is to set me on the tune of "Oh, that we two were Maying!"—and with delicious visions of English greenness and beauty which the "charm of the rich Spring breeze," to-day, makes too vivid to be altogether *peaceful.* In fact, I find even the little I know of English poetry a serious hindrance in learning French, it *will* float across my thoughts and drive away the habit of thinking in another language, which I ought to have acquired by this time. So I advise you to balance well the corresponding advantages of the two. A very kind note from Madame Foville, on returning, inviting us to dine with them on First Day, "sans cérémonie." We shall either do so, I think, or go after dinner to spend the evening."

"*6th Day.*

"Thank you heartily for your prompt reply to our last letter. I think we must rout up the Post Office about the missing one. In it,

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I sent a warm full message of love and sympathy, from us both, to Cousin Anna, of whom I have thought very much,—please say so to her, and tell her, with what great interest, we hear the good reports of Cousin Henry. I am glad to hear Cousin E.'s complaint is not dangerous; and we trust dear Aunt A. will soon be strong again; she really ought to ride regularly.

"From the hint in the first bit of this letter, you will see that we had, with immense self-denial, advised the postponement of your visit. First, for fine and settled weather; second, for the foliage; third, for the Exhibition, as thou hast not seen one yet; fourth, that we might have the feeling that our work here was nearly over, and so more thoroughly abandon ourselves to the pleasure of your visit. But now it is all fixed, I can no longer put this philosophy of reasoning upon myself, and, most enthusiastically, wish you to come as soon as possible. "Pâques" is a gay time, doubtless, and it will be easy to see sights just then. The classes, too, are generally closed, so that neither of us would miss much,—I say this prudentially in respect of mere feeling, of course, I should never put the two things together.

"Would you like a room engaged here for you, for two weeks, if the landlady has one free? I have no apparatus for cooking, except barely for *two*, but we can manage with the cafés; for example, perhaps, Papa and E. could go out to breakfast, and I would cook for thee and myself. You will think the ways we have acquired rather muddling, but it cannot be helped, everything is so tiny and compressed in France. And Papa must not expect great things in our talking; we stumble away still. Could you not come by the Second Day morning, or the First Day evening?

Thine,
A. D. R."

From A. D. R. to her Mother.

"PARIS, 29*th March*, 1855, *Thursday.*

MY DEAREST MOTHER,

"I have not kept a regular journal this week, for the weather has been very cold—thermometer down to the freezing point—stormy, and, of course, to me, who am so sensitive to all these externals, unfortunately, a little depressing. Yonr visit, too, the prospect of it, has unhinged our routine, and driven away the minor interest of lectures and sight-seeing. But, I will try to retrace. On First Day went to dine at the Foville's. It was Mons. Achille's birthday, and there was quite a grand display in consequence, everything very French and very amusing. The dinner was most tastefully arranged, and, after it, there was a great drinking of healths, in champagne. A French gentleman, his wife and daughter, and a young Englishman, Mr. Hastings, were the other guests. I sat opposite the French gentleman, who seemed a well informed and cultivated man. He asked me about our English novelists and poets, and then we went on to French poetry, Achille Foville kindly helping me out in my stammered phrases, and filling up gaps with very good English. I

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think everybody agreed that foreigners rarely appreciate the poetry of France, as Mons. Lévi says, the foreign ear is "prosodique," and does not adapt itself readily to verses which depend almost entirely on the rhyme for their measure. Moliére, they thought, was like Shakespeare, universal, and, therefore, easily understood, and always admired everywhere; but all the poets after him on the descending scale, are Frenchmen only, and think, compose, and write for Frenchmen, so that there are a thousand beauties in their works quite lost to a foreigner. I ventured to ask what sort of effect the lines in Corneille's Polyeucte falling in the midst of a noble scene "et comme elle a l' éclat du verre, elle en a la fragilité" would have to a French ear? Oh, very fine, certainly; so here is a radical difference—an image which, I think, almost any English taste would condemn directly, is thought beautiful here, and it is not to be wondered at that the general effect to us of French poetry is artificial. Not that a whole poem is to be condemned for one false figure; for example, the first I think of, that exquisite and all but perfect elegy of H. Vaughan's: "They are all gone into a world of light," ends with—"Into the hill where I shall need no glass"; but then, everyone feels the defect instead of letting it go in a wholesale admiration. I do not know though, I am afraid I am an utter heretic in matters of taste, I only know that when M. Foville asked me: "But, Mademoiselle, do you think you appreciate your own poetry," I felt as though he had said, do you think you love your mother; so very strange, but, of course, I could only say I hoped so, a little. Dr. Foville is a most agreeable gentleman. I liked him better than anyone of the party, though Madame Foville is as kind and frank as she can be, and her son truly pleasant and amiable. Wilt thou thank S. Rickman with our dear love, for her kindness in procuring us the pleasure of this visit, and tell her what a great enjoyment it was—the first kind notice we have had from our introductions. We left our kind hosts about half-past ten, and came back to our quiet little lodgings.

"*2nd Day.*

"Very uneventful—stormy; but I walked through the beautiful Church of St. Etienne du Mont, where Pascal and Raeine are buried. If it were not so hopelessly fine and delicate, I would try to sketch a very beautiful screen which there is there. Light and elegant as it can be, finished by two staircases, winding round a pillar, and running into a little gallery over the choir. I never saw anything like it before. The tracery work of the low Tudor Arch is gone, so that the term screen is hardly appropriate; but the effect of the choir seen through it, the brilliant windows and sombre shadows of the arches, is not the less striking.

"*3rd Day.*

"I went with Mdlle. Laval to see the great Imperial Library, a noble place, but missed by doing so the lecture of Philarète Chasles, which is always the greatest intellectual treat of the week.

"*4th Day.*

"To Mons. Lévi and then to the Gobelins, with Miss Lee, a pensionnaire of Madame Vallouy's, who asked me to go with her,

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very kind and warm she is to me, but a true English grumbler, hating Paris, despising the French, discontented with her quarters, laughing at the society, in short, using all these methods to rave against everything. But the manufacture of the tapestry is extraordinary; you must be sure to see it—entirely in the hands of the Government—never sold, and only given as presents to Kings. To-day is still very cold; a north wind. I trust it may change before you come, but, indeed, there is little doubt of it. Unless it is very bright, I do not think we shall go to Fontainebleau, on 7th Day after Good Friday, but I must write to L. S. Edward seems to wish to leave it till the leaves are out, and thinks, too, that the visit will be "mild," that is uninteresting. Perhaps it will be better for you to go first, though I do not know how we should spare you. Mons. Pelouse has most handsomely invited us to his soirées, which we are assured is a very great favour, as they are recherchées, and "all the world cannot enter there."

"*6th Day.*

"No letter! and we have risked ours as to its reaching you before you leave, which, however, I hope it may do. The north wind is bitter and piercing to-day; we can only hope for warmer weather or you will certainly gain nothing by the change. We have few English comforts here for you, I doubt, but I will do my very best in the housekeeping line. Last night I had a very kind note from L. Sturge, offering to break an engagement she has for Good Friday, in order to receive us then if it suited E. better But I think, if all's well, we shall go down on 7th, returning the same evening. I have seen Mons. Meyer to-day, and had a most interesting conversation with him. He has a strong original mind, and put things in a very striking light. This afternoon, too, I have been to a little "Sewing Meeting," at the Pastor Juillenat's, very small and "muddling" compared to ours. While I think of it, perhaps, if Oswald Murray is now in Paris, he could admit us to the Exhibtion building, and to see the pictures, perhaps. We shall be truly glad to hear continued good accounts of Cousin Henry. Wilt thou give my dear love to Cousin Anna. I wonder if it would do to call again on Miss Blundell, even though she has not in any way replied to the introduction. In the near and delicious hope of seeing you within ten days.

Thy most affectionate daughter,

A. D. R."

From A. D. R. to her Mother.

"PARIS, *Good Friday*, 1855.

MY DEAREST MOTHER,

* * * * *

"We have had two delicious days this week, the thermometer at temperate; but the rest, bright sun and cold north wind. Every day is different,—no settlement yet. Dear J. W.'s letter gave me the greatest pleasure, and his kind sympathy there is some need for. It is true I am alone a great part of my time, but then I have many

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things to do. Our little ménage is very amusing. I gave a long account of it, in illustration of our domestic life, in the letter that is lost. Our day begins early now,—a bright sun shines in at my window before six. I half dose, and half think, until seven generally, then write, or read, or prepare French, until it is time to make the breakfast for quarter-past nine; during which time E. takes a walk; you know his love for order, so all our doings are like *clock* work. I have a little charcoal furnace and two small pans, and my other many anxieties of the day, are varied by the very acute one on the score of the possible upset of these finnikin little pans; generally, however, they are preserved from it, and from the intrusion of the bishop's foot, and we have a very good breakfast, fresh butter, bread, and sometimes eggs. Then E. goes to the Laboratory, and I often walk until eleven, when I have the lesson with Mdle. Laval, after that, there is the variety I have told you about in my letters, A traiteur sends us a dinner at half-past five, then is our pleasant little time together. At half-past seven I make coffee, and we have a newspaper, and then E. generally goes out to his lectures, so that I am alone, it is true, the greater part of the evening. But the other night we paid a very pleasant visit,—a call, to Madame Foville, whom I like better and better, she is so very kind. We saw there her son, the "concentrated boy," and a very interesting, intellectual face he has. He goes to England very soon with his father. Last night, too, we went to the Mint,—it was not exactly a soirée,—but a very simple, pleasant evening party. We had never been so fashionable in our lives, going out to visit a little before ten, with exquisitely cared for toilettes; I do assure thee, in honour of Edward, I took all due pains with mine. Mons. Pelouse is a most fatherly man, very agreeable, and, of course, highly informed, as he is a Commander of the Legion of Honour. I hope thou will be gratified with the good graces of thy son,—he is the *only* student invited, except one young man, who came to the Laboratory armed with excellent introductions; and this invitation was extended to me in the kindest manner. E. went one day to ask for an order to see the Mint, for himself and for me. Mons. Pelouse then enquired about this sister, thought she must be lonely, would like her to make the acquaintance of his daughters, who speak English, and who would be glad to take her to the Comic Opera, (!!) &c., &c., and finally said his soirées were always open to us both. I called after this, five days ago, and found the young ladies charming, one of them with a very fine face, and beautiful poetical eyes. Madame P. is very good, too, but less interesting than the rest of her family.

"Last night I talked a good deal of French, and with a degree more of ease than formerly. We discussed Italy, Mazzini, the war, the French, &c., with an Italian gentleman. Another French savant, too, who knows Mr. Allhusen, Elswick, and almost the exact site of Beech Grove; and who admires, exceedingly, our magnificent bridge. He was quite enthusiastic over Newcastle. Had visited, also, Earl Fitzwilliam, at the beautiful seat I saw with E. Smith last year; and was very glad to talk of all these things with us. So, dearest Mother,

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never be anxious about thy children wherever they may be in this life, knowing whether it is loneliness, or any other privation, the "daily bread" of all our varied needs is most surely granted.

"I had a delightful walk, to the Bois de Boulogne, the other day, with Miss Lee. It was a feast, inexpressible, to see greenness once more, and to let one's eyes rest on the blue of distance. There was a soft west wind, with no reminders of cigar smoke, just enough to ripple the water, which made, I cannot tell thee what, exquisite music to our ears dimmed so long with this busy city life. In coming home we encountered the Empress in a carriage-and-six, with the Emperor on horseback, at her side. She nearly rode over me, for the carriage made a sudden sweep, and, as I turned quickly round to avoid it, I saw she was laughing very good-humouredly at the half-ludicrous danger. She has a lovely face, let the people say what they will.

"Yesterday, I had a very kind letter from E. Candler, which I hope to answer before long. No other letters; but Madame Lamoroux kindly called one day with her daughters. I was out, and found her card on returning.

"We are going to-day, if all's well, to Père la Chaise, and to hear some music in the churches. To-morrow, if all's well, to Fontainebleau, where it will be a treat to see English friends. Only I wish the leaves were out,—a few hot days would do it. The chestnut buds are all waiting to open,—rich and red, with streaking of green. This time next week I hope you will be here!

Thy most affectionate,

A. D. R."

From A. D. R. to H. M. Peile.

"27, Rue Bonaparte, Paris, *8th April*, 1855.

My dear H. M.,

"We have been this morning, Edward and I, to two of the great Protestant Churches, and could not find a seat in either. It is the Sunday of the Communion, that might be the reason, and the large tables, covered with white damask, were spread in the body of the Church; as we came out of one, the footmen on the boxes of the carriages, in waiting for their mistresses within, were playing at cards—what a world! I was much edified with the spectacle, for, indeed, all the education, or at most all that thou speaks of, to be obtained here is given in this way,—transversely, if thou wilt allow me the expression, so that in the very heart of noisy worldliness, I am really becoming more than ever built up in the quiet faith of George Fox, of whom I think much, and wonder what he would have done in Paris. Thou remembers how chapter after chapter in his journal tells us how "his righteous soul" was vexed with the evil of the world. But I am speaking very humanly, and doing what I grumble at very much in the Society of Friends,—talking of the faith of Quakerism, instead of the faith of Christianity. I have been reading very carefully, as a little self-made service,—the whole history of this past week, from the day of Palms, of which the last first day was the

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anniversary, across that wonderful chain of sermons and parables to the crucifixion, and to-day—the resurrection morning. It is very solemn, and I have been thinking whether we do right so completely to fling away all form, as to lose the privilege of these waymarks in the Christian life, which are, thou know'st, in a sense, very like birthdays. It is just because it is "a world of sin," and not a world of saints, that we are in danger of "failing for want of such a type." Then comes the humble wish to wait,—and see whether Jesus will vouchsafe a perfectly clear view on these things. I do not want to force my belief, or reach by the aid of reasoning, what can never be surely held, except as a gift of God's free spirit; but, I think, I have told thee before, that during this time of growing up in grace, which I pray for,—I believe I shall have to suffer many doubts and uncertainties, because I do think that the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper is a great means of grace, and that it was probably intended to be so, and therefore instituted; for, I think, our Saviour's words are as clearly literal, are they not, as those of the commandments which we hold about oaths and war, and that if we spiritualise them away in the one case, we must not wonder if others do the same with the texts we think binding. Thou wilt understand me, that, neither in the one nor the other case, I dare attach the least importance to the letter, without the spirit underneath, which holds to the love of God's perfection, but that this we ought to do first, and yet not leave the other undone. But still, it is when I am weakest, most "sorely shot at by the archers," and quite trembling to see the great root of selfishness by which my life is fed, that I think in this way; at other, stronger times, I am quite happy in the thought that, to a Christian, every meal may be done in remembrance of Jesus,—a type of the strength which comes from communion with Him,—the lowest reality of the "daily bread" which comes from Heaven, and which is so varied, so certainly granted to our infinite need. How wonderful it is, and here, in this huge city, there seem to be thousands with this deep need filmed over by fashion, and not knowing it. I could not live in Paris very long, without some steady work which had the helping of this butterfly people for its aim; and I have none of this just now, that is why, perhaps, the feeling of pity is thrown back to consume itself. I am writing very personally, canst thou forgive it? because, indeed, it is a relief I cannot tell thee of, and seems to heal me wonderfully.

"Thank thee for thy letter this morning. I never thought one of thine so truly kind, and I never found thee before so entirely to be loved and revered. But, by the way, thou must answer for my eyes being injured by much heat and soreness for the rest of the day. In France, in the midst of Frenchmen, a letter of thine has a kind of herculean power about it,—there is all the force of the highest contrast in the world, for one thing,—and, for another, it has gathered up amazing motive force from having been so very long after its predecessor. This is my fault, I know it very well; and, thou seest, how anxious I am to give thee no pretext for letting me suffer for want of hearing from thee again.

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"Dear Grandmamma! I have heard very little of how she has been this spring,—during the bright days, even more than on the gloomy ones, I have thought very much of her and of darling Sallie. There is that thought thou know'st in very lovely weather:—

"If by His love from fear set free,
This shadowy vale to Thee seemed fair—
Oh, how my heart will long to see
Thy pleasure in His presence there."

"And the great blessing of the early dead is always my prevaling sense in thinking of Sallie—it is more easy for me who used to see her only now and then, and who now have the feeling that she may be often very near, than for those who miss her actual presence every day. The light is truly gone, and does not that household seem to have changed its character entirely. I never thought so much influence could have rested in one young girl.

"Thank thee for the account of the pictures. I have only been to the Louvre twice! which speaks much for my appreciation of art. I wonder if Shelley's verses were in Noel Paton's head: "Some flying from the thing they feared, and some seeking the object of another fear." Thou remembers the rest of that fearful, vivid description, which always makes my blood creep. I am half hated, most certainly despised, here, because, people tell me, I only like and understand the art of nature, and have not the slightest conception of art in the ideal. I am worse even than they tell me, for I have hardly any conception of what they mean. There is Raphael's portrait of himself in the Louvre, which I like better than anything else there. Some fine pictures of Rembrandt's, and some noble ancient sculpture, and the greater part of the rest, it is very true, I can neither understand nor admire. Perhaps both will come. And, in the meantime, I am very humble. But, yesterday, we had not the art of nature, but nature in the Forest of Fontainebleau. Though the leaves were not out, so that we were left to imagine its summer beauty,—its present beauty was wonderful. I never was so deep in a solemn forest before. It is next in grandeur to the mountains, so still,—and the vanishing trunks and branches on every side. Then all the minutiæ of delicate moss and lichen in the huge boulders tossed about out of chaos; and the birds and flowers, and the treat once more of seeing a purple distance,—all this was a true blessing, and I feel better for it to-day. We had been cooped up in the city for eight weeks, so thou mayst think of the pleasure we had."

From A. D. R. to H. M. Peile.

"Paris, *Sunday, 18th April,* 1855.

My dearest H. M.,

"Do have a little pity upon me and write. I ought to have done so long ago, but the life here (be sure not to let anyone know I confessed it) is very lonely, and I suffer exceedingly from home-sickness; and then, thou know'st, one does not like to palm all this upon anyone else. Then, too, all the outward interests, which are great enough and very varied, I cram my journal with to send home; and,

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with me, it is always an entire impossibility to write the same things twice. So I had nothing left for thee, but the best part of me, which is always thine—my least bad thoughts and my love; both of these have been wandering and dreaming in that delicious England, which I long to see, and will on no account submit to be written about, in this external world of Paris devoted to all the accomplishments, all the show of this life, but, oh, how rarely suffering and working for that which is to come. Not that there are not many Christians,—there are, and I love many of them,—only the French character is different, and can hardly enter into the intensity and earnestness of the great German stock. The brilliant exterior is everywhere; the heavenly idea nowhere, except, and I will give thee a decent list of exceptions when we meet.

"Art thou going to the Y.M. this year? and, pray, how does Madame Krüdener go on? If thou knew how much I think of thee and thy dear love, thou wouldst send me a few benedictions; though, I half believe, I have felt them in another and a better way. I hope our precious people at home have told you a little of where we are, and what we are doing, by way of adding spice to their own epistles. I am alone nearly all the day, and three evenings in the week. I choke myself with French Grammar, and struggle to admire French poetry, hitherto in vain. I go to many intellectual courses. My head is hot and, to a small extent, flourishing. My heart frozen, except in dear Ned, in the thoughts of England, and in that most holy presence into which the servants of God are sometimes permitted to enter,—"Around our restlessness his rest." Even so, and then nations and persons pale away before the more effulgent glory.

Bless thee, and farewell,

A. D. R."

From A. D. R. to her Mother.

"PARIS, *Wednesday Evening.*

MY DEAREST MOTHER,

* * * * * *

"I have, to-night, made the acquaintance of a highly cultivated young lady, the daughter of our bustling landlady, Madame Floquet, naturally very unlike her mother, since she is as I say. She is governess to a little girl, on the other side of the Seine, and is only at home in the evenings. She speaks English admirably, and knows, and what is more, really appreciates our best writers, her own most familiarly, and those of Germany, by translation. She is more to my taste than any French lady I have met; and, yet, what interested me most in the evening call, and in the midst of the rather exciting English conversation, was the touching pride and affection of the curious mother and grandmother whose eyes followed this young lady continually, and who did all kinds of humble little services, as though they could not enough love her,—and then she, herself, taking them so gracefully and affectionately—"Oh, ma bonne mère vous vous dérangez tant pour moi." The concierge and his wife say, "oh,

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mademoiselle est si charmante, si gentille," and the praise of a concierge is really worth a good deal.

"The apartments which thou saw are ready to-morrow. I greatly fear they will be let. I did not dare to say anything about them without orders, but, casually, asked Madame her terms—twenty-five francs par jour; perhaps, by week, they would be at a lower rate, and they are beautifully got up, all fresh, and sweet, and clean, and the furniture is all renewed, covers, curtains, &c., new. By the rate of the Hotel Voltaire they are not dear, and I think our friends could not do better than take them, if they can.

"I have had many little consolations, dearest Mother, since thou left. I have fallen into that state when one cares very little for people's minds, if only they give you the signals of human affection. First, I went to see Miss Lee, but found her out. I then had a very kind note from her, saying there would always be a welcome for me at the house of her sister in Wiltshire. Two days after, in going again to seek her, I met her in the street, where, without ceremony, she kissed me very affectionately, and we took leave. Then I had the kindest note in the world from Mdle. Laval, wondering what had become of me, and begging me to "let her have the pleasure" of giving me the week's lessons she owes, (she owes me none), so I went to see her, and found her poorly in bed, and passed two hours very comfortingly beside her. Afterwards, there was P. Chasles's lecture, always sympathetic, but, as you say, you have been bored with lectures, I will not venture upon an extract; and, then, to-night, the pleasant result of Madame Floquet's pity for my loneliness. And, I must not forget to say, I have begun to teach the little girl who lives opposite, English, and find her a very quick pupil. She comes every day for an hour, and is a great pleasure to me; her parents are very grateful, and her mother, instead of saying to me, "Bon jour Mademoiselle," runs into the extraordinary politeness of substituting, "Mademoiselle, j'ai l'honneur de vous saluer." The father is a learned man and an author. I do not think they are rich, and are, in consequence, glad of a little gratuitous help, and thou may'st think what a pleasure it is for me, not having done good to scarcely any one during the last three months, except in darning Madame Vallouy's stockings. But it is eleven o'clock, and I doubt E. wants to go to bed. We have got a translation of Capt. Marryat, and Monsieur le Midshipman Aisé makes us roll about with laughter.

"Best love to all.

Thine,
A. D. R."

In consequence of the illness of her little sister Maggie, Anna came home, from Paris, before the end of the Session. The death of her little darling was most acutely felt, but it was a great comfort to her to be home, and with her Mother, during that sorrowful time.

About this time, also, her dear friend, H. M. Peile, was very seriously ill, and she thus writes:—

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From A. D. R. to H. M. Peile.

"BEECH GROVE, *14th July*, 1855.

Saturday Evening.

"Little by little, I have been rather relieved about thee—first, in hearing of thy ability to go to Ennerdale, &c.—then through Grandmamma's letters, and thy own. I agree with all thou hast said so well of the discipline, quieting, and humbling, which one gains in illness, and if only thy precious life is safe, humanly speaking, then I hope I try to leave the rest, and content myself with bearing a very great sympathy with thee. We are very quiet now, the larger part of the household being in Edinburgh; and I feel more and more that dear Maggie is not away, on a visit as it were, which it felt to be at first, but quite gathered from us for ever. Her sweet earthly presence, that is which was so very dear to me. I did so love that suffering child, and am finding out, day by day, the depth of what I was hardly aware of when we had her here. But still, the earthly and the heavenly comfort is as great as it can be for her, and for us it is very well to learn to live more fully to "that breaking of narrow prayers that may befit our narrow hearts, away in His broad loving will." How very gradual and beautiful the deepening sense of reverence for every one of God's acts becomes—growing round our entire souls, I think, we hardly know how or very specifically why—for certainly, however poorly we may accept it as a matter of creed, it is very true that the real "growth in grace" is held quite beyond our keeping, and most tenderly guarded for us, so that the very possession of Christian faith is made a subject for its own highest exercise. Yet, I am very slow in learning it, it is so pleasant to be hedging oneself up with one's own imaginations. I wish never to look forward again with *hot* pleasure to anything, and above all, to receive such pleasure accomplished as a direct gift, and not as part of those blessings which we are so apt to think the rightful inheritance of one year dropt into another. But, if it might be granted, I should exceedingly like to see thee this year. Would'st thou be my guest for a week or two, in any place thou would'st choose, for thy health's benefit, later on in the year, if all's well? I am a very good nurse, indeed, chiefly because I look to be commanded, or at all events, to be allowed to testify any little sense of affection in deeds (never in words) for I know what it is to torment an invalid with perpetual inquiries after the poor suffering tabernacle; and I would not tease thee with talking at all, but only listen, and cast overboard all the problems we used to vex ourselves with, living very quietly, hour by hour, in a vegetative manner. How I did belabour thee with dry books here, poor darling, when I now know thou wast not well, but quite miserable with loss of sleep and no appetite. Well, but I will be wiser for the future, and not in these little things only, "try to learn reverence," but far more in the true and humble appreciation of what thou art to me, not at all, I trust, delighting in being with thee as a mere intellectual paradise any more, but only, if God be willing, as "the scent of water far away." Who is it says that every present is absorbed in its future,

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and that if we live in it, standing alone, it falls to ashes? But it is true, and if thou thinks that I am not humble enough to be trusted with the fact of seeing thee, or if there are any other cogent reasons why I should not, be sure to tell me the whole truth, for if thou art not bold enough to say, nor I brave enough to bear perfect frankness, I am sure neither of us deserves any mutual enjoyment whatsoever. For, indeed, I am more humble, if I know myself at all, and the idea of stewardship in every—the most minute of things that are daily, grows much upon me—what an endless ramification it has, stretching backward over all the winding dealings of God's good Providence, and forward into the unseen awfulness of serving Him for ever. Hast thou seen at one time or another, a little translation from Lorenzo di Medici, the last verse of which I take to myself, and give to thee and to all who are apt to take the world's wickedness upon their own shoulders? "Leave them to say, this people's meditation is vain and idle, sit with ear and eye fixed upon Christ in child-like meditation, thou habitant of Bethany."

"Dear, dear friend, wilt thou forgive me all my sins against thy better self, and believe me thine.

A. D. R."

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CHAPTER IV.

1855-6.

"Mingling most earnest wishes for the day
When we, and others whom we love, shall meet
A second time, in Grasmere's happy Vale."
Wordsworth.

The visit to her friend, H. M. Peile, and her subsequent visit to the loved Grasmere Valley, is thus related in a letter to her Sister, Caroline, dated 30th August, 1855, from Ambleside :—

From A. D R. to Caroline Richardson.

"MILLER BRIDGE, AMBLESIDE, 30*th August*, 1855.

"Well, I took leave of H. M. in bed yesterday morning. We had had a refreshing time together,—very calm, and full of the best interests of life. She is so admirable, a straightforward, single-eyed Christain, and her fine intellect in such beautiful subjection to this. It is a great blessing to me to have such a friend. So, then, I came to Drigg, and in that eventless place there was quite a small sensation, seeing that one of their cars was going, for the first time, to Ambleside, and with a lady alone, too. Sir Richard le Fleming, poor unfortunate, who is staying at the Hotel, had been up an hour earlier than usual on account of it, and saw me into the car. We crept among green leaves, and delicious ferns, very gradually into the little nestling valleys; and, as we entered Eskdale, a sweeping Scotch mist made me a little anxious for the day, but it blew off again, and, beyond one or two large drops, the clouds gave me no more of their company. And the little waterfalls against the hills,—like so many wraith forms. O, Carrie, I wish thou hadst seen them,—the wayside flowers, too, and the perfect cool greenness! I walked up Hardknot, by the side of the burn, dost thou remember? Johnny will too, I daresay, for he had the burden of the knapsack just then, I think.

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The Pikes and Great Gable shone out clear into the sky, and the nearer cliffs, in their peculiar green grey, were very fine indeed. The poor driver, to whom I had to act as guide, seemed to think we had fallen into a strange land, thought "there was very little left for us now," when he saw the wood degenerating into little more than a green ditch, and hazarded many remarks on the "queer cattle," and "rank gates" in these "parts." Poor man, though he was glad to be made acquainted with the richness of Langdale and Waterhead. Certainly, I know nothing grander than the Langdale Pikes, looking from Fell Foot over Blea Tarn. The combination of Rock form, as Ruskin would say, is singularly grand and fantastic, and the pine woods in the foreground, to my eye, add a great solemnity. When I saw Skelwith and Nab Scar over the hill, and the shoulder of Helvelyn, and last, our sweet nest at High Close, thou may think what brimming thoughts I had. Well, the past is gone, truly, but with such remains behind it that I do not wish it back again; and we grow up, walking further and further, I trust, into the way of that eternal harmony, of which all this is only suggestive. I found Alfred Waterhouse here, but he left very soon after for home. A warm welcome and the most tender care and kindness from E. Head, who will spoil me, I doubt, that is, if I am not spoilt already. We went, after dinner, to see her house, which will be a charming little place, and then called at Rothay Bank. In the evening, after much pleasant gossip, which I must retail at leisure, I went to bed, but could not sleep for a long time. The full harvest moon was shining right into the bosom of Fairfield,—an unearthly charm over all things—and this morning when I awoke early, the thick mists, tell Ella, were lying in the valley, and the mountain heads serene in the open sky. It was in vain to go to sleep again, so I walked over to Rydal, round by Loughrigg thou know'st, by the well, and the moss walls more beautiful than I could have believed or remembered it, and sat on a little rock on this side of the Nab, which overlooks the lake—there it lay—one could only trace its line by the inversion of the shore. Silver How, in full purple glory; the Scar, the Island, nothing changed! And the wood where I carried sweet Maggie when she cried, dear child; what can we say more than that she is beyond even this beauty. I thought of Trench's lines :—

"Only the waters that in perfect stillness lie,
Reflect an undivided image of the sky."

"If our hearts were as still and pure as Rydal! But, God bless thee, darling, and farewell.

A. D. R."

And again, to her mother, on the 1st September :—

"I am rather down-hearted at having no word of you this morning; and thou hast said nothing about thy cough, which makes me a little anxious. I wrote to C. after getting here, and the same day after the morning walk, we made some calls; at Fox How among the rest, where there was a great bustle in the various arrivals for a large family meeting, before poor "Oakfield" goes out to India again. He was

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there himself, a fine looking young man, and his darling little son, who is to be left under the care of his Aunt, at Otley. Mrs. Arnold looked very well, I thought, so did Mrs. Twining, who was very kind and affectionate, only one felt, under the circumstances, as if every minute taken up by a stranger, was a sort of robbery. That evening, the sunset from Waterhead, across the Scafell Pikes, was very splendid indeed, and we sauntered there a good while. I do not manage sleeping very well in this fine fresh air, and so have rather thoughtful nights. The harvest moon and the stars are brilliant. Tell Ella these are, indeed, starlight and frosty; the mornings, misty and cold. The sun set southward and early, in clouds of crimson and gold. Yesterday, after I had had my morning walk, and we had done breakfast, read a little, &c., we went to make calls on some ladies in Ambleside, and doing shopping in a small way. Mrs. Davy and her younger daughter called in the afternoon, with her kind manner, and nice Scotch voice. In going away, she asked me if I liked drawings, as they were going to Clappersgate, to see some by young Prout, whom we all know. I said yes, "Put on your bonnet and come with me, will you?" So I went, but Prout was not in, and while Mrs. Davy made a call, we were sent on in the carriage a little round by the Brathay, very lovely as you know, and Miss Davy very merry and sociable. We went into the house where Mrs. Davy was, that picturesque ivied one where Owen Lloyd lived, so simple as they said, "characteristic of this country, where one finds everywhere the evidence of cultivation and taste, quite apart from wealth, and which one might search Scotland and Ireland for in vain, as they have no middle class." The young lady on whom the call was made, is Miss Canon, the eldest daughter of a Scotch clergyman, independent and determined to support herself, which she does by translations, and other such work for the Chambers's. She is now busy over the "Conversations Lexicon," tell Carrie, and is altogether an admirable German Scholar. In the Evening, I went with E. H. to Brathay Hall, where there is a pleasant group of the Redmaynes, two of them just settling in with the Pattinson's Alkali Works, and much shocked, and yet interested in the state of Newcastle. This morning, before breakfast, I was on several of the points of Loughrigg, but not the highest. The weather magnificent, and the views quite clear. The "Fairy Forelands," too, of heath and rock, moss, and thy pet grass of Parnassus, all brilliant in the morning dew. A quiet forenoon; we are going to dine at Rothay Bank, to meet Dr. Raffles, who has just been in Egypt. I have not seen Mary Taylor yet, and much want to do so, but do not know how to compass it. I suppose the *Times* (thank you for it) would class her among the "advanced Tennysonians," so I must get her to expound. And I should still like the pamphlet when C. can spare it, that we may discuss its provisions, and that I may get all the light I can upon what is so very interesting.

"Farewell my dearest mother; dear love to you all.

A. D. R."

"I hope Aunt Anne is better now, at Cullercoats. As to Granville Sharpe, I think, I must look at it first. I daresay the style would

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not suit my views of this year. At any rate, I hardly think it is worth the trouble of Papa's kind care of it.* W. and S. Crewdson are in Paris, going on to the Pyrenees,—are there two "n's," or one, in this word? Alas, my spelling!

"*5th September*, 1855.

"Carrie's delightful letter relieved me on First Day; thine again this morning; thank you for all three. I am very sorry to have missed the club meeting, which I hoped to be back in time for. The "patronage" of Wordsworth is very amusing, and I feel personally indebted to Johnnie for his speech, being quite certain that he will grow into the appreciation of Wordsworth on his own account, (as he will, by God's blessing, into everything else that is good and noble) although, I daresay, it will never be quite like mine, which is a feeling not of admiration only, but of gratitude for strength and peace after a fiery baptism into Byron, whom I read just before I knew Wordsworth. The weather is still charming. The Coulthouse Meeting was sweet, and S. Wilson very kind, asking after you all. We went to the Brathay Chapel in the evening, to hear a missionary sermon,—tolerable—but the burst of glory in coming out nearly overcame me. I never saw anything like it; all the Langdale mountains in a perfect sea of gold and purple; dark woods in front, and the whole reflected in the Brathay. Yesterday, we went to Bowness, a common, smoky place, and saw some pictures. In the morning, too, I had a ride on dear Janet, along the Pony Terrace, by Rydal, to see Sally Hird, who was delighted,—"would never have known me, I was so altered." Agnes, also, very grand and polite. The beauty you must really try to remember, for it is beyond me to tell you. This morning, we saw a dashing wedding in the new Ambleside Church, and have since been to Lancrigg. We met Mrs. Fletcher and her two granddaughters in the lane, so well and noble she looks, and her mind, though not quite ready at names, clear and bright. She gave us an analysis of "Maud," going through each part with wonderful vigour and exactness; but, as she says, it is crude, and cannot be judged until Tennyson gives us an account of his hero's proceedings when the war is done. Mrs. F. asked after thee, "your dear kind mother," and all the rest of you with much interest; and, after a little debating, it is fixed that I am to go on Sixth Day evening and stay till Second Day morning. They seemed to like that better than two days of this week, so I must leave my return uncertain, but I will take care to bring dear Elizabeth with me. Miss Taylor is just as I saw her in the spring—pale, but so beautiful, that thou know'st I can do little but contemplate her. Her mother gone to the Duddon to sketch, and Mrs. Davy to Ennerdale. Lancrigg is a good deal enlarged, and in beautiful order. Many new houses up in Grasmere, which I can't help scowling at. Well, dear mother, I am not excited—quite happy, though I feel, not any great personal shyness exactly, but as though I were put into a new kind of sphere for a little, I mean as far as mind and manner

* A short Biography which she had written of Granville Sharpe, which was published in an American Journal.

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are concerned. The great care over externals I do not like, nor ever shall, but there is something very fascinating to me in all other evidences of refinement. I wish to enjoy these pleasures as simply as I can, "freely receiving," and never to lose sight of the single aim to the glory of God, which dignifies men everywhere and which, taking all in all, I am really thankful to have learned to love and honour; apart from any of these pleasant human editions. I need not sermonise, but I want thee and dear papa to feel safe about me, and to trust the best interests of us all to Jesus, as you do our earthly ones. From E. Head I have the greatest possible kindness; she is very bright, and will not let me go away as soon as I think I ought. She has given me Edward Quillinan's poems, and pets and pleases me in all imaginable ways. Her new house will be a little gem,* and we often go over to watch the progress. If you think, any of you, that I take a lion's share of the pleasures of life, you must be sure to tell me—it is what I want to avoid, if I can.

Most affectionately to you all,
A. D. R."

From A. D. R. to her Mother.

LANCRIGG, *Saturday Morning,*
9th September, 1855.

MY DEAREST MOTHER,

"Thy letter of yesterday was a great comfort, as thine always are; the home news very pleasant. I was brought here in J. C.'s carriage by kind E. Head, who really pets and honours me in a way that makes me half ashamed. A most affectionate welcome from Mrs. Fletcher, who looks to me not at all changed. Miss Taylor, as I knew beforehand, was out on a pic-nic with the Kerchever Arnolds, great friends of hers, who live here now, and did not come in till late. But there was a Scotch gentleman, Mr. Milne and his daughter, who came to tea in passing; an amusing and clever man he seemed, and kept up a perpetual rattle of old times with Mrs. Fletcher, with whom he had been a great favourite as a boy, and afterwards "a double first-class man" at Oxford. Agnes Fletcher and Mrs. Taylor laughed heartily, too—the latter more happy and stately than I ever saw her, and she is very kind and polite to me, on her daughter's account. Miss Davy, the younger, came back from being Jane Wordsworth's bridesmaid, yesterday. She has married the original admirer, whom C. knows about; Mr. Sterry having speedily consoled himself for his disappointment. Mrs. Davy will not be back till to-night, so I shall not see much of her again. Sir J. and Lady Richardson still in Scotland. The elder ladies went to bed very early, after a sweet little service of reading and prayer "performed" by Mary Taylor. I was left up for about an hour with her after; we fell on Tennyson, Trench, Maurice, &c., with great avidity—agreeing, in a general disappointment, over Maud, but in a great admiration of a few scattered lines of that song Papa likes, "Come into the Garden Maud"; the Cedar episode; the

* One of Alfred Waterhouse's early works.

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Shell, &c.; and the Brook, oh, the Brook! with its quiet music. I just saw yesterday, in driving past, Matthew Arnold, Mrs. Cropper, and the rest of the family, who are at home, as usual, but did not speak to them. Miss Taylor asks after Johnnie, whether he reads much, &c.; enquiries after thee, too, and hopes that thou wilt be stronger.

"To-day is gloomy. Easedale, beautiful in its autumn colouring; and I did the honours of the garden, the terrace, and the crag, to Miss Milne last night; quite delighted to trace out our old ways here again. Every, and the most delicate kindness is shewn me on all hands, for which I feel very grateful.

Thine,
A. D. R."

In February, 1856, a visit was paid, in company with her Sister, Caroline, to Edward Pease, at Darlington, and to Edward Smith, at Sheffield. The conversations with the introducer of Railways were very interesting, and his views on the Poor Laws have recently received a very large amount of adhesion from all parties. The adoption of his views in Darlington, led to a reduction of one-half of the inmates of the Workhouse there. The visit to Sheffield was also much enjoyed, but was somewhat marred by a severe cold.

From A. D. R. to H. M. Peile.

"Beech Grove, 12*th April*, 1856.

My dear Friend,

"We are much obliged for the information about lodgings, and have acted upon it. All plans are yet very indefinite. I look forward, with a little dismay, to a long time of loneliness,—once, I should have liked nothing better, but I had such fearful revelations of my own weakness and want of self-reliance in Paris, that I rather dread any return of them. I don't know how it is—the social affections ought not to travel faster than one's willingness to "know and be known" in the best of all ways—but we women soften down so, as we grow older, and the ceaseless "craving for unbounded love" resents every restraint more and more. I don't know what we should do without little children,—the blessed, unconscious creatures,—and yet, in them too, there is a hateful mixture. The sum of all things is an infinite patience, and I come round into a sprinkling of it after every sort of work. I suppose we expected far too much from ourselves, in the "storm and stress" period, and never dreamed, as it would have been wise to do, that a cipher is of *some* use in filling up a blank column. The ashes of one's old self, at any rate, are constantly sifting themselves into the draught of one's present joys and duties; and, perhaps, there is no help for it but to get these from a purer fountain. Well, it is a hard, weary struggle every way, with no ease

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from ourselves, except in the knowledge of our own honest purpose; and, after that, the certainty that always light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart. This is when the clouds are darkest,—thou knowst that often I can lay hold on a more than merely natural faith,—receive it, rather, for I believe the more we word our thoughts in a perfectly *recipient* form, the safer it is for us. There is one sad chapter in Ruskin's new volume, when, in speaking of the two modern poets who do possess a hearty faith—Wordsworth and Mrs. Browning—"yet of these, the one is anxious, and the other weeping." We are shamefully handled, in that same chapter, to my mind, and I dislike Ruskin for it, though one can see the embittered personal existence that lies beneath his spleen. What he says on Mediæval Landscape is delightful; for the rest, his usual beauties and extravangances. I wish, though, I could see thee; there is always an accumulation of little personal incidents, every twelve months or so, that cannot well be discharged through a letter, —my purchase of Bowdler, in volumes, for instance, a source of extreme delight to me; the deep interest of having carefully finished reading the four Gospels in Greek, which has taken me the entire period of acquaintance with that extraordinary tongue! a great attraction to the perfect harmony of Italian, which, I think, I must set about learning some day, though every fresh thing only adds to the bitter sense of incompleteness in all. "Sing, heigh ho, the wind and the rain!"—they are all empty vanities of the sky, or weary splashing up of mud. I am very, very faint, and when I think of this time, four years ago, (how remote it seems!) I am really no better,—only a little more meek, and wide awake to the great good of most people. Thou seest, by the way, what a confessor I make of thee, as if I could drench any body else with this egotism, oh no, I am sliding into a becoming objectivity. Read Ruskin on the pathetic fallacy, and laugh, pray!

* * * * *

"About Ina,—she is going to be married to a gentleman, engaged in the law in London, who has a "small and exquisite" estate in Devonshire, Park Netherton; but does not consider himself far enough on in his profession to settle quite directly. Ina will be a prize to any man; I don't know who I have ever admired more, in the steady discharge of tiresome duties. She is excellent.

"Mary Taylor I have no regular correspondence with, and only hear of her now and then. She is living, in Kent, with her mother, "in all humility and quiet duty," for us, Mrs. Fletcher said: I feel very thankful that God has dealt so mercifully with Mary, and has given her to see what are the true ends of being. I have the most loyal affection for that noble old lady, and always remember her sentences entire; there is a polish about them which makes this easy. It is very kind of thee to care about people I like, in this way. Precious friend, as thou art, I wonder when, in this world, I shall learn to feel thankful enough for thee; to try, makes my heart hot, and my head and eyes swim with all delicious feeling.

"I am going to give thee an analysis of what public opinion is, in

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my next, but have not time to-night; it ought, hugely, to modify one's judgments of others, *e.g.*, to be a strict friend, at Darlington, or at Ackworth, is all the fashion, a worldly honour in fact; yet, strict friends, in both these places, are apt to fall into the delusion that they do all things for conscience's sake. Now, I believe, thou hast been sometimes displeased with me, on matters of this sort; but, please, forgive me. Our two publics are not quite the same, and it is one of those points in which, not even the keenest sympathy, will quite make any one to throw himself into another's place. Only, do not blame me till we meet in some other land, where the surfaces of things are transparent. Wilt thou love me, please, in spite of all thy disapproval? Yes, pray, for I cannot do without it.

A. D. R."

"Dost thou remember asking me about Wordsworth? Well, just before, I had written a little critique upon him, for our Club, and partly wanted thee to come round from Scarborough to get thy judgment upon it before reading. I will show it to thee, some time or other, if I do not take a disgust to my own doings as usual. It was a perfect glory of pleasure to write it; such, as I hardly ever had of a like kind before, It is very sketchy indeed, and all the good parts (if there are any) are traceable to thee, except, perhaps, two or three notions I got from Mary Taylor; so, there is a work of plagiarism for thee. I do not think I told thee, either, how *I lived* upon the poetry of Sintram for weeks; it is easy German, fortunately. Hast thou ever seen Archdeacon Hare's translation? He first introduced it to the English public.

From A. D. R. to H. M. Peile.

"Beech Grove 23*rd June*, 1856.

My dear Friend,

"Since I sent the little packet, Grandmamma tells us of Mary Nicholson's plan—prospect, rather—of going out—and although I feel excessively angry with those * * * * Americans and their squabbles, for needing to be preached to, and think the labour would have been far better bestowed at home,—here among us for example, still, if such service is to be fulfilled, no one could be found more admirably fitted to heal up wounds and sores. I am very sorry for thee, for I suppose there can hardly be an absence of less than a year or two. How wonderfully our props are constantly hewed down! Where shall we be brought to at last? I am touched to the very heart by the examples of utter dedication, which appear around us—that of itself is a lesson of the deepest meaning, even if no further result were hoped for. In quite another sphere there is the picture of Frank Mackenzie in the midst of his literary pursuits, working at the discipline of an Infant School, and blessing his mother in all his doings. That is very fine that is said of Henry's conversation, is it not? And the tone of the book—when the stupid editor will have the grace to keep out of sight—is so earnest that one forgives the too-much expression, as we do in Hedley Vicars's case. I am always delighted to get hold of

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books of undeniably good life, in places where our worthy elders do not choose to look for it, *i.e.*, the army and universities, and it is to be trusted that, as these steady lights rise on all sides, there will be less and less of the revolting spiritual conceit, which comes out every now and then under the phrases of "Our Israel," "Peculiar People," &c. I read the Sermons of Bishop Selwyn last year, which are referred to in the above sketch, and none of the praise given them is too high. Thou wilt remember his thoroughly peaceful policy towards the New Zealanders. Well, what he says is just in keeping—the strongest, boldest spirit curbed into Christianity. I read, too, a month or two back (by Uncle George's advice) Dr. Pusey's Sermons. Did I tell thee of the kind of inscription—dedication—at the end of the preface, it is quoted from, I do not know where, and has sunk exceedingly deep into all my prayers: "O Good Shepherd of the Sheep, lead us and feed us, and *nothing shall be wanting in the place of the pasture where Thou hast folded us*, until we be brought to the pastures of Eternal Life," What could we say more,—Amen. So the "rebellious askings" are gently quelled, and the days prove less "long and dreary."

I have had some sweet walks in the terrace alone lately, very, very greatly blessed to me. I wish I could tell thee how, but the words do not come well.

"*3rd Day.*

"We are a very happy family group just now; all at home but Edward; he is suffering in more ways than one, I think, from his isolation at Ardrossan. My mother is certainly better for her journey; so are the rest. I have no travelling this summer that I know of, unless Georgie and I should start off on a little expedition to the Greta and Caldron Snout, next week. I want to see how your mountains look from that point. I saw them the other day for a very little while, from those splendid heights above Naworth, and have felt better in consequence ever since. If we go up the Tees, we shall run down one of the Westmoreland Valleys, for an hour or two. The Caldron is, indeed, in that blessed country. The rain is driving tremendously to-day, from the west, however, all soft and delicious for the dear flowers. The lilies of the valley will not flower here! they give us their modest leaves though. I hope you are all well, and James really strong. His friend, Johnnie, is looking forward with pleasure to the near end of his apprenticeship, Sharon Turner I should very much like to hear more about, at thy own convenience.

A. D. R."

From A. D. R. to H. M. Peile.

"Beech Grove, 18*th August*, 1856.

My dear Friend,

"Just before I left home, the sweetest of little books, Augustine's Manual, came for me, directed in thy hand; and, though there is no mention of it in the letter I found waiting to-day, I conclude I am to keep and enjoy it, and, when I have read it, write to tell thee more about it. I was much "set up" with it, all that First Day morning,

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and very glad thou hadst thought of letting me have it from thee.

"We went up the Greta a little way, by the Tees, and down again, by Brough and Appleby, to Ulleswater, then back over the Alston Moors,—a most delightful journey, with a capital horse of Papa's, ("Minniehaha!") which kept its dear young driver in good humour all the way. I was thrown into the usual inexpressible state by the sight of those dear hills, and we clambered about on them, and renewed our close personal acquaintance in the most affectionate manner. I was very happy indeed; read nothing but the Psalms, and all sorts of new meanings opened up in thinking over them there, among their very own subjects—"All the beasts of the forest are mine, and the cattle upon a thousand hills." I do not think I ever felt all the grandeur of that before, nor the infinite multiplication of every kind of beauty. I am glad, though, too, that we have not too long to live. I like Dr. Whateley's idea of a trance till the last day; a sweet rest, not even the excitement of being made aware how peaceful heaven is."

"*7th Day.*

"Trench is indeed very good,—too much on the Transalpine side of consciousness, as Coleridge would say, to be quite healthy at *all* times,—but we are allowed a journey, over there, now and then. Foss Westcott, in an excellent book of his, on the Canon of the New Testament, does not allow the epistle to Diagnetus to be Justin Martyr's; of course, all the delicacy of the criticism is thrown away upon me, but the analysis is very interesting,—how the first part is decidedly Greek, the second, Alexandrian, and, both together, going to prove that "Christian wisdom is the source of all right action, and the Christian life the realisation of all truth." Where could I see a translation of it? for I have never read it entire. I am much struck, too, with Justin's statement that, in their early Christian service, they read the Prophets and Apostles "as much as the time would admit;" evidently abjuring the formalism of silence, for it *is* a formalism of the worst sort, such as we too often have it. I will get hold of Mary and A. Newton, as soon as I can; and am delighted that thou lets me know thy books in hand. It is really not a bad way of being together, and, unless thou wilt come here, on a visit to George and us, I see no plan of realising that great pleasure,—though my heart sinks at the thought of how I *am* to get through the winter without.

"Johnnie, that precious fellow, is out of his time to-day, and is going to take a long holiday. My Mother and the children at Ardrossan. We, at home, in the midst of roses and pleasant things, too happy, I often think, and, then again, too tortured. What a life the calmest of us lead! I have read no Maurice lately, finding him a little dogmatic, except his, in the Lectures to Ladies, which thou ought to see. Archdeacon Allen's is capital; so is that on Law. Ruskin's chapter, on the laws of curves, in his last volume, would *enchant* thee. And Lord Cockburn's Memorials is a most fascinating book to any one, who exults in Edinburgh as I do; full of broad humour, and characteristic pictures.

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"Well, farewell, best friend! This is not a letter, only a hasty despatch of thanks.

A. D. R.

Concerning this little tour in Teesdale, the following extracts from Anna's letters are interesting:—

"RABY CASTLE.—Seat of the Earl of Darlington. One of the towers supposed to be Danish. The greater part built by John de Neville, to whom, in 1379, Bishop Hatfield gave a license to castellate it. The lawn and terrace very beautiful. One or two good pictures, and a portrait of Lord Mansfield, in Clifford's Tower."

"GRETA BRIDGE.—In this district Norman English is spoken. An old woman utterly uneducated, heard a chapter from Wycliffe's translation of the Testament. She understood, without question, every word, and seemed delighted at hearing the tongue in which she was nurtured, read from a printed book, saying it was universal in her younger days, "before folks became so fine."

"WITTON GILBERT.—G. W. and I walked up two miles to Ushaw, and were very politely directed to the Porter's Lodge by one of the boys, a little fellow of about eleven, who held his cap in his hand all the while he was speaking to me. The Porter was disposed to be a little blunt at first, and thought he could only shew us the chapel. However, we talked ourselves into his good graces, and he took us, not only to the splendid Library, where I saw all the old Jesuit Authors, whom Pascal shews up in his letters, Diana, Thomas, and the rest; also, some illuminated MSS., and a delightful "omnium gatherum" of books, but to the Refectories, Lecture Hall, &c., and we parted capital friends; he, the Porter, being much impressed that we had come all the way to see their College "o' purpose." It is a very fine and extensive building, far more so than I expected, with 220 Students, a Principal, and 12 Professors."

During the autumn of 1856, Anna paid a long-promised visit to her Grandfather, in Edinburgh, during which she acted as cicerone to her friends, the Smiths, of Sheffield, in an excursion to Perthshire. On her return to Edinburgh, she assisted in entertaining Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe and her family, and then brought them on as far as Newcastle. The following are extracts from letters to various members of her own family:—

"DUNKELD, *9th August*, 1856.

"This morning was cloudy, too, and very murky, but it has cleared up as we came north; and I am made quite strong and happy by the sight of the dear hills, and purple rivers, and the heather, which I never saw before, as it is now—a vast stretch of it in full blossom.

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This is a charming place, and we are a most compact and contented party. Poor Mary has gone home with a bad cold, and Charles Smith has, also, returned; we are not, therefore, so bulky as I feared. Edward Smith says he has never seen so fine a river as the Tay! and it is, indeed, a stately stream, swollen, probably, by the recent rains. Of course, we have only sauntered about so far, but I will gossip away to you by degrees.

"10*th*.

"The mists rolled away from the hills in pretty good time. We set off, for Blair Athole, through some of the richest fir wood I ever saw,—Lady le Fleming's, fade into poverty by the comparison! and then up "by the Tummel and banks of the Garry," to Killiecrankie, —an unequalled pass, as far as my experience has yet gone,—for, though a river might be found like the Garry, and woods as broad, and hills as high, I don't know where one could find them all combined; it is most like that cut through the Jura, that we went by to Berne, but, then, instead of the unvarying pea-green of the Alpine water, these Scotch rivers give, for colouring, an indescribable union of the deepest tones of purple, and amber, and grey. While the horses rested, and after our own dinner on venison, from Glen Tilt, Margaret and I walked by the Tilt, a little way, and looked up the valley, north to Ben-y-gloe, and south to the huge bulk of Schiehallion. I wish dear Emmie would look on the map for all these positions, and, sing you, out of her Scotch book, if she has found it, that gem of Highland songs—"Cam ye by Athole," &c. She will come, some day, the darling! I was thinking, as I was using Aunt Ann's map in the carriage, looking at the date, "41," how a passion for Scotch hills made me choose it for a birthday present; that is fifteen years ago, and I have waited, until to-day, to see the place I have known so long beforehand. The most touching thing to me, in the scenery, was the long, serpent-like line of foam, gliding down where the river was quiet,—"like the foam on the river, like the bubble on the fountain," is it not? "thou art gone, and for ever," that is a touch of truth, which Wordsworth might envy, and which I never saw realised until now.

"We had a nice guide through the pass, which we walked in returning, quite an enthusiast about the plants and stones of the district. His mother had carried him, on foot, when he was three years old, all the way from Cheetham to Blair Athole! He was talking about the various people he saw,—"Cambridge gentlemen, often at the end of a walking tour, and they tell me they are out of money, and they have none to give me, but, I could prove to you, ma'am, they always send me a piece of silver, in a letter, when they get back to Cambridge." When he had taken leave of us, he lifted his hat, and said, very simply: "And now, ladies, I have done my best to guide you through this pass, may you seek a better Guide, and may I have strength to follow him for ever." Edward Smith was much pleased with this quiet benediction; he was delighted, too, with the whole drive,—it is on a grander scale than anything he has ever seen."

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"EDINBURGH, *3rd September*, 1856.

"We had a charming drive to Dalmeny,—the Smiths delighted; and, yesterday, to Roslin and Hawthorden; but, as the habits of the party stand, I see there is, and will be, no opportunity for sketching. The good woman, at Hawthornden, had quite a fund of new anecdotes from the Queen's visit the other day. She went incog., and left her husband's arm, running down on to the very point of Knox's pulpit, without the slightest nervous fear. The little lady who shewed us round, said: "Her Majesty's a deal freer and easier in her manners than many o' our ain gentry. Indeed, in laughing and talking, she *extinguishes* them all. O, but, she's a fine cratur!" We spent the evening very pleasantly at Gray Street. To-day, I am nursing up a little, for the east wind smote my chest, on Second Day, with the usual results. However, I have bought a quantity of flannel, and made myself huge jackets, which are a real comfort."

"EDINBURGH, *2nd October*, 1856.

"Mrs. Stowe and her party arrived last night; and, while they are reading a packet of American letters, we are very glad to attend to other little things. Poor, dear, Anna Mary is very poorly, confined to bed with a feverish attack; however, she slept better than we dared to hope, and a free perspiration has restored her skin to something like coolness. It is a trying state of things just at this juncture. Of the young people, we must speak sotto voce. They are "*very* American," and must be forgiven, for assuming a little, as the children of Mrs. Stowe. She, herself, is far too great and good to have the least pretension, careless, rather, in her manner; but with an exquisite smile, which lights up her whole face. A face one would mark, anywhere, as extremely talented,—the expression, at once, dreamy and humourous. We can see where Eva and Topsy came from. Her sister, Mrs. Beecher Perkins, is a very pleasing woman, rather like Rebecca Godlee, but more accessible. The conversation has been on their Highland visits, gossip of the Dunrobin family, beauty of the mansions, &c., &c. Mrs. Stowe complains she has "no time to reflect, and cannot enjoy her journey till she gets home to think about it." They talked a great deal on anti-slavery matters this morning, but, I think, Mrs. Stowe would not like the opinions she gave *written* out. I must tell you about them. She is deeply absorbed in American newspapers; but seems to have Cæsar's power of attending to more than one thing at once, looking up continually to throw in a remark on the conversation of others."

"EDINBURGH, *5th October*, 1856.

"I hope I have done right! There was no time to consult by post, as Mrs. Stowe was fixing her plans, and I have only done, what I should have wished to have been done for me, had our places been changed. I mean to negotiate for the stupendous baggage to sent on direct to York, where they must be on Sixth Day, as Henry Stowe then leaves them to sail, from Liverpool, on Seventh. I half envied his mother's pleasure, yesterday, as she was telling him she had put

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aside from her gains, in a separate bag, money enough for his special travelling, and college expenses this next winter! He is evidently very fond of her, and has a pleasant, respectful manner.

"I know the party is large, dear Mother, and that it will cause some bustle at Beech Grove; but, then, consider the woman, "whom all Europe and the world worshippeth,"—a gentle, fragile creature, very indifferent in manner, and looking, indeed, "toyled with travail," as Spenser says, needing rest, and all the quiet she can get. You must let her alone as much as possible, and try to consider it a piece of patriotism to do a kindness to one who has so served the world. They want to take Durham, on their way to York, the following morning (Fifth Day) and I thought Carrie would like to go with them, and shew them about, then see them safe in the south train at Belmont, and come home herself. Will you glance at the trains for this? and, consider, whether it would be better to give them a lunch dinner with them, or let them find their own way to a hotel? If Johnnie could spare the time, he would be a great gain, too. And I advise him, or C., to write to Mr. Raine, the librarian-in-chief, to do the honours of the Cathedral and College. He is a most interesting man, the Frys said; and Mrs. Westmacott would be able to tell you whether his health is just now equal to it. He is very infirm.

"Yesterday, the conversation ran upon the coming election. The last mail brought strong hopes for Fremont, who is the right man, they say. He is on the anti-Slavery side, and, though he will make no aggressions on the Southerners, his enormous governmental influence will be employed against them. For instance, in the appointment of all the postmasters in the kingdom, who change places every four years, men will be selected who will allow Abolitionist documents to pass. Discussion will thus be excited in the South, and discussion on that question, Mrs. Stowe says, *can* only lead to one result. Her mind is absorbed in American politics, she looks up, from a fit of abstraction, to make some remark upon them, as though the conversation of every one else had, all the time, been running in that channel. Then her arch fun, and hearty laughs, every now and then, are very entertaining. Grandpapa was denouncing their antiquarian tastes, yesterday,—"musty old places, smelling of blood, it is mere infatuation to care for them. I like something *useful*, and see no good in the castles, and bungling walls. We ought to be thankful we live in better times, and know how to live at peace like sensible citizens," &c., &c. "Then, don't you think, Mr. Wigham, it is useful for us to be made thankful?" So, they have all gone away to Roslin, and the dungeons, this morning, by way of cultivating this thankfulness. I am going to spend the afternoon with Ina; and Dr. Guthrie is coming in the evening. On Second Day, they go to Melrose; Third Day, rest here, and, that evening, to Gray Street.

"It is delightful to have Eliza here. Henry, too, is a great strength to Grandmamma. I am a good deal tired with a stress of interests. There is a letter, to dear Aunt A., by this post, too. I am very sorry I have been so unsuccessful.

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"Would you like them to come in to dinner, by the early train, or to a tea-dinner? I believe we might manage either.

Thine,

A. D. R."

"Brace your minds for intense Americanisms."

"EDINBURGH, *6th October*, 1856.

"I think Mrs. Stowe's sympathies are *most* with the Garrison party, as having been first in the field, to make really great sacrifice for what was right. She thinks Julia Griffiths is leading Douglas wrong; but still she keeps to her one intention of helping all, in spite of private opinion. I had a great deal to say to you last night, but it has gone. I saw Mr. Constable this morning. He tells me Miss Wrench and Miss Cumming are the translators of Perthes. I have been with Ina,—to whom I give every scrap of time. Her Uncle William is a very pleasant gentleman, and they are all singularly kind to me."

"EDINBURGH, *8th October*, 1856.

"Yesterday morning, a few friends came to breakfast at Grandpapa's. Dr. Ritchie, Hugh Miller, Dr. and Miss Hamilton, Mrs. Dick Cunynghame, Miss Farquharson, and her Nephew, Mr. Donald Matheson. William Chambers came in before we had risen from the table, but missed a very interesting exposition which Mrs. Stowe had just given to the company, of the state of American affairs and their dependence on Fremont's election. She complained that we English, ignorantly set down Fremont as not thorough going, because his policy is not aggressive. The huge influence which his office would give him, will, however, be employed entirely in the anti-slavery interest; he will appoint to all, even the most insignificant villages, Post Masters who will permit Abolitionist papers to pass, and discussion once excited cannot be put down. He will prevent prosecutions for the sale of such documents, and committals to the penitentiary for the reception of them; and he will grant to the Reformers in the south, leave to emancipate, and the right to do as they choose. The south is in a volcanic state; the soil is exhausted, and is only being gradually restored by the efforts of small farmers from the north, freemen who would speak for freedom if they dared. Even in the Revolutionary War, Carolina could spare no men; they were all needed to keep the blacks in order; still less could it be so now, when, on the entire line of Canada there are 30,000 free blacks *boiling* to join arms against the south. The slave holders are being impoverished surely, every now and then 1,000 or 1,500 dollars, in the shape of a vigorous negro, will take unto themselves wings and fly away. The efficiency of the underground railway aids this; and until the large owners can bring themselves to employ the blacks as tenants, they will find themselves outstripped in an economical point of view, by the free German Colonies, in Texas, and the free farms scattered throughout the States."

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From A. D. R. to Miss Taylor.

"Beech Grove, *2nd December*, 1856.

My dear Mary,

"We are all quite well again; thank thee, very much, for the "anxiety." It was a long, weary time, while the fever lasted; and the dregs of it have been rather trying, in the case of little Ella, whose head I always trembled for, but she is better, and I am not, in the least, knocked up by the small services I have done. It is very kind of Martha to care so much about us. Miss Gibson left a message that I was not to write to her so often, which, I hope, she will not interpret into any neglect. It was because thy last letter interested me so very much, that I did not like to write just then. Whenever I have had to do with Death, it has been when:

"As one toyled with travail down doth lie."

And, to all who are left, that sight is one of great peace, and brings a fusion of all other interests, which we can scarcely be too thankful for.

"I was in the Highlands, when that letter came; and, afterwards, at Grandpapa's. Mrs. Stowe came to rest, in his quiet little house, for a week, so that I saw a good deal of her. And, when once her Americanisms, indifference of manner, and so forth, are forgotten, that is a great pleasure, for she is full of fun, and with the merry, echoing laugh of a child, that does one's heart good to hear.

"I have not read much, of course; what has taken hold of me, most lately, is the life of Perthes; except, for the German idiom of the early chapters, I thought it written in quite a masterly way, (very creditable to the lady translators), and the tone of it is admirable. Perthes, himself, is so real, and so *creative*, that it is impossible not to have a warm friendship for him as you go along.

"I know only just enough of Stanley's writings, to understand the 'cold soup' affinities. But I always thought of his eloquence, as having a mailed hand laid upon it, for its existence is continually felt, behind, and out of sight; especially, when he speaks of the Nile, broad and calm, up among the Nubian hills, and of the silence of Sinai, &c. Then, again, the two voices of Lebanon, and the sea, and Jerome in his cave, at Bethlehem; and, in many other places in his charming book on Canterbury.

"Just now, I am reading the Odyssey, (translated), with the keenest delight. I only knew it before, by the stories Mamma used to tell us in our youth, and never, at all, felt so strongly Coleridge's line:—

"Beheld the Iliad, the Odyssey,
"*Rise* to the swelling of the voiceful sea."

There is such amazing life, one can almost hear the pulses beat, and the morning and evening march back and forwards, with such a clang, and glory, that I wish I could believe, too, that the earth was flat!

"I hope the accounts from Lancrigg are good; and, that Mrs.

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Davy found no after bad effects from her fearful roll down the Gairloch, was it? of which, Mrs. Matheson told me. My time is nearly all taken up in teaching. My dear, old pupil, Johnnie, is in London, at University College, and I hardly know how to get on without him. Do you not feel proud of Sumner's reception in Boston?

Very truly, and affectionately,

A. D. Richardson."

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CHAPTER V.

PYRENEES AND BANK FAILURE.

"Potent was the spell that bound thee,
Not unwilling to obey;
For blue Ether's arms, flung round thee,
Stilled the pantings of dismay."

Wordsworth.

In the spring of 1857, a tour in the Pyrenees was undertaken by our Father and his Sister, accompanied by Anna.

One object of this tour was to re-visit the French Ministers, and others who had taken an interest in the Bible Mission, on which Aunt Ann, along with her Cousins, Henry and Anna Richardson, had gone some few years before. Another was to visit the Quaker Settlement, at Congenies. On the journey, Anna made many charming sketches, and especially, filled a small pocket book with miniature acquarelles of views from the windows of the railway carriage, at the various stations on the line to Bordeaux.

From the copious letters, the following are extracts:—

"Hotel du Louvre, Paris, *2nd April*, 1857.

"As we came down through Kent, I wondered whether there *could* be anything lovelier than sunshine upon English fields. The country was rich and warm looking, and the hop-poles all ready set up in bundles. An entertaining Scotch Officer in the train, gave an amusing account of his experience in the Pyrenees, just after the Spanish War; how bandits *always* stopped him in the passes, and took everything he had, but were quite civil as soon as this was done, so that when he

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learnt to take nothing he cared for, and to offer no resistance, it became "quite a little pastime by the way." He envied us the hopes of the climate, which he said would be bland as June now, and not too hot till the middle of May. Our voyage was tolerable; the greatest kindness from all on board. At Boulogne, we slept, and I went to see a queer old crypt under the new Cathedral; very extensive and picturesque it must have been, but they have plastered it up with imitation frescoes. We came on to Amiens by the early train, enjoying the coast, and the long stretches of the sea sand; a more lovely Quaker drab then I ever saw it before. Then to the Cathedral; C. would be delighted. I never, anywhere, remember windows equal in brilliancy. I must expound its peculiar build when we meet. On to Paris was a pleasant journey. A very nice Sister of the "Société du bon Pasteur" got into our carriage, with three little girls whom she was taking to a large Reformatory Institution, at Angers, some miles below Tours. They have there, 400 "détenus," 200 orphans, 150 young women who are fallen, 200 little children, and 17 negresses. We fell into much conversation which greatly interested me. I asked her first about her order. The Sisters of Charity visit the sick and dying, while *their* peculiar office is to "gather into the fold of the Good Shepherd"; and then she said with a look of the warmest love to the children: "I *do* like my work." This last month she had collected 72 little outcasts from the various prisons, while going about to get subscriptions, and she had worked at this for 14 years! We gave her one of E. Fry's text books telling her about the author. She clasped it with delight, and said: "Oh, I have seen this very book at the house of M. Jean Monod." I rather wondered she should visit with a Protestant Minister, but she said that she saw he was an excellent man, who had all work, such as hers, at heart, and she let him come to visit and catechise her class twice-a-week. She spoke with the same warm feeling of Caroline Malvoisin, at the house of Deaconesses here, and of all good Protestants. I could not but think that she had a superiority to us in this respect. She had no private concerns, small or great, to hamper her, but her whole aim and delight seemed to be in what she had undertaken—not that the same devotion and energy could not be found at home, but to give room for it we should first need to fuse the many small establishments of maiden ladies into one, and take from them the "corroding cares" of house, gossip, and servants. Of course, this chiefly applies to women of narrow means living alone. Paris is gay and stirring as ever. We are in a huge hotel; rather high charges, but everything capital, and such flowers at the doors and gateway.

"*3rd April*, 1857.

"We have had a most satisfactory day. Papa and Aunt A. went to M. de Pressensé, and S. Blundel; and I, to Madame Floquet, and Mdlle. Laval. Madame F. was enchanted to see me, and kissed me on both cheeks. Of course, it was a great surprise to her; her daughter was out, but is coming to call to-night. I heard much of the delight of Alfred Fox's family, whom we recommended. They had the same apartments as Uncle J.'s party, and were very much

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pleased with them. Alfred Fox was very much taken with Henrietta's knowledge of English books, and used to invite her up, to spend the evening with them. I found Mdlle. Laval gone to another quarter of the city, nobody knew where! But I enjoyed the old, familiar walks, and was quite proud to find myself taking the old turns, by instinct, without looking up to read the names of the streets. We dined at the very table, in the Palais Royal, and eat the very same confection of "Charlotte Russe," as two years ago, together, with many other good things. Then, we went to the Mint, but, unfortunately, all were out. I chatted to the Concierge, about the family, and learnt that they were very well indeed; no change, except that Madame ——* has another "charming child." We left our cards, and the best messages we could frame; and, I hope, to try to see them again on returning. We had time to go to the Saint Chapelle—it is a gem. I don't think there is a bit of plain glass in it, and it is all window together. How I did long for Carrie! The colouring, please, tell E. S., when you write, is worth ten journeys to Paris to see,—so intense it is, and, yet, in complete harmony. No ins-and-outs in the line of wall,—a simple roof, stars of gold on blue; and, at the west end, such a circular window as I never saw. St. Louis (IX) built it, you will remember, when he came home from his first crusade, bringing the crown of thorns with him! and the whole place is consecrated to the memory of that crown. We saw his own place of prayer, and that of his clever mother Blanche, with the little emblems about, which they used. We, afterwards, took a cab and drove up the Champs Elysées, and met the Emperor and Empress, looking very well. Then, by the Madeleine, and Flower Market, I thinking of Aurora and Marion; and, so, back to our hotel, to spend the evening in the salon with Henrietta, who came, looking very nice, and bright, full of intelligence about English affairs and literature, and far more up in our history than most of us are ourselves! There were some very agreeable Pennsylvanians in the room, sprung from Friends, who drew, at once, towards Aunt A.'s cap, and talked much to her about their travels in the East, &c.

"Paris is, indeed, a splendid city. The Place Carrousel is opened out now; and the exquisite sculptures, which were in progress, two years ago, are now finished, looking white, and pure, and only good enough for such smokeless air. The Tour St. Jacques is also put right, and a pretty garden made round it, so that it makes a very striking object; and the scaffolding is cleared away from Notre Dame, and from the entire length of the Rue de Rivoli. We came on here, (to Tours), to-day. A pleasant, and very flat country, full of vineyards, and Spring flowers, and wheat,—a foot high, already. The air, this evening, is like a Summer night in June, with even less chill; so that one's lungs open wide to receive it. Workmen in cotton suits, which speaks for the climate!"

"*8th April*, 1857.

"Eleven hours to Bordeaux. A city which surprised us all by its noble appearance—very much set off by the stately Garonne. Then on to Dax, 90 miles across the "Landes"; a wonderful district. The

* A married daughter of Mons. Pelouse.

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sands are so deep that the people often go about on stilts. Far stretches of desert heath are to be seen on all sides, and across one of these we traced the distant line of the sea. Yes, the Bay of Biscay! But the greater part of the land is made up of pine forests, which are grown for their timber and resin. They were just slitting the bark for the resin, and a gentleman told me each tree will generally yield a franc's worth in the season, so the profit must be immense, for their are millions of them.* At Dax, we hurried up to the diligence, and got seats for Pau. Aunt A. and I up on the banquette, a most comical position, and a comical drive altogether, which I must not now wait to tell you about. We had seen the Pyrenees from the railway, like a faint line of fleecy cloud on a hot summer's day. Little by little the etherial line grew stronger—one shade starting from within another till we saw them quite clearly in their glorious range; and now, this morning, they look close by, as grand as the Alps, and very much like them as seen from Berne. It was a wonderful ride; brilliant moonlight after the sun had set, and the sky that deep purple blue, which I had only known from Italian pictures. Everything is *intense* here, colour, heat, sensation, and, as for the vegetation, though the forest trees are not out, the poplars, horse chestnuts, willows, and laburnums are; and the air is sweet with gorse and violet, and the fields bright with *sheets* of broom. The laurel blossoms are out, as long as my hand; the laurustinus is a perfect mass of flower, so is the corchones (?) japonica,—like gold set up against the houses—no green to be seen through the blossom."

"PAU.

"We are settled here for a month if all goes well; nobody will let lodgings for less time, and these are a great bargain. We have a nice French servant, who will soon get into our ways; and, if only the rains will have mercy, we shall do very well. The mountains are straight before me as I write—almost too dazzling to look upon—clouds are over the higher peaks which we saw yesterday, and the heavy rains of the night have made the nearer points more distant. There is much that reminds me of Rydal; the same profuse evergreen foliage, the same constant fringe of fern, and the same pollard trees, and hazel copses. The fields, too, are broad and green like England, and the houses are of a home-like build. I don't think it is a good sketching place; the foregrounds are not decided enough, and there are no rocks—but I must try distant views.

From A. D R. to her Sister Emily.

"PAU, 23*rd April*, 1857.

DEAREST EMMIE,

* * * * * * * * *

"But what we like best to watch here, is the colour of sunset upon the mountains. If thou wilt look on the map, thou wilt see the

* A very interesting book on the Landes has been written by Edmond About. Its title is "Maitre Pierre."

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Pyrenees are a wonderful natural barrier raised up between France and Spain,—a huge wall of granite rock, far surer than the Chinese wall in Tartary. Look down in the west corner, on the Spanish side, and thou wilt find a place called Roncesvalles. Well, long, long ago, thou wilt remember there was a famous Emperor reigned over France and Belgium, and a part of Italy, who was called Charles the Great, or Carolus Magnus in Latin, and, so, in French, Char le magne. He was so famous, that the Poets have written many things about him,—partly true in fact, and quite true and beautiful for poetry. He had many noble peers and knights,—Oliver, and Roland, and Gautier,—and these men were leaders of his armies, and helped to defend France from the Saracens. For the Saracens had come across, from their burning African coasts, to the rich and fruitful county of Granada, and they found that so pleasant, that they wanted to take the vineyards and cornfields of France, also, for themselves. If they had, we do not know what would have been, in God's providence, but England even might have been won, and Germany; and, instead of Christian Churches, we might have had Mohamedan Mosques, and slavery, and constant war, instead of freedom and peace. But they were beaten, about these mountains, once, very severely, by Charles Martel, at Poitiers, (what does Martellus mean?) and then again at Roncesvalles. For Oliver got up on a high pine tree,—he had heard the distant rumbling of the Moorish army, through the deep defiles,—and now he saw their helmets glitter, and their banners waving in the sun. He feared for his own little army, and said: "Brother Roland, sound thy horn, Charlemagne will hear it, and will come and help us." But Roland said: "Not so, lest in fair France we should lose our fame; but I will strike deep with my good sword Durandall." Then their Archbishop Turpin stood upon a rock and blessed the army, and they flew to battle. The strokes were sharp and rapid, thousands of men were killed, and that deep valley ran scarlet with blood. One by one, the Knights of France fell. Then Roland blew his horn, and the sound of that wondrous horn travelled thirty leagues to Charlemagne, who knew, at once, that his brave men needed help. One desperate effort, and the Moors were routed; but 30,000 Ethiopians came on to the charge; Oliver was wounded, and blinded, and fighting on in the dark he dashed down Roland's helmet. Roland looked up, and said, gently: "Noble friend, was that blow meant for me?" "Your voice, Roland," said Oliver, "I cannot see, pardon me, and God help you." So Oliver died. And Roland, bleeding, for the last time, blew his horn. He heard the clarions of Charlemagne in the valley below, and knew help was near. But his force was gone. He dashed his horn in pieces, and tried to break Durandal, lest any pagan should touch those precious weapons; Durandal would not break, so Roland asked God for mercy, and died. This was the end of Roncesvalles; and, Johnnie says, C. would find for thee, in "Rob Roy," a little poem beginning, "Oh, for a blast," &c.* And, some day, when you have nothing to do, Carrie will tell you about another

* See Scott's Novel of Rob Roy, second chapter.

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famous word—"Excalibar." For, in that day, men believed that their swords were given them to use for others. They had not learnt that St. Paul says, nor did they know what much more precious "weapons of warfare" God has given us to fight against evil."

* * * * * * *

To Her Mother. "23*rd April*, 1857.

"Yesterday we set off on our excursion, and slept at Les Eaux Bonnes,—a hideous place,—Parisian, toy-like houses stuck down in a row beside those granite boulders; but we had a good inn, and a noble walk along a terrace, which is made for the invalids. Then, the next morning, on to Les Eaux Chaudes, through a wonderful gorge in the hills. So straight on to Gabas, through finer scenery than I had dared to hope for,—pine woods, and huge mountains, and, beyond these, the sunny peaks. If C. will look again at Turner's "Gates of the Hills," she will get the idea of what we saw. The thing to be done at Gabas is to walk up to what is called the Plateau des Bioux Artigues, from which a view of the Pic du Midi is to be had; but, on arriving, we were told that we could not go on account of the snow. So, with fallen hopes, we set off to walk on the hill as far as we could. We soon came to an avalanche, which had lately fallen across the entire path; and a young English tourist, in varnished boots, told us we *might* get across with four guides to help us, but without, oh, that was a thing totally impossible! It did not look so very bad, and by taking light, quick steps, I was over in half-a-minute; Aunt A. followed with a stick, but I then saw where the danger lay—in a deep crevasse bridged over by the snow—so we called to Papa not to risk it, and went on. A wet, spongy, but very fine walk, till we met a guide who had taken another party over. He agreed to return to help Aunt A., and then I asked him whether we *could* get to the plateau, (the party he had, had given it up), he said yes, there was no real danger, only fatigue and snow; so I wrung a reluctant consent from Aunt A., and went off with him. He was a capital man, very intelligent, though years behind the day; asking me if Louis Philippe was alive yet. He had been up the Pic with the Duc de Montpensier. We talked a great deal as we went, and he gave me his hand over the rough places, always telling me how glad he was to find I "must have been accustomed to mountains before." We crossed two more avalanches, and a quantity of sheet snow; and, after much panting, and intense heat, gained the Plateau. But mists were over the Pic. We sat down to wait. The guide often saying, as they opened here and there, in a way that pleased me: "Courage, Mademoiselle, Dieu nous protégera, nous le verrons encore." And so the clouds did, indeed, at last give way, and the peak rose beyond in most regal state, glistening like a diamond, and extraordinary in height. It was worth any labour to see, and I went quickly down again, with a greatly satisfied mind. We reached Pau last night, having had a most delightful excursion, and very fine weather."

"Bagnères de Bigorre, 3*rd May*, 1857.

"While Aunt A. rested, at Luz, in the afternoon, Papa and I, at her urgent entreaty, took a ride toward Gavarnie, through the

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wildest, and grandest scenery I ever saw. The purple and saffron colour of the limestone rocks was very wonderful, subdued by masses of grey lichen; and along the narrow road side, bunches of blue and white hypatica were constantly peeping out, together with whole fields of daffodil and wood anemone. The river that ran through this wild gorge, comes down from what is called the Cirque de Gavarnie,—a semi-circular valley of rock,—France, to the base of the huge Spanish rampart of mountains. The stream, itself, is the pea-green colour, which you will remember in the Aar, not nearly so fine, to my taste, as the "dissolved cairngorm" of the Scotch rivers. Aunt A. had a tolerable night at Luz, and was able to come up to Argellez. There we had the carriage covered, but still saw, from the the windows, the beauty of the valley we were leaving; and, at Lourdes, Papa kindly promoted my going on the box, as it was very warm, so that I was able to point out, to those inside, the best bits of view on the ride here. It was over high ground, skirting the Pyrenees, and, by far, the best panoramic sight of them which we have had. If thou wilt call to mind the view from Ben Lomond, looking north, put in an immediate foreground of soft, warm beauty, green valleys and cottages, maize fields and birches, and then magnify Ben Arthur into a serrated ridge of snowy peaks, with others of darker blue and purple beyond, and, again, through their opening, distant gorges, backed by the faint lines in rose and gold of the Spanish mountains, then thou wilt have our range of vision looking, as it were, over Perthshire and the Grampians. I was thankful to have seen it, for these works of God are, to us Christians, like the "wonders wrought in Egypt, and marvellous things in a far land." And I cannot think that any pain or disease could ever take the recollection of them wholly away. It only needed thy hand to press as we looked, or Carrie's, to make the feast perfect. We came in here in good time to a most excellent hotel—English-like tea and bread, and warm fires, which cheered our dear patient. To-day, we have been drinking the saline waters, (how thou wouldst delight in the abundance and variety of the springs); and I have been to hear the French service, another very good sermon from M. Frossard, who has a little room above the public baths, and is the pillar of the Reformed Church here. It was a mere handful of people, but they seemed devout and attentive. The hand organ, played by a young girl, was far too loud for the room; otherwise, the service was pleasant to one's feelings. The town is delightful, and there is a hill on one side—Mount Olivet—which reminds me constantly, "As the mountains are round about Jerusalem," &c.

"St. Gaudens, *7th May*, 1857.

"In the evening, M. Frossard came to see us. He explained to me the grounds of the small secession in the French Protestant Church, which I had not understood before; and, in talking about it, he told me when he was in England, thirty years ago, living in Kendal and in London, he went to the places of worship of all kinds of sects, which, he said, very simply, "has given me great liberality of view, and I cannot say how it has enlarged my heart." His work at Bagnères is partly that of a missionary. He has a tiny resident flock, but an

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extensive district under his charge; and he thinks the readiness of the people to buy the Testament, and the eagerness with which, in the season, the invalid Roman Catholics come to hear his lectures, on the principles of Christianity, bodes great good, and a change in the faith of the people. The following evening we went to visit him, and made the acquaintance of his sister, and pleasant daughter. He shewed us an admirable section of the Pyrenees in relievo, which he made himself, and many of his sketches. He had promised to shew me those taken in the East, but we had not time to stay. His little book seems to sell well: we heard of an interesting anecdote of a young doctor who had been led, by reading it to go out to Turkey as a surgeon-missionary,—Frank Mackenzie's idea. Altogether, it was a very pleasant meeting. We are stiff and tired, to-day, with our expedition yesterday,—it was a glorious ride of twenty-eight miles, on ponies, to the Col d' Aspin. Lizzy would not have known how to stop from laughing at the figure we cut. Our guide was a comical man,—like a sailor,—and, what with our traps, he and his horse looked broader than they were long. He chatted away to me, in the intervals between his cigars and lively songs, and told me the people of the valley we looked over into, were more intelligent than most peasants, and madly fond of law. In every house you will find a copy of some code or other, either French or foreign, which the men study in winter nights, and the children read them "instead of romances," and act law suits instead of charades. Some few have foolishly descended from the abstract, and have ruined themselves by real actions. This man said he once went eighteen days among the mountains with a Russian lady of rank, widow to the General who set Moscow on fire with his own hand. She was a woman of great spirit, and when her daughters grumbled at going about in rain and snow, and this intense sunshine, she used to say: "Young ladies, are your heads made of sugar; I presume they will not melt with either wet or heat, il faut done marcher, marcher toujours." When we really reached the pass, we began to mount through thick snow, and amazing pine forests—stretching for miles, and miles, from one valley to another—till such a view burst on us as I have never seen, for extent and magnifience, one peak over another, till they were closed in by the Maladetta; and, by the way, dost thou notice how these hills must have been named, when it was the fashion, in men's minds, to talk about "horrid mountains," and so forth—Maladetta, Tour Malet, Vignemale, Mont Perdu, &c., &c. Well, I must tell you more about it after. To-day, we left the little Adour to go on with the great river, and came past the Garonne, so different from the stately river at Bordeaux; and I looked with great tenderness on the bounding streams, and up to the huge chain which gives them birth,—the "feeder of all lives that live," in one sense. And a wonderful chain it is, every fresh twenty miles bring us to a new range of apparently unending peaks. One view was particularly grand, across the valley that leads up to Luchon, against some of the highest peaks of the chain, and with a picturesque little town and Gothic Church—St. Bertrand de Comminges—in the middle distance. What is very

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striking to me is to find one busy sequestered town after another, which we had never in our lives heard of, brimful of human interests and excitement in a small, routine way. It is a large, wide country, this France, and darling little England feels tiny in comparison. Shakespeare might well call it a precious stone, set. We have had a delightful journey here to Toulouse. I was very sorry to turn away from the mountains, and this is an odd feeling in a plain again, with the eyes searching restlessly for a serrated horizon; but the land is rich with barley, four or five feet high, and looking almost ready for harvest; and with vineyards, and quince hedges, and fields of flax looking like a bit of heaven let down on earth. As we neared Toulouse the gardens were very sweet with roses, and lilac, and may. We had bean flowers, too; and the laburnum, and wistaria, and clematis, all together, make the finest colouring. The city itself is bright and lively—avenues by the Garonne, and the brick churches are something new to me. It is a pleasant thought that now our faces are wholly turned towards you, and will keep so, with one or two little twists on the road, perhaps. Dearest Mother, if our affections were as firmly kept through better and worse on our heavenly home, as they are now on a short journey towards our earthly, we should scarcely need the words: "Let your affections, &c."

"CETTE, *1st Day, Evening.*

"Carcasonne proved as striking as I expected from what Murray says—a singular example of a middle-age town, enclosed in its own fortifications, and set upon a hill with a modern town sprung up at its feet. The old streets are standing, so narrow that I scarcely think a four-footed animal could turn in them; the grass was growing about; vine trellises were thrust out from the gables; and all this, with the most antique air, as ancient and picturesque as Prout's drawings. We had a slow journey per rail here, and first caught sight of the Mediterranean across the salt marshes. Since we have walked on the pier, and right across the horizon where, if they had been going now, I might have seen the top masts of the vessels which took Hannibal and Scipio back and forward between Spain and Carthage, and where Columbus must have passed before starting on his great voyage; and just as a glimpse of the Atlantic roused me exceedingly to a thought of what lay in the great future beyond its shores, so this sea is even more wonderful of a reminder of what is gone. From the Pillars of Hercules round by Carthage, Egypt, Palestine, Tyre, Asia Minor, Greece, and Rome, what a girdle of history! And then later Venice, and Genoa, and Spain, not to speak of the islands, and Paul's shipwreck to crown the whole."

"NISMES, *12th May*, 1857.

"Yesterday afternoon was wet, but we walked about and saw the Arena—it is very impressive—so large and stately; there are seats for 23,000 people, and we walked round the Patrician's gallery, admiring the perfectly made arches, which have stood 1400 years without mortar or cement, each stone supporting the next, and most beautifully illustrating Paul's images of the Temple Building and the

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Christian Churches. Then up to the Plebeian seats through many stairs and passages, and by the old Emperor's gateway to the low entrance for the Gladiators; every here and there we were told to notice the small notched arrow holes made when the place was turned into a middle-age fortress; and the huge cracks in the lusty stone brought about, I should fancy, when Charles Martell filled all the corridors with fuel and tried to burn the majestic arches down. They would not come! nor will they, I hope, for centuries yet; for though there is no such feeling in looking at them as a Christian Cathedral brings, they are a monument of immense power, and, of that part of human nature which is like Milton's Satan, grand in outline and imposing, but with no sure foundation, only the bottomless pit of darkness; and, as Papa says, the Roman deserved the fate of death which has fallen to their nation and their language. These huge walls must have been put up at an awful cost of slave labour, and all the sounds that echoed in them could only be the sounds of Gladiators, and the bellows of the wretched bulls, or else, what was worse, the excited passions of a multitude, whom the late Emperors could only rule by the lure and pomp of shows. It is very solemn. I was glad to look back at the flowers in the modern square close by.

"St. Etienne, *18th May*, 1857.

"It was a nice rest at Lyons. We saw the meeting of the two great rivers, joining so gently that one could hardly trace their individual waters; and, beyond, a broad expanse of wooded shore, dotted with silk mills and ship yards; a hot sun beating on the whole, and the Alpine range far away. I went up, in the evening, to the Observatory, and, through a capital telescope, I saw the glaciers of Mont Blanc, faint, gossamer lines of blue the clefts looked like; but I got the whole outline of the well known top, and the diamond sparkling of the snow. I saw, too, though more faintly, the sides of Mont Cenis; and, over the great high road to Italy, an old feudal castle—thirty English miles off—on which I saw the ivy, and the sunshine on the walls! Looking down into the city, at one mile's distance, I could trace every muscle of the people's faces; and could not help laughing to see them walking by, so utterly unconscious that anybody was watching them. The view round was very striking. Just what delights me; to learn geography as a bird would do, taking in all the natural bearings of a fine country. There were the Cevennes, south-westward, with a fine sunset behind them; and the Jura, looking a mere ridge against the flanks of the snowy mountains; then the Alps of Dauphiné, very pale; and the broad valley of the Rhone stretching south. We came down that valley partly, to-day, through a district, for all the world, like Sheffield, or Blaydon,—as black as black can be, —full of coal and coke ovens. It was amusing to see the colliers going about, and hear them talking of the "*lampe Dahvy*," which they had stuck in the front of their caps. We are at a pleasant inn; and have taken seats in the diligence for to-morrow."

"Le Puy, *4th Day*.

"We had a very pleasant ride. The country singularly changed from coal and dust to the likeness of Bywell, then Alston and Haydon

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Bridge; then the Scotch lowlands, and, at last, we got into its own distinctive features of volcanic rocks—gay and variegated in colour, jutting cones and curious castles. The scent of the pine woods was delicious. A cloudy sky during mid-day saved us from much suffering from the heat, and it cleared out into a most beautiful red sunset during the last stage. I have got one or two tolerable street sketches lately, and look with great satisfaction on my right hand turned a deep brown. It is a most picturesque place; streets very, very narrow, as we have seen them in other and more modern places, that an awning may be stretched across at mid-day. We have felt the benefit of this linen roof several times."

It would seem that during this journey through France, Anna had been consulted by her father about some of his investments, and more especially about his shares in the Northumberland and Durham District Bank, of which the managing director was Jonathan Richardson, of Shotley Bridge, who, although a "Friend," and of the same name, was no relation. On their return to England, Anna visited Edward Smith, who was director of one of the Sheffield Banks, and wrote to her father as follows:—

"I asked him, also, as thou wished, his opinion of the money crisis. He thinks that the derangement of affairs here, is chiefly in consequence of the American difficulties, which difficulties are not commercial, but brought on by "jobbing" in shares and other stock, and he says it is the opinion of the shrewdest American merchants here, that the crisis will not be so long or so severe as that which happened across the water eight or ten years ago. With regard to thy Bank Shares, I have also had a good deal of talk with him. He thinks a time of anxiety, though not of danger, is drawing on for all banks, (his own excepted!) and he suggested whether, as thou can'st not sell, the shares might not be transferred to one of thy sons, or held in some way which would not jeopardize the whole property. Thou hast probably, more than once, talked the principle of the thing over with him, so I must not repeat all that was said, only as thou hast been kind enough to honour me with confidence on the point, I will just say that I was most glad to find E. Smith's views so confirming to the less definite ones which I have always had since thou first told me about it, not to speak of the total want of confidence in the manager of that Bank; it is to me a serious thought that the directors might say to thee, as they have done before, at a time of approaching danger, "you shan't sell"; and we know enough of the hideous responsibility of Bank Shares, at such a period, in Newcastle. However, I have the greatest trust in thy wisdom, and have no reason to create bug-bears."

Soon after this, as the financial crisis developed, Edward Smith *most* kindly came to Newcastle, and advised our Father to sell his Bank

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shares, even at a heavy sacrifice. Our Father and Uncle John generally joined together in their investments, and, on this occasion, Uncle John declined to sell. Naturally, since he held three times as much as our Father, the latter was much influenced by the opinion of a brother, to whom he had always looked up, and who was thus, and to this extent, prepared to back his convictions. Still, the shares were ordered to be sold, but the Stock Broker suddenly fell ill, and deferred the sale, and, in the meantime, the Bank stopped payment. Hard and bitter though it might be to a man with a large family, to find thus a large portion of his savings swallowed up, it was still harder to bear the suspense of not knowing what the calls might be, and this suspense was prolonged for a-year-and-a-half. The losses though, indeed, very heavy, did not turn out to be ruinous, and ultimately, our dear parent came to regard them as blessings, which had weaned his mind from earthly affections, and turned his thoughts to a higher life. It did not, at the time, lessen the trouble that our friends in Edinburgh, were, at the same time, in the like sad plight from the failure of the Western Bank of Scotland. And, moreover, the failure of the Newcastle Bank involved the leaving of Beech Grove. This is alluded to in the following letter to her sister, Caroline:—

"We have had a most interesting course of lectures from Dr. Nichol, delightful to listen to; and I, who do not often use high-flown expressions, cannot say less than that in private I am *enchanted* with him. So brilliant and amusing, so charming a union of scientific and literary knowledge in his mind, and so serious at the bottom. He is one of the umpires in this curious prize essay, on the declension of Quakerism, which is offered; and Maurice is another. We had a great talk on Maurice; and, indeed, on many another subject; and I have had *five* pressing invitations, from its hospitable owner, to spend a fortnight at the observatory this summer. Miss Nichol, when I asked her about Henry Lushington's "La Nation boutiquière," said, "Oh yes, I know it, and about it; you know we have his elder brother, Dr. L., for our Greek professor at Glasgow; his wife is Tennyson's sister, immortalised in the winding up of 'In Memoriam,' and he it is who wears all that weight of learning lightly like a flower." They know him very intimately, and say he is a delightful man, and his wife a charming woman who "adores Alfred." I went to meet them at Mrs. Steward's, to breakfast, this morning; and then I staid to have a long talk, after, about Ulleswater. For you must know, and please tell all to dear Lizzie and talk it over, that, after untold upheaval, and wrenches, and pain, and annoyance, not to be spoken of, Papa has decided to leave Beech Grove in November.

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The liquidators press it on account of the sale. Mamma's plan is that we should, some of us, go abroad, for the winter, with Papa and the children, and change places with those left at home as the spring advanced. That a moderate house should be taken in town; and, in May, a cottage, near a Meeting in the Lake district, where I should always live, and the rest change about as they liked. We can tell you the details hereafter. I have, lately, come slowly to a settled determination not to live any more in this neighbourhood, and had thought of taking a situation; but this has been most tenderly proposed instead, as likely to suit all parties. We have not yet, however, talked it over with the boys. I consulted Mrs. Steward; she entered into it as though she had been our friend for years, and I am to go with her in June and look about. Will you talk with H. M. on the comparative advantages of the Cockermouth, or Penrith and Tyrell district? We must not be very far from a railway; not far from a Meeting; and within easy distance of N. C."

A visit to the lakes with her brother George, and his friend E. Oliver, in the later autumn, gave occasion for returning by way of Manchester, so as to see the Exhibition of Art there.

From A. D. R. to her Mother.

"DALE END, *6th October*, 1857.

MY DEAREST MOTHER,

"If I have not written to thee, it is not because I have not been thinking of thee, every minute almost, and longing for thee to share the loveliness of this quiet valley, and the kindness of its people. But I did not want to forestall Papa's story, which will have been given by the time this reaches thee, I hope in bright colours; not that there has been much to tell; the weather was uncertain, and, too often, bad, but we had a glorious Sunday, the very realisation of Hartley Coleridge's sonnet. The church service was sweeter than I ever heard it; Mrs. H. Fletcher led the singing, and played their little instrument, and thou would have wondered where the floating tones of "the noble army of Martyrs praise thee," came from. They were just like the notes of an Eolian harp shaping themselves into words. Her husband read the service very impressively. We went again, in the afternoon, and had quite a good sermon from Mr. Jefferies, about the fast. We met the excellent gentleman, just now, returning from a call here. He made out the call very satisfactorily in the lane, and we had a long, pleasant chat; he, the summit of politeness and regret, that he had not known of our being here sooner. I had a very pleasant glimpse of Mrs. Twining,—but it was only a glimpse,—she looks well, and has the same gentle, affectionate manner. I declined her further invitations, as she could not deny they were overdone with company. We went down for our letters this morning to the Post Office, and found Sir J. Richardson there on the same errand, and talked with him till they came in. I read thine to Papa, for which, and my own, thank thee. Our plans, with regard

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to the Smiths, are not yet fixed; and we had thought out of our own heads about the butter! You will be pleased with I. Braithwaite's kindness.* I have written to thank him for it, and explain why we cannot treat ourselves in accepting it. Well, dear Mother, we shall, I suppose, be in the weary world of Manchester to-morrow; it will seem very homeless after the unspeakable peace of this place, and will, I think, quicken our return to you, the "haven where we would be." We have had a refreshing time of it—there has been no jar—dearest Georgie I think quite faultless, he is so kind and pleasant, and Papa's peep upon us just what was wanted to crown the whole. I have fought against the dssappointment of not seeing Mary Taylor, but still it has been rather a cross bar over everything, I wished for it, perhaps, too much, and had depended for a winter stimulus upon her rich conversation. Sic transit, &c., &c.

"I have had a long, cheering visit from poor Martha,† whom I really love; and have been helping Mrs. Cookson, this morning, through some weighty letters with a clergyman, who is coming to the Johnson's house above us, and who wants a servant, &c., &c. I have set her on the track of Martha's sister, who has been helping at Lancrigg, through the "throng," and now wants a place. I hope she will get this, if Mrs. Arnold, of Fox How, the reverend gentleman's other ally in the matter, does not run counter to my schemes!

"Farewell, dearest Mother; please tell Aunt Anne I wanted to send her some of our prime honey, but was afraid of its running out in the hamper.

Ever thine,
A. D. R."

"Thanks for Emmie's note. I hope to tell her about the pictures. Mrs. Fletcher's last words were: 'warmest remembrances to your Mother.'"

From A. D. R. to her Mother.

"MANCHESTER, *Saturday Morning, October*, 1857.

MY DEAREST MOTHER,

"Yesterday was a little more tiring; the saloons were so densely crowded. We went over the earlier ancient masters with great interest. In the evening, we went to look at the beautiful prize designs of the nation, where we met the Procters; and thence to the Town Hall for the distribution. Earl Granville presided, and, at first, I wondered what sort of a nobleman we had got; he seemed to have been brought up in Northumberland, by his burr, and to have the most shadowy notions of grammar. However, he did very well; told good stories of himself, and made us laugh greatly. Redgrave gave us a prosy speech. Hon. Mr. Cowper followed; an affected pedant. And, again, I thought of what Emerson says, that the great duty of English noblemen is to take the chair at public meetings, and to set an example of that decorum which is so dear to every British heart."

* An invitation to meet Dr. Livingstone.

† Martha Dixon, the wife of the patient at the Dunston Asylum.

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From A. D. R. to Jane Smith.

"Beech Grove, *22nd October*, 1857.

My dear Friend,

"I left Edward Smith and Margaret at York. We had a very pleasant journey together; and, when I reached the station at York, found Captain O'Brien, with his three sweet, motherless children. I brought Kate home with me. John and Joseph Pease came with us so far. The latter, with the kind and courtly manner which is one of his characteristics, laying himself out to amuse Kate; telling us the history of the country, how the battle of the Standard was fought, and where; and why the "Goths of railway people" have cut away the traces of it on the old Castle Hill, at Northallerton. He kept up Kate's French by many a pleasant sally, and I believe she was sorry to part with him at Darlington, though she pretended to be very glad, and "fell to devouring me with kisses," as John Bunyan would say. I found all pretty well at home; my dear Mother looks better, C. very pale. The Rowlands are in the neighbourhood, and Papa has gone with them to Durham. I must save this post by a short letter, not the less loving though. I think of you, at your stated hours, with great satisfaction.

I am most gratefully and affectionately thine,

A. D. R."

Portion of a letter from A. D. R. to Kate O'Brien.

"Beech Grove, *Saturday Evening.*

Dearest Kate,

"I am going to make a heroic attempt to write a letter in ten minutes, which is just the time I have to save this post. It is a week to-day since we parted, (I daren't do the sum in hours, as you do, it would be too severe for my brains!) and I don't like to let another Sunday pass without telling you how very glad I was of your "handsome" letter; so long for for a maiden of nine years to write, and, what was much better, so affectionate. By the bye, I say "handsome," because it is an Irish word, is it not? When Miss Morton, a lady whom my Aunt knows, went out to nurse in the hospitals at Scutari, she used to write letters for the poor soldiers to their wives at home. "What shall I write?" she used to say: "Oh, ma'am, you know far better than I do." "Do you mean that I know what husbands should say to their wives?" Then they laughed; but, when she had done, always assured her that her letters were "beautiful,"—"couldn't be better." She used to compare notes with Miss Nightingale, who acted as general secretary to a ward, chiefly filled with Irish. "Oh," she said, "*my* letters are always pronounced handsome and *iligant*."

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From A. D. R. to her Mother.

"CITADEL STATION, CARLISLE, *May*, 1858,
Saturday, 5 *p.m.*

DEAREST MOTHER,

"I see by the guides that if I leave my letter to write from Penrith, you will not get it till Third Day, and, in your present mood, might divine some misfortune. I came here first-class, because there was no third, and the second were crammed with drunken market people. I had as companions two elderly people, one a lawyer, Mr. Morrison, who related tales to the other, of the great sinner, emphasizing the plain language as he told them. He said, he (Mr. M.) had the "smashing up" of the North Tyne Iron Works, and he went to see Jonathan R., and told him they would make iron there at precisely double the cost of the selling price. "I assure thee thou art mistaken." "Are you acquainted with the iron trade, sir?" "No; very slightly." "Well, then, sir, your assurance is not worth the snap of a finger." "Well, thou art labouring under a fallacy; and, I assure thee, the concern will prove highly lucrative." And so it went on. This lawyer said the Bank Creditors need only expect ten shillings in the pound.

"The country was as green as eye could wish to rest on; and never saw so fine a show of blossom,—all sorts. But the clouds were heavy, and, as Papa said, at Wetheral, it began to rain, and looks wet enough up in the heavens. There is this advantage in being first-class, all porters, and buss-men, and busy men pay you the most extraordinary attentions, for which, I suppose, Thackeray would denounce them as snobs; but it is very convenient. Really George Head understands making stations—this is perfection. I have just seen the north express off; such a tribe of dear little Scotch children!"

The above letter is the first of several written on this excursion, the object of which was to find a suitable house in the Lake district. The letters, descriptive of the various houses, are graphic enough, and illustrated by sketches, but are omitted, being of comparatively little interest since none of the houses were ultimately taken.

From A. D. R. to Miss Taylor.

"BEECH GROVE, *the 6th.*

"Even if I had known your address I am not sure whether I could have written till I knew from yourself how you were. All through the winter I thought very anxiously for you, and wondered whether you had been to Lancrigg again. I found the note that asked me there the first time, in packing up the other day, written in Mrs. Fletcher's own hand. I don't know how it was I went, I rather think it was through some kind manœuvre of E. Head's, and I recollect not

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caring much for that first visit. We went again aftewards; and, in the evening, Lady Richardson took up Wordsworth's life, and began to read to us. When she came to the words:

"Her voice was like a hidden bird that sang,"

I saw Mrs. Fletcher's face, and shall see it always, I think, more beautiful than in any one's imagination.

"At that moment the feeling of great homage began, and how it has grown, I dare hardly say, but I am quite sure there has not been a single conscious hour for the last six years, in which I have not felt it to be a pleasure of the brightest and most stimulating kind. For a long time I used to fight against it as wholly unjustified by the amount of acquaintance, and very inconvenient, too, to my feelings; but lately, I have been wiser, and taken the refreshment with great thankfulness. I should have liked the portrait* as your gift, but it is made more valuable by your intention; it is very admirable. The smile which there used to be just opening, and made more exquisite by the capacity for indignation which every one must feel in the noble features. We can only think now, how love and grace take glory by the hand, and build a braver palace than before. We were passing through Grasmere, not long ago, and I went round the churchyard and read the verses on the stone with great interest, not only from their own fitness, but as suggesting the chapters in which they occur. The ear that "heard her" might well bless her, and be blest, too, for there was a wonderful beauty in the very way in which she chose her words, and linked them together—so unlike the modern style of rattling English. I find, myself, remembering whole sentences without any difficulty, just as one does lines of verse, so that I have many recollections quite safe, besides a letter written all through by herself; a very kind one. I am truly glad you have had a pleasant summer, and that Miss Arnold is better; her look of ill health last year was touching to see. I could not help hoping you might have sent me the "notice" you promised, one or other of the months. I thought we might have driven you to your favourite west line by Rokeby and the Tees, or else along the Roman Wall, or through the Borders if you had been going north. It has been a most pet scheme of mine, and you would have found it pleasanter than you think. Mrs. Fletcher spoke of a visit from you, herself, last year; and, though I did not think her manner amounted to actual disapproval, she seemed to think me a great enthusiast for believing it possible; and so it has proved. This place is sold now, and our household will be broken up in a few weeks. But, there is nothing very heavy upon us at present, thank you, beyond giving up a happy home; and, perhaps, such a feeling as that of wearing a tight dress after being used to a loose one, at all events, till we know what our circumstances really are. My Father's affairs are in chancery, so there is no likelihood of a speedy settlement, unless a compromise be agreed to in the meantime, and this is made probable by the trials that are going on up and down the country.

"I am to go to Edinburgh, in October, with a brother, whose school education was much neglected on account of rapid growth. He is to

* A photograph of Richmond's portrait of Mrs. Fletcher. It is in the Autobiography.

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be under Dr. George Wilson; but I think the experiment a doubtful one, as he has never shown the least taste for head work.

"It would be difficult for me to find anything to grumble at in the plan, if I can keep off the pain of separation. May I have that "longer letter" sometime through the winter? And will you send it to my Grandfather's, J. Wigham, Salisbury Road? They will know where our lodgings are.

Very truly yours,

A. D. RICHARDSON."

"I know I may send the little book* which comes along with this, although, as it was mine, it was not quite new. I want you to read "Sir Galahad," "Eve of Crecy," and "Riding Together." They are very beautiful, but I am not sure you would like the others; it depends upon whether you are tolerant of the symbolism which the poet has chosen. One can see by the way he tells his stories how he would like all the while to be painting them after his præ-raphaelite fashion.

From A. D. R. to Kate O'Brien.

a beautiful letter.

"BEECH GROVE, *the 11th*, 1858.

DEAREST KATE,

"Aunt Anne was delighted to see you all so flourishing and well, and brought home to us great refreshment by her account of you. I suppose I must answer your questions, in your letters, one by one. First, I reached the serious age of twenty-six in February last, so my birthday is over for this year; second, I *do* think there is a good chance of my passing through York some day this summer, at which time I will take care to see you, if you are at home, because you, and the Minster, are my chief attractions in that fine old city; third, I wish you all success in the practice of our language, provided you think it really wise to adopt it. I believe, if I were in your place, I should not think so, and for this reason: when George Fox and his followers first began to preach, "thee and thou" was the common form of speech among all people, (it lingers in the north, still, among the lower classes), and *you* was used as a flattering title to superiors. Now, you know, from history, that crouching and cringing to power, was a wide spread fault, induced by the feudal system, and it lasted up to the time of Charles the First, and, indeed, exists still among mean-spirited people. But an over-reverence for those above us is by no means *our* tendency now-a-days, rather the reverse; and no one thinks of flattery in using the pronoun "you" to a single person. The reason for it is, therefore, obsolete, (do you know that word?) and, although, some Friends adhere to the plainer form of address as a matter of conscience, many retain it out of habit and affection; just as we like reapers and sickles better than mowing machines, and old furniture better than new. But there *are* the peculiar faults of our own time strong about us, and it is the duty of every thinking person to find *these* out, and oppose them might and

* Presumably Morris's Poem

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main. And, as to our singularities as Friends, they are of small importance, compared with those doctrines of Christian Truth, which you and I, and every Christian alive, hold to, as the hope of a better life. I hope the Society will hold together, as a band of labourers, until its views on war, and oaths, and an earnest ministry, are more fully received in the church at large, because they are true Bible views, a little hidden just now by the dust of ages; and, then, perhaps, its work will be done. What a sermon I have written. You see, your questions need long answers.

"We are going away, from this dear Beech Grove, in November, and mean to live in town. Georgie has been very poorly, and has gone to try Hydropathy, at Ilkley, My father is unwell, too, but all the rest are well. And we have a little colony of four dogs, besides birds innumerable, a new red cow, and the two horses. So there is plenty of life about us!

"Please give my especial love to Constance and Fanny, and kind remembrances to your nurse. Mrs. Budden has been very kind in helping us to arrange a treat for the Ragged Schools. They are to go to Bywell, and gather spring flowers, and have milk and cake there.

Farewell, my Darling,

A. D. RICHARDSON."

"I hope Miss Bastable will not be very angry with me, for setting you so bad an example of an untidy, blotted letter."

From A. D. R. to Kate O'Brien (at a subsequent date.)

"BEECH GROVE, *the 3rd.*

MY DEAR KATE,

"Our very tardy bookseller has kept me waiting four weeks for this little book! I have been very impatient about it, I fear, but more for thy sake than my own. However, here it is now, and I hope it may please thee. *I* am very old and sober, and there is no fear of my forgetting any one I have once cared for; but I sadly mistrust your dear young treacherous memories, and as I have so few chances of seeing you, it is, of course, to my own interest to make myself recollected, at least, once a year! It is grevious to find oneself so selfish at the bottom of every little action, but I must honestly confess that the reason I send this trifle to thee, is that I may now and then be thought of. I have no other very young friend here (except my little sisters) and none anywhere whom I love better than you; so every now and then, when the weather is very dreary, and the river a dull leaden colour instead of a bright blue, and our minds a little touched with grey out of sympathy, then I think of thy sweet face, and of Constance, so happy and comfortable, and it is quite like sunshine behind a cloud.

"I hope, dear Kate, your whole lives will be to others a blessing like this. Please remember me very respectfully to Mrs. O'Brien,

And believe me, most affectionately,

A. D. RICHARDSON."

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CHAPTER VI.

EDINBURGH, HIGHLANDS, AND DUBLIN.

1858-60.

"Be thankful, even though tired and faint,
For the rich bounties of restraint."
WORDSWORTH'S *Pass of Kirkstone.*

As before stated, the idea of taking a house for the family, in the Lake district, was, for the time, abandoned; but Anna was still anxious not to live in Newcastle. It was accordingly arranged that she should keep house in Edinburgh, while her brother George studied Chemistry, and her young sister Emily attended classes at a young ladies' institution.

From A. D. R. to her Mother.

"10, S. ROAD, EDINBURGH, *5th October*, 1858.

DEAREST MOTHER,

"Our train went amazingly fast, and jolted us as if we had been in a common cart, which was, I think, an advantage under the circumstances. When we passed Widdrington, I could not help thinking of old Sir Hugh, and the lesson we Bank Shareholders may take from him :—

"For Widdrington my heart is woe,
That he ever slain should be;
For when his legs were hewn in two,
He kneeled and fought on his knee."

Poor man! that he was slain, finally, is rather discouraging. We had quite pleasant company all the way; and bright sunshine as soon as we crossed the border. The Bass was brilliant, so were the stubble

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fields, and thy own Castle rock and Costorphine, as we got into Edinburgh. Robert met us, and here we had a most kind welcome; Grandmamma bestirring herself, in all sorts of ways, for our comfort. Grandpapa looks weak, and sadly shrunk. He is very kind and gentle; only once, in the midst of a general talk, he glanced at my dress, and with averted face, his aged cheeks quite flushed, said: "If I were a woman of sense, sooner than follow those ridiculous fashions, I'd be hanged!"*

"I am going to enter J. E. this morning. I will write more at length after.

Thy most affectionate daughter,

A. D. R."

"Dear love from all here. Cousin J. W. just come. A call of £100 per share in the Western,—fearful,—and there may be more."

From A. D. R. to her Mother.

"10, SALISBURY ROAD EDINBURGH,
Friday, 8th October, 1858.

MY DEAREST MOTHER,

"I will not tease thee with an account of all my perplexities in finding a place to live in. For three days I have been on tramp, and have been in dozens of houses; and, though I have been forced to come down greatly in my ideas, I have not yet found anything satisfactory. Landladies are generally complained of as "given to spirits," and their servants, as dirty and unprincipled; and, in this neighbourhood, there is an exceedingly small choice. I want you, please, to write to me immediately, so that I may get the letter on Second Day *morning*, and not at four o'clock, to say whether you would object to our taking furnished rooms, and a servant of our own. It would cost a little more, and involve more care; on the other hand, it would be abundantly more comfortable and independent. I have the offer of four nice little rooms in Minto Street, on this plan, at four guineas per month; but the state of the kitchen bed alarms me for future inconvenience. There are many scraps, which cannot come on again, which would go far to support a servant; and, against wages, there would a considerable amount of ironing which she could do. In taking rooms, we should, most likely, have to provide linen, and plate, &c., ourselves. Everybody is most kind in helping me, and a warmer welcome, from every one about, no one could have received.

"I went in to see Miss Farquharson and her niece, yesterday. They were very affectionate, and I enjoyed the call exceedingly. They say they think John Cropper will never recover the taint on

* Our good Grandfather, though one of the mildest of men, had a habit of occasionally, very occasionally, expressing himself rather strongly. During the Irish famine he had to distribute some Government relief, and was applied to, by a young man, for assistance. He was told that no relief could be given to able-bodied unmarried men. The next morning, the youth applied again, and stated that, after what he had been told the day before, he had got married forthwith. I well recollect my good Grandfather bursting out with—"Thou rascal, thou scoundrel, *get* out of my library!"

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his reputation, which his Directorship has brought. He does not know how to bear it, and is galled to misery at the thought of the distress caused by the Bank failure. Yet nobody blames *him*. This meeting is in a low plight,—Grandpapa cramped by his losses; Cousin John overwhelmed, though still brave and cheerful; William Miller getting only half the prices he used to do for his engravings, and fewer commissions; David Doull ill, at Liberton, and his brother working from six every morning till twelve every night, at their great, new restaurant. Poor things! And a letter from J. Brantingham says that his brother Edward is far gone in consumption, and his brother Joseph ill of the same complaint.

"I am writing in the ancient library, and help Emmie in the evening, as thou helped us ten years ago, and must have been helped in thy day. We were referring to a Latin Grammar, and found one, on the dusty shelves, with "Jane Wigham" written in a stiff, childish hand. It is almost fatiguing to think of the successive links of generations going through the same routine, each forced to win its own experience, and to be able to impart so little."

* * * * * * *

From A. D R. to her Sister Caroline.

"10, S. ROAD, *6th October*, 1858.

DEAREST CARRIE,

"I went with Emily to Park Place, yesterday, and entered her. The whole air of things is inferior to Moray Place, no look of "ton," whatever; and, though Miss Kennedy may be a much better woman, she is by no means the lady Miss Murray was. Also the girls looked uninteresting, and exemplified a remark of E. Smith's—on the unusual ugliness of their eyes. Still E. seemed pleased with her first day, and thinks she will do well; and she has the nice, bright Edmundsons, and M. J. Miller, as companions. They are altogether, in the second division, greatly to my satisfaction; and I paid £5 15s. 6d. entrance fees for the first quarter, and 9s. 6d. at a second-hand book shop for those she wanted. Mr. Steen is a gentlemanly young Irishman, and, they say, a very successful teacher. Cousin Mary brought up Jane's splendid medals to show us last night. She talks in a very simple way about the "great talents" of her children, and says Jane is not in the least set up with her unrivalled success. We sometimes say young Friends are ignorant of the Bible, but it is pleasant that, whenever they have had a "Friend" to take it, a Friend has taken the gold medal. This medal is given for Scriptural knowledge—and the examinations are four or five times in the year—written, and without any reference whatever. On one of these occasions, Jane quoted, within half-an-hour, fifteen texts to prove the Trinity, as Christians hold it, giving chapter and verse correctly. Cousin Mary said she thought it one of the most interesting instances of accurate memory, and quick mental power, she had ever met with.

"This morning, and yesterday, I have been lodging-hunting; or, as Lady Spittal suggested, "asking for part of a house; for you know,

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Scotch people have a little pride, indeed, I may say, not a little, and you must nor expect to pick and choose quite to your taste, my dear!" She was very kind in helping, but rooms, nice rooms, are scarce, and I am disappointed with the abominations of a common stair, and dirty servants. The people are as hearty and kind as possible, but unclean. I have not found anything to fix upon yet. I am going to call upon Miss Farquharson and Mrs. Lowne this afternoon, and mean to ask them. Salisbury Green is let! Mr. and Mrs. H. D. C., with Agnes Stark, have taken Ormiston Hall, near Tranent; for the tiresome, little appendage to those nice ladies cannot bear to be near the town. The air is keen this morning, and Edinburgh looks clean and bright. I don't think the climate will prove so harsh as at N. C., though it is by no means mild. I think we are both in good spirits, and are, just now, too busy to indulge in anxious and sad thoughts. People are astounded by the £100 call in the Western. Cousin John says it is a comfort that there is a Workhouse to go to, and that he is fond of broth! They are to do with one servant.

"Did you not like Mrs. Stowe's verses very much indeed? Please, give our love to Uncle J.'s family, and to dear Aunt Ann, and R. F. I wish Uncle J. and Aunt S. would go to Melrose, or Moffat, and then let the girls come on to me for a few days. I can hear little about George's classes, and fancy he will do well to put himself under Dr. Wilson's directions, as to which it would be wise to take."

From A. D. R. to her Mother.

"*8th October*, 1858.

DEAREST MOTHER,

"Since I wrote, Grandmamma and I have been out and have found a sweet little cottage, in Canaan, at about twenty-three shillings per week, all included. Three rooms, very warm and sheltered; where doctors send their patients; it is mild. A nice landlady. One mile from here, nearly the same from Park Place, rather more than one-and-a-quarter to the College. Close by Dr. G. Wilson's house. Please say if G. W. would fancy it, and not think it too far from town in winter? An omnibus, that goes past the College and the foot of S. Road, passes the door every half-hour. There is a sweet little garden,—a myrtle, out of doors, large, and flourishing through the winter; a lovely view. I like it, if you approve. In great haste."

From A. D. R. to her Mother.

"10, S. ROAD, *12th October*, 1858.

MY DEAREST MOTHER,

"Grandmamma went out with me yesterday, and we engaged Helen Cottage. I believe it will cheer me every time I enter it, and you will like to come there. If thy cold does not go off easily, I am sure that soft air from the Pentlands would drive it away. The myrtle on the wall is in flower, they never cover it up during the winter, nor the Penstemons, and other half-hardy plants. Miss

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Brewster (Authoress of "Millie," "Work," &c.) lived there all last winter; and, I doubt, we may have cut her out, for she is still at the Bridge of Allan, and had talked of coming back, but had not sent any certain word yet. I feel very thankful for so pleasant a place, and truly glad of your approval, which quite decided me. Jessie's* having found a good home, is also a care off my mind,—thanks to Edward. To-day, I mean to attend Dr. Lemmi's† class, and see if it will suit me; also, to call on the Doulls, and E. Rimington, and Jane Miller. I like the Scotch people of the middle class whom I have been thrown with on my hunt, there is such cordiality and frankness in them, only it is impossible not to laugh at their tiresome round-about ways. If they begin a ditty, one may be quite sure there will be no end to it from *them*, and they loll their l's about in their mouths like a little sea of Biscay. I doubt I may have to trouble you for a good many little things after we are settled, for, as poor Allie says, we have "such lots of wants," and I will send a list."

"15*th October.*

"To-day is very wet; we go at three o'clock to our little cottage, and are sorry to leave our hospitable friends. Grandpapa is a thorough gentleman, polite to all sorts and conditions of men and women, and there is a mild dignity in his manner curiously contradicted by the half curses on people and things, which burst forth every now and then. Dear man, he still stumbles away over the names in the Acts, as I have heard him do all my life. He is much feebler than he was two years ago, and cannot bear labour of any kind. We have had the utmost attention and care from Grandmamma. She bears the giving up of the carriage, Robert, and other little luxuries, we have sometimes thought she cared for, without any grumbling whatever, and is bright and cheerful to every one."

From A. D. R. to her Sister Caroline.

"HELEN COTTAGE, *November*, 1858.

DEAREST CARRIE,

* * * *

"I have arranged to go to Mr. Dunlop, Emmie's master, a nice Presbyterian Clergyman, for Greek, twice-a-week. His classical attainments are said to be great, and he does not speak broad Scotch. Mrs. Lowne paid me a long kind call yesterday, and gave me a taste of Edinburgh gossip. Her own brother, Dr. Mann, has been spending a year at Natal, with his friend the Bishop (Dr. Colenso) helping him to perfect the plans, which are rapidly advancing, for the good of the Colony; and, Dr. Mann says, now the malaria is cleared away, there is not a more healthful and delightful climate in the world. She gave me an amusing account of the Chambers's family, who still live in Edinburgh.

* Jessie was the name of her pony.

† Class to study Italian.

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"George has been a good deal tried by the constant standing. Dr. Wilson has given him a private introduction to Dr. Lyon Playfair, and though, I suppose, it is not quite the thing to read notes sent to other people, he says of him that he is "a very promising pupil." George suggested that Dr. Playfair would expect great things of him, if he said he came from Dr. W.'s Laboratory. "Oh no, Dr. Playfair knows it is not the whole who have need of a physician." G. is to be examined soon; he has diligently learnt his symbols, and copies full pages of notes at night. I forgot to say that Mr. Dunlop is a very great admirer of "Friends"; he used to be intimate with the Shackletons. I am afraid he will work me very hard, for I am to be in a class with his own little boy, whom he took from the High School because he was getting on so slowly. This child has read in three weeks, two whole books of Virgil, and is to be "triumphant in Classics," at College next year! He is a great treasure; the only one left of eight, and though I didn't like to say it, I thought his poor father was going a long way to send him after the other seven. I am to pay a guinea a month; please explain to Papa that I keep a private account of what I spend on myself, and if I devote ten or twenty pounds to a little extra education while I am here, I hope he won't think it an abuse of the funds he has given me, from time to time. Our housekeeping costs about £1 a week, and now we have G. W. it will be rather more. I daresay 1s. 2d. or 1s. 4d. a day for each, and the rest he knows; it is not dear considering the excellent dinners Mrs. Hackerston cooks for us. Omnibus fares come to about 2s. per week; there are the school fees, &c., and I need to dress pretty well here, so that, I doubt, we shall have to get a pretty good sum from Mr. Bell.

* * * *

"Of course, I liked J. Bright's admirable speech, and found nothing to grumble at. I cut it out for my extract book, and also Baily's clever skit on our foreign policy. We are to go to a little coterie of choice ladies at Grandpapa's, on Second Day, and to tea at the Wallace's, on Fifth. I am going, this morning, to borrow money at S. Road, for G. W.'s fees. He can't present his introduction till he gets it. We took tea at Mrs. Heddle's last night, and then went to hear Dr. Hook's address; a very good, but by no means brilliant one. The pith of it was this: that a university education means a liberal education, *i.e.*, an education directed to no one profession, and that when the powers of the mind are strengthened by it, then the mind itself is to be bent to its pursuit for life; or, as he used the simile, the eye that has ranged over the horizon is to be brought to the hole of the microscope. He would put manufacturers and merchants down as professional men because of their brain-work. And a profession is so defined, a pursuit in which men earn bread by their heads,—a trade, that in which it is got by the hands. Music, he thinks, does for women what the classics and mathematics do for men; it teaches them to keep their energies upon a given subject. There were many good things said, but rather in the manner in which clergymen are apt to enounce platitudes, making small allowance for the powers of their hearers, and also taking

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a low estimate of men in general from the specimens in high places, which they find in their own order—at which we need not wonder when we remember the Hon. P. Y. G.

"I am reading Dr. Nichol's copy of "Maurice on Sacrifice," and it is pleasant to hold the same that thy hands have touched. How earnest the man is; he wrestles to make his meaning clear, and succeeds often, though he sounds depths, of which, I believe, no *words* can ever tell the result. It is a mercy that though truth in "stoutest words may fail, yet truth embodied in tale shall enter in at lowly doors." And the doors must be lowly in another way. I feel *that*, in this dreadfully theological country, where men's brains are apt to get dizzy with the everlasting din of doctrine. We are sure that the honest and good heart will fructify the seed both of a sound creed and of sound works; and, I shall be glad if, at the end of the book, I can find that Maurice believes simply that the death of Jesus was an atonement for the sins of the world, and that all are redeemed by it who do not refuse to become one with Him through the work of the Holy Spirit. It is in this union, is it not, that the words, "for in the place of," and in theological language "vicarious" would apply? But, we may be sure, also, that the real thing is granted to many who cannot put the blessing of salvation they feel into any scheme of words at all; and even, in reading Maurice, who would insist on this as much as anybody, I think there is frequent danger of being troubled by exact definitions.

Thine, my own friend and sister,

A. D. R."

From A. D. R. to her Mother.

"Helen Cottage, Church Lane,
Morningside, 16*th October*, 1858.

Dearest Mother,

"Thy kind, welcome arrived this morning, and was an answer to many thoughts. It is an anxious thing, in many ways, to be here alone, and with the interests of G. and E. so near at heart; but I have great peace in it, and a good flow of spirits, too; in fact, a pleasant feeling of life, instead of the old languor in every limb. I have not been so well for a long time, nor felt so strong. I am much fatter already, and generally sleep easily; and, though I believe thou dost not think it an advantage to be quickly impressed by outward circumstances, I, who have this weakness, find the daily life of a noble country, and the stir of life in the town, with all its associations of past interest, a constant spur,—they are, to me, the things that "work together for good." Dear Emmie is much pleased with our little home; we have set out our ornamants, but I think I shall have to treat myself to a little bookstand. We found the three packages all safe when we came; thanks for the care in sending them, and the beautiful blankets and pillows. The book box had got warped, and the lock would not turn, so when it was uncovered we were proceeding to lift it aside, when, lo, the bottom quietly gave way, and the whole

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mass came neatly out like blancmange from a shape. It will easily be mended, and must not again be put to any such rough service. Our spoons are *hugely* admired by Mrs. D., and they look beautiful upon the white tea service. I have a great acquistiveness, and stroke them with pleasure every now and then. Miss Farquharson, when she found I should have to spend part of last evening alone, kindly sent me a most interesting newspaper they had just received from Liverpool, with an account of the Social Science meeting. I hope you will try to see Lord J. Russell's speech. What he says is going to be in the new Bankruptcy Laws, ought to influence these wretched Bank cases. Miss F. says poor J. Cropper cannot bear to be seen in the streets, he feels the stigma on him so terribly. She, herself, was most lively and amusing, and very sympathetic. She said to Grandmamma: "Will you authorise me to say to Dr. Guthrie, J. Gregory, John Mackenzie, and a host of others, who are most anxious about you, that you will not be *completely* ruined." Of course she was authorised. She was going this morning to breakfast, at Mrs. Mackenzie's, with Miss Marsh. No set of people, in a low plight, could bear their lowness better than the Friends here do. There is a cheerful resignation in every one concerned, even surpassing what we saw at N. C.—"a calm assurance for to-day, that to be poor is best." Please tell Papa I was very cautious, and did not read the whole of his letter. Grandmamma regrets greatly that she has no settlement, and that one was not made on each of her children as they came of age; but she is by no means cast down, and says it is right for them to live on at S. Road, and perform their social duties there; means will be given them to do so."

"31*st.*

"I am greatly delighted and amused at thy letter to-day. I just see thee and Mrs. Steward at work over all the gossip! I am quite angry with Mrs. Steward for setting J. on the track of Australia; unless, indeed, he went out to build bridges, and came back again. Even then it would be a great trial. Ina's cousin,—the grandson of that queer, old Lord Glenlee,—went out as private secretary to the Governor of a town and district, and, yet, for three years, his letters miscarried, and it is only this summer that his poor mother has heard of him; all having gone on smoothly in the meantime, and he having written regularly.

* * *

"We saw, with great interest, Lord Campbell's decision. Has it wrought good for Papa?"

"3*rd Day.*

"We are cheered by your very satisfactory letters; please thank dear J. for his. I return the German letter, having vainly endeavoured to read it. I never did understand the written characters, and the little knowledge I had of the language is fast going into the mist. I am glad sweet Ella likes Miss "Macdoukhal." Please tell her I think my young friend, John Dunlop, has found out my instincts. He did not come into the class the other day, and when I asked after

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him, his poor father stammered out: "Yes—ya-a-s! Miss Richardson, dear, he is quite well, but the barber cut his hair too short, and he did not like to appear in your presence." This must be because I read, "streaming haired Achaians," with peculiar emphasis.

"Grandpapa is very anxious the newspaper extract, about Edward's Prize Cup, should be put in the "North British Agriculturist." I have it; must we leave it at the office?"

* * *

"The only way in which I feel out of place here, is in not having helped you with the packing; yet you seem to have had all the assistance kind friends could give. I wish we could write anything to amuse you. I recollect how Johnnie's letters were looked forward to, when he was in London; and what a round of laughter we had over that one, in which professor and pupil were depicted flying before the affrighted horses from the Euston stables, and Edwin Waterhouse, fresh from the study of Cumming on the Prophecies, rushed to his parents' room: "Oh, mother, let me die with thee!" I laugh many times a month over it still, and use it as a provocative in the presence of dry wit which expects to be laughed at, as Hartley Coleridge says he used some freaks of his brother Derwent's, when a little boy. We often smile at thy Latin words; but now I am come to live among the Scotch, I only wonder at the pure English thou has managed to pick up. I never knew such a Johnsonian set, and I am getting quite infected myself, and find the pure Saxon we admire south of the Tweed vanishing into thin mists. I often stammer in trying to catch hold of it again. We heard the great Dr. Candlish preach on Fifth Day evening; a good and Christian sermon, but highly Scotch, both in style and delivery, cut up into an infinitude of heads and little heads. His action is most extraordinary, he tears his hair, and twitches his shoulders to such an extent, that I was obliged to put on blue spectacles, and, after that, so shut my eyes. We left last night to hear Mr. Guinness; but, though we were more than half-an-hour before the time, every cranny of the church was filled, and crowds were coming away. We called at Grandpapa's, and they lent us J. Bright's speech, which G. W. read aloud to me; a sensible and honest one, but it is a pity he shuts up his influence in certain classes, by speaking so offensively of the Bishops, and, especially now, when we have a pretty good set of them.

"Emmie is very brisk, and enthusiastic over the neighbourhood. She said, the other day: "Look at Arthur's Seat—so magnificent the lion sitting there to guard the city." And another time: "Georgie never would have taken to that odious smoking, if Johnnie had not *enslaved* him to like it." She is busy writing an essay on the elephant, and finds it slow work. I sent two execrable, but faithful, sketches yesterday, which will help you to fancy us here. I was obliged to write under each thing what it was meant for.

"Did you see the account of Miss Marsh having preached a sermon to women, in the church at Clackmannan? And did you, also, see that Mrs. Hope Scott, of Abbotsford, died here of bronchitis,

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on the 26th, leaving two little children, and a baby five weeks old, to represent Sir Walter?"

* * * *

"We had a pleasant evening at Grandpapa's. Miss Guthrie was there; a pleasing girl, very glad to hear about Newcastle, and Miss Ellis's. Miss Johnston, ditto, daughter of Keith Johnston, the Atlas gentleman, who lives in one of the tasty new houses by Salisbury Green. A. M'Laren, and the Carrs, besides Miss Farquharson and her niece. Miss F. is a fine genial woman, very stately in her height. She had been, in the morning, to see Mrs. Stewart Mackenzie, at the Douglas Hotel. Thou wilt remember her as the "Lady Hood" in Scott's Life and Sir J. Macintoshe's,—brilliant herself and making life brilliant wherever she went. "You've not seen a splendid woman, if you have not seen Mrs. Stewart Mackenzie," was once said to me. She is head of the house of Kintail now; and her second husband has muddled her affairs so, that she has been forced to part with some of the estates to Alexander Matheson. This weighs on her spirits, and Miss F. found her on a sofa weeping, and chaunting Sir W. Scott's "Lament for Kintail." The dismal prophecies in that fine song are all fulfilled; but she is on her way to London with her daughter, who is to be married, next week, to Lord Ashburton, "an Earl, literary and scientific, with £50,000 a year!" So there may be hope for some lateral branches to the old and noble stock. I had a good deal of talk with Miss Matheson, and like her even better than I did. She is the pleasantest union of book tastes, goodness, and entire refinement, that I have yet met here. By-the-bye, three of the little Argyles have come to attend the academy. I suppose the little fellow in C.'s picture will be one. Two of Lord Teignmouth's sons, also; and a son of the Duke of Sutherland's, to the College. So there is plenty of snobbish intelligence for you, before I run away to Italian.

"Went to Mackay's lecture—pompous twaddle throughout; but he read a rather pretty lyric of his own at the end. He is a poor creature, raving against the inanity and folly of others, but with no suspicion how full he is of both.

"I feel very gratetul to you for your sympathy about the engraving.* Wm. Miller is a delightful man, and I could not think six or seven pounds put into his hands wasted, but if you consider it too much, I am almost quite willing to give it up again; and, if I put it where I loved *best*, thou shouldst have it, precious Mother, for thy poor people. But it would be a *great* pleasure to me to have Lancrigg drawn. It would be rather like laying sweet spices about the tomb, and I owe a great deal to Mrs. Fletcher,—her influence has been strong, and of the very best kind. Besides I shall never come much across her family, so that the proposal is more easily made. Remind Papa of the half-crown at Craig Miller, and that it is natural to young people to be lavish sometimes. And if I got fifteen or twenty copies bound, that would put three or four pounds more out of my pocket into E. and J. Richardson's; and James Hindmarsh would receive a letter of advice

* An Engraving contributed to the Memoir of Sir John Richardson.

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from me upon the best colours to be chosen. Now, if you think me Quixotical, please say so, and I will try to forget I ever wished to do this.

"Thanks for Mrs. Baker's note, and for all thy kind intelligence. I am truly glad the trays* give satisfaction. And to hear what S. Foster said, does me good, and gives me great comfort; I think her dear blessings are being answered now, I am so well here, and vigorous, and feel as though the twenty-third Psalm were being continually realised about me. I hope dear Carrie is better again. It is a capital plan for thee to go south with Papa; then I hope you will be able to look back over the stormy sea you have passed, and see that the waves are likely to grow calm again.

"Georgie is nicely again. We get on smoothly together, as I have the same temptation to "moods" as he has; I can always foresee their approach. I understand them, poor lad, and pity and resist them as I do my own.

From A. D. R. to Jane Smith.

"HELEN COTTAGE, CHURCH LANE,
MORNINGSIDE, 29*th October*, 1858.

MY DEAR FRIEND, JANE SMITH,

"I heard through Carrie that thou wast still keeping up in health, and I was most glad of the intelligence, for it is five weeks since I saw thee; and, as I know not any one at Fir Vale is allowed to be oppressed with hard work, I ventured to wonder that I had had no word. I received Isaac Robson's pamphlet, for which wilt thou kindly thank E. Smith? It is impossible not to respect the zeal and sincerity of the writer, but I cannot agree either with his premises or his conclusions. As I was requested not to pick flaws in the logic, I did not do so; but surely it is not wise, so entirely as he does, to dissociate natural and spiritual gifts as though there were a separate Creator for each. There is no talent entrusted to us that may not be sanctified to the highest purposes, and that for music may be, may it not? as well as that for pictures or sculpture, and if these cannot be, we ought never to touch a pencil again. After this point is settled, it then becomes a matter of mere opinion whether or no music and singing are adapted for the service of public worship. Isaac Robson thinks not; what thousands of happy and refreshed congregations think yes! I send thee some verses, which will please thee, if thou hast not seen them, and a tiny offering; and there is nothing I would not do, if I could, to soothe and cheer thee. I am breathing free and delightful air here,—in a double sense. Thou wouldst like what blows so fresh off the Pentlands, and, also, the genial people one falls upon in Edinburgh; and the sense of activity and honest labour for a good end, that we feel in common with the many hard workers here.

"Georgie has come, and is much pleased with his excellent Professor,

* Some papier maché trays with flowers painted by her, in oil colours, and then japanned over.

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and with the look of things at College. I hope he will do well. I should like my love conveyed to M. J. and Margaret, of whom I think with great interest.

Thy affectionate
A. D. RICHARDSON."

From A. D. R. to her Mother.

"HELEN COTTAGE, *Monday, November 1st* 1858.

MY DEAREST MOTHER,

"We went to hear Dr. Guthrie last night, and, in a densely crowded chapel, heard an excellent sermon. His manner is so lively that nobody's attention could easily flag, and what he said, was sound doctrine, and of useful application to all. We went out to tea to L. Cruikshank's, where we spent a very pleasant evening, looking at engravings. and capital books. George Thomas, a young student just come, was there, an intelligent youth; and Edward Cruikshank, who talked to us on the various translations of the Bible, and told us many things about them. One, that in the story of Joseph, where "earing and harvest" shall not fail, &c., are spoken of as distinct seasons,—"earing," means spring time, when corn is sown. Another, Esau found no place of repentance, though he sought it carefully with tears. Repentance there, means no power of changing his father's mind and intention in the bestowal of the blessing. That text used to distress me as a child, from an idea that the word was used in the common acceptation of repentance. While I remember, A. Thompson sent her dear love to thee, and can't understand how thou happens to have grown up children! I am much obliged to thee for having written so soon. To know that C.'s tooth is quiet, and, also, that you are rested, is a great relief; and our beautiful old home will now get, little by little, the "romance of long ago" upon it. Our walk to Allan Muir was delightful; the day was dull, though fair, and Edinburgh looked too much the "misty city and grey metropolis of the north." I was atonished to find Swanston so picturesque,—a dozen sketches might be made there,—and when we reached the top of the hill, against a cutting wind, the distant mountains in Dumfries, and the green recesses of Habbie's How close below, were a great reward. We came down through the Dreghorn woods, and did not find the distance at all too long.

"G. W. has gone to various introductory lectures at the College to-day; and dear Emmie in good spirits to her work. I have my Italian now three times a week—a most exquisite language, that rings in my ear all night. My dear love to Papa, please. I hope he won't grow anxious. Has he seen the case of the lady, at Dunbar, who is prosecuting the Directors of the Western? It is very like his own, and, if it goes the right way, will form a right precedent.

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From A. D R. to her Sister Caroline.

"HELEN COTTAGE, *17th November*, 1858.

DEAREST CARRIE,

"This evening, on coming home from meeting, we saw our Pentland view for the first time, having had three days of storm and rain. I don't think we can have worse experience of the distance in the depth of winter. But we are by no means discouraged by it. We got safely to meeting this morning, without the least part wet; thanks to our famous cloaks, though the wind was so tremendous we could not keep up an umbrella all the way. The friends seemed surprised to see us, and Grandpapa shut his eyes in astonishment and disapproval. He has always advocated Montague Street. We went to S. Road in their cab to a nice lunch, among other things a delicious dish which I remembered for adoption; stewed apples flavoured, boiled up with a teacupful of large sago, to a thick jelly, and turned out of a shape cold. Grandmamma takes care of us, and helps us in every possible way. After dinner, I read a most interesting pamphlet, left for me by Lucy Cruickshank, on Signor Ferettis' proceedings in London, among the poor Italians. He has a sort of Müller establishment for them, besides serving them in many other way, and editing an Italian newspaper, called the *Echo of Savonarola.* Among the notices of this from various journals, it was unusual to see in a religious pamphlet, the following from *Punch*:—"The Italian liberals have set agoing a spirited little periodical. We suppose they call it the *Echo* because they hope it will answer." Speaking of papers, I wish Ella would borrow the *Friend* of this month, and read an extraordinary history of some toads. I should like very much to read M. A. Schimmelpenninck against the "envy" thou speaks of. I always like to remember that certainly no tanner's daughters have had more advantages than we have had provided, unless Simon had any to get the benefit of Peter's company. And then, in these Memoirs, only the stirring parts of a life are put in—no notice taken of months of monotony—so perhaps, by the time thou and I are eighty, we may have many nice histories to tell. I think we have already! Dear Carrie, I so often feel the need of thee for an hour's chat, though I have been too busy to feel very lonely yet. That will come. I don't suppose I shall see much society; there is nobody to expect it from, unless it should turn up as it has sometimes done before. "Feed me with food convenient for me," is a prayer that holds good for this, also."

From A. D. R. to her Mother.

HELEN COTTAGE, *13th December*, 1856.

DEAREST MOTHER,

"I have read the just rebuke to Coleman's extraordinary egotism in the paper Papa kindly sent, and mean to forward it to Grandpapa. The "pound of flesh" as a simile, suits him remarkably well. Perhaps, if the suit were pushed, Martin might prove equal to doing

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Portia's work. Do tell us all particulars you think it wise to transmit. Mrs. Burn Murdoch and Sarah kindly called to-day, and engaged us to spend the Seventh Day evening with them. J. Bright's meeting is on Fourth, and we have two lectures—a busy week. I have been to L. Cruikshank's this evening, to look at her beautiful engravings, and it was pleasant to hear W. Miller expatiate on Turner. Among other curiosities we saw a book of manuscript letters written from India, by G. J. Forbes, the author of "Oriental Fragments," and the Grandfather of Count Montalembert. The Count's Mother was also first cousin to L. Cruikshank's sister-in-law, E. Fothergill. There were many portraits of the family, all with a striking outline of face. Dr. Lemmi thinks Montalembert's case is wholly misunderstood by the English press. He says he is the enemy of all true liberty, the head and mainspring of the Jesuits, that nothing he does is to be trusted, that he is hated by the Parisians, and that, so far from its being a blunder, the moderate display of absolute power in his case, by the Emperor, is one of the subtlest strokes Louis Napoleon ever played. We had an eloquent discourse from him on the subject last lesson. I called on Miss Hamilton, and much enjoyed it, but must wait till I see thee to tell all she said."

"28*th*.

"I am going to write a note to thee all for thyself, about the bag. It is the handsomest I ever saw of its kind—most superb, and not at all too large for my taste and use. The fear I have that the steel may rust, is the one single drawback in the enjoyment of using it, but I will take great care of it, and rub it carefully, though I don't know what is best for this. I am very much obliged to thee for it, dear Mother; only sorry thou should'st have got me anything so costly; and I cannot yet transfer all the love I have for my old leather bag to it. Dos't thou remember giving me that one? I found thee in the study fastening tickets to thy gifts for the Christmas tree. This bag was in thy hand with a ticket fastened to it, but, of course, I did not know it was for me. Just then, kind, liberal Aunt Anne, sent in a trayful of rich looking things; and oh, sweet Mother, thy dear face fell, and thou said: "I am afraid my gifts will seem quite poor and unnoticed among these." I never wished so for untold wealth to crown thee with. I have hated Christmas trees ever since, and I love that old bag with all my heart, and as I could have loved nothing else on the tree besides. When I was forced to pull thy purple basket to pieces for want of room to keep it, I made a little votive scene of love and gratitude to myself, at Beech Grove, and placed the affection for the basket on the bag, which I *can* take care of as long as I live; and, at all events, here is a handsome one to enter on the inheritance of value, if such a time should ever come that I could not. All these things are very precious to me; they lie in the outskirts of that feeling in our natures which Jesus was so tender to, when He said: "a spirit hath not flesh and bones as ye see me have." My own darling Mother, I wish I could touch thy face now. These verses of thine, "while we are walking through this wilderness," &c., have been so much in my mind lately, especially when I have felt pleased and happy over many

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successful things, for my faculties seem to me to have quadrupled, now that the pressure of a dull pain is removed from them; and when I walk over thy delightful hills, and breathe the mountain air, I feel as though, with God's blessing, I could do almost anything I choose to do. Not for years have I been so young and strong, and so free from aggravations of temper. I wish thou would'st come again, dear Mother, either before or after Papa's visit—if that must be postponed. Thou art not well, yet I am sure, thou could'st bear the soft weather here. I was up on the Braids to-day, where we were together; all the air sweet with spring turf and gorse blossom, and the country blue with a coming tint of a March atmosphere. It was charming. I seem to be getting all the good things of life, in such overflowing measure now, and you, I doubt, are not. Do come, please, before very long, or I shall have to take a bad cold, by way of getting nursed! Besides, Jane's little sister is coming here to be trained into usefulness, so there will be two dots of servants to wait on thee. Did I tell thee that Grandpapa insists, in his kind way, that Papa shall *sleep* there? He wants to have the morning and evening talks with him, and I consented, because I know he will be much more comfortable, and will not need to get up quite so early to breakfast. How will he manage with our late dinner? I will do all I can to make it a good one, and, I *believe*, he will enjoy coming to see us; at all events, I should so exceedingly, that I wish he would be quick and try. I feel far too much indulged with his bounteous gift, and don't like to keep it all for myself. Georgie has a great hankering after a desk, and it would be a treat to me to give him one. What dost thou say? And I could get a Greek Concordance and Phaedo, both of which I much want for myself, and lay by the remaining £3 for a future occasion. Did'st thou read Papa's tender letter about the cabs? It touched me to the heart. Please, wilt thou thank dear Nellie again for her pens; a most welcome gift, to me who hate steel. Carrie's little books are very pretty, and I hope they will comfort the hearts of the poor Italians here; and I am much obliged to Johnnie for the Lyrics. Tell him I like the story of poor Sue who got no valentine, one of the best; and how tasteful the initial letters are."

From A. D. R. to her Sister Caroline.

"I like so to begin to write to thee again, which I had no time, for, while Mamma was here. I have been thinking more about the houses, and hope they will be built. I should be quite glad to advance money, if Papa were willing, and help to build them, as, of course, the land would be bought out and out. This land would stand off against the deterioration of the house property as years went on; for, I have heard E. Smith say, there is no investment so good as land on the banks of a mercantile river; and, by all we can foresee, the resources of the Tyne are likely to be more and more developed. We had a truly sweet and comforting visit from Mamma, and it yielded quite as much as I expected from it, which is a great deal to say. I saw less of Papa than I liked, for I enjoy long talks with him. I

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have gone back to my Greek with great zest. On examining the passage, it (John 4, xiv.) seems an extension of Isaiah 49, x., still further emphasized in Revelations 7, xvi., and, also, by our Lord, at John 6, xxxv. Is not the expression, εἰσ τοὺ ἀιῶνα a Hebrew one? readable either ways, perhaps, but *generally* as it is now translated: for example, in the Old Testament, Psalm 29, vi., Daniel 2, xliv. And, to me, it has always been a forcible one, even granting that the thirst must (rightly) occur again and again in this life, because it is an assurance that the thirst will never be in vain; and, also, a pledge that every promise made to a Christian is a witness to him that his life is *now* begun to be immortal, his citizenship *is* in the Heavens,—not about to be, as Dr. Cumming and his whole school pervert truth in affirming, and so fling back, into the region of theories, the solemn responsibilities which press upon us as living subjects of the Kingdom of Christ. It is because that Kingdom has come to every heart praying for it, that the will is to be done, as in Heaven, so on earth. Didst thou know that the Lord's Prayer was a summing up, in heads, of the fourteen prayers used in the Jewish Synagogue, with the clause on forgiveness added and insisted upon, Matthew 6, xiv., xv. The Prayer was only allowed, in the early ages, to *Communicants*, a significant fact of the solemn appreciation of this duty upon the "vera ecclesia Catholica."

"I must go out to Dr. Lemmi's."

From A. D. R. to Edward Smith.

"Helen Cottage, Church Lane,
Morningside, *7th December*, 1858.

My dear Friend, E. Smith,

"Ever since I came here I have been entirely off the track of thy subjects, and so much absorbed in pursuits which thou despises, that I have not liked to write. To-day, however, I have been reading a paper, by Dr. Hodgson, on economic science. He quotes Samuel Bailey, and adopts his definitions, and they have brought me back,—first, to money and its vicissitudes, then to thy kind visit in the Bank Crisis; and, lastly, to the view westwards from Fir Vale, and to you. Not that the recollection of your kindness needs any reminder of this sort, it is scarcely ever absent from my thoughts, and I could not, for my own satisfaction, hear too often of Jane Smith, and how she is. I have *almost* come to the conclusion that Mary Jane and Margaret positively dislike us, as I have not been able to get a single glance from their eyes, in the shape of a line, to say how Jane Smith progresses, since our faces were turned from Fir Vale. I must write to herself before long, to thank her for her last most welcome note; only, I hope, she will not overdo herself by attempting to write to me out of bed. The sweet mild weather of the last week must have been favourable for her drives; and, I trust that, upon the whole, you are now less anxious about her. I have had a very charming little visit from my mother, who has just gone home, and we are again settling

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to our pursuits. Georgie analyses the chief part of the day, and has two lectures on Chemistry besides. Those of Dr. Wilson relate more immediately to the Arts; Dr. Playfair's, to the general subject. Playfair is still a young man, and makes a considerable sensation here. He was a pupil of Liebig's, who recommended him to some poor benighted government officials in London, who did not know where to light upon a good chemist. Thence he passed into Prince Albert's good graces; and has left a more lucrative appointment for the honour of the Edinburgh chair. His father was long in the Indian Medical Service, and from him he inherits a good fortune, of which the students get the benefit, in an exquisite apparatus. Playfair is said to have expended £1500 on it, already, this session, and his experiments are beautiful. The only other "Friend" who attends his class, is John White, a young medical student, from Woburn, recommended, or introduced rather, to Grandpapa, by Benjamin Wiffen. My own life, though bright and full of interest, is, in fact, one of great seclusion. I spend nearly all my time alone; but a very frequent and steady correspondence with home, keeps my heart there, and I am too busy to be home-sick. I suppose it is no use to tell thee what I do. By the bye, I hope the Latin faction, at Ackworth, is gathering strength for fresh battle this year,—the only good I can divine from thy retirement.

From A. D. R. to her Father.

HELEN COTTAGE, 19*th December*, 1858.

MY DEAR FATHER,

"We find it probable that we may be able to get away on Fifth Day evening, at 5·55, arriving 10·45, and, as this will add a whole day to our short treat with you, I hope it will be as acceptable to you as it is to us. We have had a busy week. Dear little Emmie's essay got thirty-two marks (the highest number given was forty-two) and a great deal of praise from Mr. Dunlop, with "Nil desperandum sub auspice Christi," at the end of it. She is quite cheered in consequence, and never looked in better health. We had a very pleasant evening with the Burn Murdoch's, last night. A goodly company of the sons; the daughter are all gone but Sarah. There was a fine old lady just come on a visit to them, Miss McNab, who spent three successive winters with Mrs. Fletcher, and that gave me a store of things in common with her at once, and a great deal of pleasant conversation. John Bright joined Georgie and me part of the way from meeting this morning, and then went in to see Grandpapa: "That I may be refreshed by a sight of thy face John Wigham." He regretted, again very strongly, your not joining the Iron Company, and talked away of the "shocking tumble" things had got at N. C. I listened with great interest to his conversation, and heard him say to my relief that, if he had the power, he would not bestow universal suffrage on the people at present. His views are truly enlightened, but he is a man of such straightforward logic, that he cannot comprehend the mists that settle about other people's brains, and this makes him harsh

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in his judgments of their motives,—as, for instance, when he declared that the Duke of Argyle and others are "banded together to mislead the people by false statements." He has a noble Protestant face, and no one could watch him without a conviction of his entire honesty; and, yet, one young man said, when asked if he had been to the meeting, he "would'nt go near the heathen"; and, another, that "Bright is far too clever a man not to know the fallacy of all he says," as though he had a sinister purpose to serve in it. We are asked very kindly to Newington House to-morrow evening. I rather hesitated to occupy the room, but P. McLaren said: "Oh, my young people are by far the most important; they will have all the work to do." Emmie is going to spend the evening at Gray Street, as I am anxious at having often left her lately. People are very kind to us, for your sakes, I have no doubt. I hope thou wilt do all in thy power to encourage Georgie when he comes home. He has worked with admirable steadiness and industry ever since he came, and stood his first examination yesterday. He read one of Dr. Guthrie's sermons with much feeling at Grandpapa's to-night, and only wants a little scientific instruction, and the dregs of Newcastle dialect to be swept off to make him an excellent reader. He is looking forward with much satisfaction to his luxurious quarters at Aunt A.'s, and I hope we shall not see much less of her, though under another roof.

"Her hospitality is unbounded."

From A. D. R. to her Sister Caroline.

"HELEN COTTAGE, *Saturday.*

DEAREST CARRIE,

"I have been deeply interested in all thy letters, and in the intelligence contained in them, and feel quite thankful you have had this refreshment. I am going to take the letters to Grandmamma to-morrow. They are glad of any freshness or "news" there, and a good deal, of one sort or another, lights on me just now, which I desire to distribute again as widely as I can. I, too, hunger and thirst for thee, dear Carrie! Thou art so kind and tender, so willing to admit the good, after which I so earnestly strive, and to hate the bad, and pray for the expulsion of demons, which still haunt God's creatures. I may *partly* tell to thee what a life of hourly faith I lead here,—I have no one to consult,—instincts are blind, and strangers judge a stranger by suspected merit or demerit. There is none of the sweet home love for *me*,—*me*, without the virtues, or the more abundant faults,—there is none of this peaceful love for me here, except in dear stray bits from the two Wigham families. Well, then, this being the case, I have to seek the help of our Lord Christ in a variety of daily trifles,—not trifles to Him who watches the sparrows,—and I am *often* driven to tears of thankfulness at the merciful *close* answers granted. They establish the reality of the Christian's communion in a way I hardly dared to hope at one time; and so my heart feels meek and loving like a child, and *so* healed from evil things, that I could go to Heaven straight to-morrow, and forget them all. But,

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then, I know, Satan is watching, and that this blessing may be snatched from me any day when I am off my guard. May Jesus keep us both, and all, my own darling. How long are you to be with your kind friends? I like and love Margaret exceedingly; do tell me how her Greek goes on.

"Dr. Wilson's very excellent lectures are over, to my regret; and we are to have Shakspeare readings next week. Mrs. Davy has come for "Grace," who is drooping sadly under the recollection of being here last with her sister. I have another delightful letter from Mary, to-day, pressing me to go and see them again in Charlotte Square. Should I? I had written to complain of the ambiguity of the advertisement. She says, speaking of M. A. Schimmelpenninck: "If you had asked me who she was, a few months ago, I should have said, a Dutch Jansenist, friend of the Port Royalists, who survived most of them, and wrote their history!" She is exceedingly pleased with the book,—it is all quite new to her,—and her tribute to "Friends" is really pleasant.

"Lady R. took off her bonnet, last night, at the lecture, and I saw her noble head to perfection. It has the backward toss of Mary's,—when she is caught looking at you through an eyeglass, for instance,—and the same sudden spring of laughter in her face, very grave in its usual expression. Her voice is not in harmony with it; it breaks out curiously and shortly; her manner is certainly not accessible; and, I should think, her whole character needed to be climbed like a mountain before it is known; and she has a stately way of praising things and people, as though she was aware her opinions had value. A *very* fine woman, and a truly good one. Miss Arnold is with an invalid brother at Malvern, now, and is going to Titly next week. Mrs. A. would let the house now, or any time, not *only* at May, as the first clause would seem to express. Please read Dr. G. Wilson's graceful and interesting opening lecture, when we send it home. Hast thou seen the notices of Mrs. Wordsworth? Georgie and J. White have been to Dalmeny in this dreadful storm. We are going to Gray Street, to-morrow evening, to tea.

From A. D. R. to Miss Taylor.

"HELEN COTTAGE, CHURCH LANE,
MORNINGSIDE, 21*st January*, 1859.

MY DEAR MARY,

"I thought I had better finish up various duties yesterday, before saying what I wanted to do, the moment I read your letter. To have the advertisement to copy is a sort of triumph to me. Are you aware it is the *only* thing you have ever let me do for you? It is no wonder I often feel half-starved on such sparrow's morsels of service. I did read M. A. Schimmelpenninck's life, and liked it as much as you do; only I did not know whether, perhaps, part of the interest might be from knowing a good deal about very many of the people in the book; and I was sure of the truth of what was said of "Friends," at that time,—an odd jumble of the fleshpots of Egypt, with the privations

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in the wilderness among the richer ones, and an unspeakably blessed life among some of the others. In Mary Anne, herself, that entire honesty of spirit, from the very top to the bottom, quite consistent with an almost habitual concealment of strong feeling, was what I liked the best. Her devotion to her mother was very touching,—a grand, platonic lady—very unchristian. I hated her letters, and her unkindness to her daughter, later in life; and, however admirable the training of her might be, it was hardly close and tender enough for a mother. I have met her other daughter, Mrs. Booth, at Sheffield, sometimes. They live in a nice old place, near some friends of ours. She rails away at this life of her sister, with whom, I should think, she could have very little in common, as she looks like the result of compression upon an unimaginative temperament,—so precise a person, that even her husband declares he believes she does her housekeeping by double entry. I wish you were near me, that I might tell you stories that occur to me as I write, and make me laugh heartily; they would not hurt anybody. Perhaps you knew Mrs. Schimmelpenninck yourself? Her childish studies in Lavater gave her a wonderful quickness in reading people's faces. She was shown portraits of an uncle and aunt of ours once; and she said, "he will have his own way, and she will give it him." A life-long commentary could not have been put into fewer words; nor, could this, of another friend of ours, aside to a neighbour, as he entered the room, "the obstinacy of nine mules." One person, not spoken of, who was much with her, and a very dear friend was Letitia Waring,—that is, as far as Letitia can be away from her father, for it is (or was, when I heard) one of his crotchets that he can eat no bread but what she makes, so she is baker-general to the family.

"On Monday, when you were having your drive, I went to see Lady Richardson. I had seen her *three* times before at the Queen Street Lectures; but it is far too great a pleasure to speak to any one connected with Lancrigg, for me to take it rashly into my own hands, so I waited till I had a note of leave to go. I heard a great deal of the very deepest interest to me, and was very kindly told that I might go again if I liked, which, perhaps, I may do. I have the portrait in our little room here. My Mother came up to me one day when I was standing before it,—at Beech Grove, though,—and said, in her low, gentle way, "take care not to set up an idol, dear." Even *she* hardly knows how perfectly healthful and removed from all danger, the regard I have for that dear face is. I don't believe any one could live under it every day, without being put upon honour to do their very best and worthiest wherever God's providence might lead them; and now this influence seems to me nearer than it did, for, although, I hope the demons of false pride and false sensitiveness have been cast out, for me, long ago, I used to chafe sometimes under the tremendous outward differences that forced me to stand so far off, mute.

"I heard of a friend of your's lately, Dr. Elizabeth,—her name is Blackwell, is it not? A dear missionary lady was staying at Grandpapa's, who had been two years in America,—you know our women often believe it right to go on such an errand,—and while she was at

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a friend's house, one of his daughters was thrown from a carriage, and got a deal smashed—bones broken, besides cuts and bruises. The case was a critical one, and was entrusted entirely to the lady doctor, who brought it triumphantly through. It was remarked that, not only her professional reputation is very high, but her whole character is held in the greatest esteem.

"You asked me if Morris is a painter. I believe he is,—as an amateur,—or else the extravagance of his personal detail could scarcely be forgiven him; and he must indulge it too, if at all, under cover of the middle ages, or else how uncomfortable his lady friends would be, under the idea that he *might* be examining the construction of a cheek, with a view to put it into verse! I think Miss Rosetti told me he was helping her brother to paint stories, from King Arthur, in the new Museum, at Oxford. I meant you to keep the book, if you are willing. I am ashamed to have got upon a third sheet. You quoted, "prune thou thy words," to me once, and you will think I do not attend to the hint; and, still, I have not said nearly all I wish, about a variety of things and people here, to be left for the present.

"I am reading Homer (at last!) with a clergyman; and grow much excited with the splendid roll of the hexameters. How he describes himself, now and then, *ὡς κῦμα * * * ἀιγιαλῷ μεγάλῳ βρέμεται, σμαραγεῖ δέ τε πόντος*! *

"We have a nice snug place to live in; and one of my little sisters is here attending classes,—a great comfort. My brother is doing better than I thought he would, and a pleasanter fellow to live with could not be found.

"We went to Newcastle, for a week, at Christmas, to the same delightful home moved under another roof. In theory, I am always glad when the Society of Friends loses money; and they are unusually happy, under such a catastrophe, in having no worldly position, whatever, to keep up. In our case, it has been quite worth while to find out a wealth of human kindness, beginning with one of my father's workmen, who came to him in the thick of the crash, when everybody's credit was at stake, to say he had laid by about £400 from his wages; and, though, he knew it would go scarcely any way, "if the master wanted it, the master should *have* it; and he didn't care if he never saw a penny of it again!" They have a way, in our parts, of using the *third* person, rather as the French do. I have not time to tell you of a brother of "White," whom I know,—a remarkable man.

Yours very truly,

A. D. RICHARDSON."

From A. D. R. to her Father.

MY DEAREST FATHER,

"I have only my very best and most affectionate wishes to send thee to-day, for I have not even got thy Testament from the binders yet. There are one or two criticisms in which I venture to differ from

* Thus sounded the wave on the long shore, and the sea roared.

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Trench, and I will make a little note of these with the reasons. In connection with some of them I have been looking over the Prayer Book, and there is a part of it, which, I think, thou wilt like to read to thyself—it is the prayer which occurs after the Lord's Prayer, in the Litany. Dear good Father! I do, indeed, trust that neither thou nor those who belong to thee may be hurt by any persecution.

"I am glad to see the protest of the creditors against the demands of the liquidators; it shows what public opinion is. Is there no nearer prospect of a settlement for thee and Uncle John? It is a great shame to keep the richer shareholders hanging on in anxiety, as a reserve fund, to make good the shortcomings of others. Wilt thou kindly say to Uncle John that Harry Armour could not think of selling a copy of his sister's life, as the writing and printing of it was all a labour of love? but he feels "happy and honoured" in being allowed to present him with one. I sent the book yesterday. It is both a great pleasure and a privilege to have Mary Nicholson here. Her sermon on First Day was most excellent and comforting, better than any I have ever heard from "clergymen" who take such pains with theirs; and, in the evening, at Grandpapa's, she gave us another address, and in conversation much interesting information on America. She thinks the "revival" at New York, so much talked of in the newspapers, most certainly from a heavenly source, though a good deal that followed might be the result of excitement. She was there at the time, and it was in the midst of the worst depression of the monetary crisis. People from all parts of the city seemed to be simultaneously impelled—they none of them knew why—to go to one public room; and those who had not been of a serious character, took part in prayer without any appointed minister. Men who had been rivals and enemies met and shook hands, and these meetings were kept up by common consent on week days, all going to their own places of worship on the Sunday. A great deal of good was done in connection with them. One man, a glazier, who had earned a moderate property, had substantial meals prepared at his house, three times a day, for all who chose to come and partake. This he continued, refusing all help in money, through the winter, and very many poor creatures in great distress, were relieved by it.

"We have nice mild weather here. If thou feels weighed down won't thou come and try Helen Cottage. We would take such good care of thee, and try to cheer thee up. We have many things of great interest crossing our path every day, and they help to keep our thoughts from settling down on any one subject to an anxious degree; and, I think, perhaps thou might share this effect."

From A. D R. to her Sister Caroline.

DEAREST CARRIE,

"I looked about for some small thing to send thee, but seeing none I much liked, I have concluded to wait for Tennyson's "King Arthur," which is on the point of appearing, and send thee that to

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commemorate thy having passed with safety and with wisdom through a quarter of a century. My very best wishes which thou hast every hour, will go with it. I spent as much of yesterday as I could with Mary Nicholson, in that sort of intercourse which can only be had with a character wholly refined and devoted like hers. She has gone home to-day, leaving a blessing, I believe, to many people behind her. We had a very pleasant evening at William Miller's looking at his beautiful and poetical drawings, and some admirable views of Greece, by Williams, very superior in reflective merit to those got up by Bartlett, which W. M.'s severe taste condemns as altogether for "parlour use." We heard very nice little recollections from him, of Turner, Christopher North, Edward Swinburne, and others, and he made a truly courteous host. Has Mamma seen, in the papers, the death of the Rev. Henry Gray,—a few weeks after his wife; and his poor daughter, in the interval of attending the death bed of both her parents, has been at home to nurse a fine son of her own through fever, of which he, too, died· I hope that Mamma, also, saw that her friend, Dr. Cunningham, has had £6,900 presented to him as a testimonial for his eminent services in the church and college. It will help him to go to Gräfrath, if he likes! I went this morning to see Lady Richardson, and had a long chat with her, in a little room alone. She said it was like a dream to her, to be in Edinburgh without her mother, and to find the whole generation of those who knew her best past away. She had taken rooms, overlooking the north side of Charlotte Square, because along that side it was Mrs. Fletcher's habit to take all her children, before breakfast, when most Edinburgh people were in their beds, to a field beyond, each with a little can to drink new milk; and she used to talk to them, with the greatest liveliness, in a way none of them can forget. Lady R. said the *tenderness* of her mother's character was one of its finest points. She had so deeply felt her prompt adoption of Sir J. R.'s children, at a time very affecting to herself, when he went out to the North Seas; and the way in which Mrs. Fletcher had got the Grasmere joiner to make carts and other playthings for the younger ones, to be ready by the time they came down to Lancrigg. She had been into the Cruickshank's shop, and had asked to speak to Alexander, (about a little Italian boy,—a very interesting story, but too long to repeat here), on the score of her being a daughter of Mrs. Fletcher, and she had been much pleased by his saying: "I have the very pleasantest associations with that name, for when I was a boy, at York, at J. Ford's school, Mrs. Fletcher used always to call in passing through, that she might tell my mother, when she got home again, how I had been looking!" Another lady told her, her brothers always said they owed their feeling of politeness to ladies to Mrs. Fletcher. She had met them in the country, near her own home, as they were coming into town, and they were hurrying by her, as boys do, but she stopped them, and said, "your father is an old friend of mine, and I am sure he would not wish his sons to pass a lady in that way,—you must go back a little, and take off your caps, if you please;" and then she told them, in a playful way, why men are always to honour women; and sent them into her garden, to

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gather as many gooseberries as they had time to do, "for having borne the sermon so well." Her daughters are collecting materials for a small private memoir, which is to be printed* for the use of her descendants, "if they can afford it;" for Lady Richardson thinks a wide social influence, so strong as hers was, deserved to be remembered as much as the writing of a popular book. Many enquiries were made after you; and messages sent to Grandpapa, as one of the oldest "Reformers in Scotland;" and I was invited to go again when I liked. Dr. and Mrs. Davy are waiting, before coming to join them, to attend Mrs. Wordsworth to the last,—she is dying—"a wonderful death, worthy of such a life." I heard about Mary Taylor, too, and her translations from St. Augustine, and criticisms on him; and various tiny things, hardly to be put on paper, of Mrs. Fletcher,—most delightful to me, for I owe, what may be truly said to be, immeasurable pleasure and stimulus to that very noblest of women. These things are for thee, chiefly; but I should like my own dearest Father and Mother to hear them too. Emmie's eye is nicely better again, and she is quite brisk and cheerful; so is Georgie, going on very well indeed, I think. Please tell us the Bank intelligence, as it turns up, if there is any. I went in to see Georgina Hamilton, author of "Exiles of Italy," but do not like her so well as her sister."

"*6th Day.*

"The thing I wanted to send thee, for thy birthday, I got discouraged about, and so I am not writing till to-day; and if I only had what could give thee pleasure, I would send it; but, lacking this, my warmest love,—a love that, in spite of my much laughed at acquisitiveness, makes me really say, "thou art ever with me, and all that I have is thine." Please explain to dear Alice and Ella that a similar perplexity, as to the '*what*,' makes me *seem* to neglect their birthdays, little darlings, but I don't forget. I am going to send thee Matthew Arnold's pamphlet to read soon, and should like your opinions thereon. It is curious to see how people's opinions are affected by their position, even when they are very similarly educated. I do hope we shall all hold fast our precious Quaker doctrine on war, whatever else we let go. I am reading a clever book of Lady Richardson's, written just when people were beginning to open their eyes to the folly of duelling; and it is comforting to think that the testimony it required some firmness to hold up *then*, is now so fully borne by all. The said story is well written, with a stately grandeur of thought,—very like the writer; the light, amusing scenes not so well done. I want thee, every hour, for a hundred things. H. M.'s letter, Elgin settlement, church matters, divine Plato, Sophocles and Dante, and last, not least, the very idea of a home for girls out in the Colonies, that has been long on my mind, too, though, I daresay, I have not spoken to thee about it. Thou know'st advertisements are put into the Colonial newspapers offering "situations"—these are for the vilest purposes of entrapment, and one "home" would do little good, unless there were a machinery of watchful care throughout the country. A man who

* Since published by Edmiston and Douglass.

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is a true visiting overseer like Bishop Selwyn, might find out careful people in each district on his tours, who would report on the character of the advertising party. As for Australia, it is the vast extent of country that makes it so unmanageable. I am most interested in hearing of your Bible Class. Would it be asking too much to get thee to make me rough pencil notes of what is said, especially on the text criticism? or must I wait to hear all at once from thy own dear lips. By the way, the early church history is nicely given in Neander, of whom there are Rose's two volumes at home; and if thou thinks of it, wilt thou send the thinner volume of "Maurice on Mor. and Met. Phil.," which contains Augustine's coming to quietness. It is for J. G. White."

"*7th Day.*

"Thanks for this morning's letters. Cousin E. has Trench, but I will ask for it. The Greek *Grammar* is at home, but if thou prefers Arnold, I can send it in exchange. I fear I must have one for occasional reference on the tenses. S. R.'s letter is very interesting. She surely means *Thos.* Sturge. I believe thought and conversation on these theological matters become a kind of fever when they are indulged in. It is an honour to human nature (speaking humanly) that they are of so deep an interest, but it is *very* dangerous for a strong will to be enlisted, on truth's side, in a speculative way,—then, as Whately says, "we are apt to get truth on one side." I don't wonder a man, like E. Smith, shrinks from it, and I know it might soon become perilous to me. I have my difficulties and crosses here, as I told thee, and can only steer right by keeping my eye always on that of our great Captain. It is east wind, and sleet. I am just going out to Dante. How I wish I had thee, too! the poets are full of life. By the way, how rich, and grand, and human, Shakespeare is in comparison with Sophocles; there is much to be learnt in the Greek, though,—chiefly the awfulness of Nemesis, and awfulness set for ever in the Divine laws, yet how mercifully turned away for each poor sufferer who knows how to come to the Lord Jesus. I am sorry you think I do not write enough. I have a most pleasant letter of dear Johnnie's to answer; also, facts for Edward, on building, when I can get them. Aunt A.'s kind note and enclosures to acknowledge; and Uncle G.'s much prized little letter. Thou seest, when there is only one person—me—to write on, what all do, it takes a good deal of time, and I think you ought to count Georgie's capital letters of more worth than mine. His invitation (with only one other student) to meet the French princes, is very gratifying to me. The young boys are to be there, and their fathers,—Duc de Nemours and Prince de Joinville, I think they are; but we are neither of us well up in the genealogies of the Orléans house. Playfair is a gentlemanly man himself, and evidently highly aware of the value of this quality in others; but G.'s gentlemanliness is of the sterling kind. He is as courteous and attentive to his old sister—me—as he could well be to any fascinating young lady. He has a tiresome cold, poor boy, which will be rather against his enjoyment and good appearance."

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From A. D. R. to Jane Smith.

"HELEN COTTAGE, *2nd February*, 1859.

MY DEAR FRIEND, JANE SMITH,

"I am truly grieved by the look of pain that appears through thy very handwriting, and did not mean any message that I might have sent thee even to suggest an answer from thy own hand. I am very sorry for thee—as thou knowst—and would do anything I could to cheer thee; but what is there a poor impotent person like myself *can* do. I see some very pleasant people here—of various conditions—much more various than one has a chance of meeting in a provincial town. It is interesting to find myself attracted to the same stamp of character throughout, at least so far as sincerity and simplicity go to form one. I like, too, to make a study of that nameless "something," in manner and bearing, found only among people who have moved in general society, except that a few lady "Friends" own it also—how, I can't tell—of which number is thy precious self. I sent a pamphlet to E. Smith the other day, which I hope he has received. Dr. Wilson's introductory lecture: I think it will amuse you. It is very characteristic of the man; and he is so kind to Georgie, I feel quite a love for him. You will sympathise with us in this fact, that my Father and Uncle have, at last, made a joint settlement with the Bank Liquidators, which only requires the Vice-Chancellor's signature to become law. The terms are severe—I am not at liberty to mention them—but we feel the relief from anxiety a special mercy. My Father is remarkably well and cheerful, and braces his health by riding every day. Did Carrie boast a little, as in sisterly duty bound, of my brothers' recent honours? Edward had a silver cup awarded to a phosphate of his, over nine other competitors throughout the country; and Johnnie got a first prize (a small private one) for a model bridge—a wonderful bridge, made of lucifer matches, and not much bigger than my hand, which bore the strain of 208 pounds upon it. Everybody was surprised. We much wish to hear of more lucrative employment for J., than his present place affords; it may turn up with patience. To-day has been the clearest since we came. Our own old friends, the Grampians, have been looking as grand as though they belonged to Switzerland; most brilliant in their snowy dress, and, whenever a light cloud hid their sides, the summits looked more in heaven than on earth. The Forth was blue and wild, and only the ancient monastery on Inch Colm shone out in the sun like a diamond. Oh, the dear mountains—I can hardly live rightly out of their sight.

"I send no messages to M. J. and Margaret. I pretend to have quarrelled entirely with them!"

"I have just finished the second perusal of that delightful book—M. A. Schimmelpenninck. Did thy sisters know and value her? She was very wonderful, and then, at the last, how it stirs one's soul to hear her say, "Mine has been a crushed life." And yet it was one rich in the mercy of communion with God. She realised Christ so fully as a close personal friend and master, tender to her infirmities, and wise in the permission of discipline that she escaped the danger of

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a colder faith—a faith in "unseen influence" merely. But it needs sad loneliness, either of the outward or inward life, or both, to bring the frail wandering human heart to this blessed haven of rest. Dost thou remember what Keble says? "Thou ruler of the light and dark, &c. Carrie has exceedingly enjoyed the Liverpool conference, to which she was representative. It seems to have been a time of more than common energy and unity of purpose. They staid at E. Water house's, and saw a good deal of "bright Quaker society."

Farewell, my very dear Friend,
Always thine in truth and love,
A. D. RICHARDSON."

From A. D. R. to her Mother.

"14*th February*, 1859.

MY DEAREST MOTHER,

"It was very kind to write me that nice informing letter. I am truly glad to hear you are to get H. Fox* as a bride in N. C.

* * * * *

"We enjoyed the party at the Doulls. David looks better, and Isabel most charming. There was a George Sim there, who acted charades to admiration—a great antiquarian, and brother to Dr. Sim, who was so much with Seddon, at Jerusalem. By the way, speaking of the east, we had some singular theories propounded by Darwin Rogers. It seems that Leonard Horner, following out the hint given by his son-in-law, Sir C. Lyell, on reckoning geologic time by the backward tear of the Niagara Fall (that is supposing no earthquake has helped it), the Falls now are seven miles from the original precipice, and upon a reckoning of the yearly *rub* this gives 35,000 years as the time during which the St. Lawrence has been falling there. Well, Leonard Horner interested the young Egyptians, whom the Pasha sent over to London some four years ago, and got them, while superintending bridge experiments in the Nile country, to bore the Nile Mud. This they did over a section of sixteen miles, making about ninety bores, but in no place did they get to the original bottom, *i.e.*, the natural earth surface, and the whole was pure alluvial silt, except that in two cases there was a thin layer of Lybian sand, which seemed as though it might have drifted over, between one inundation and the next. The savants think three inches may be reckoned as the thickness of the annual deposit, and if correct, statues and pottery indicating an advanced stage of civilisation, have been found at a depth which would fix the residence of man in the valley of the Nile at 14,000 years! Won't the chronologists have to look over their history? However, it struck me there was a possible fallacy in all this, namely, that the *Fall* of the Nile must have been much greater before it had its own alluvium to flow over than now, and that, therefore, it would bring down much more mud with it. Thou know'st

* Mrs. John W. Pease.

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it is spoken of as having singularly little current now. The Ganges has an inch a mile, I believe. Does anybody know what the Nile has? They will need finer calculations before they can venture to alter the dates at the top of our Bibles, I think. The subject is now before the Royal Society.

"*Monday.*

"All my gossips, in Morningside, enquire whether "my brother is gone," with as much interest as if he were a close, personal acquaintance. From one of them, I heard odd stories of Carlyle, who, it seems, is apt to have uncomfortable wakeful mornings, and who rouses his sleeping wife, by saying at three or four o'clock, "My dear, don't you think a cup of coffee would do you a great deal of good." The poor woman then gets up and makes him one. The weather is very hot, and the wind south-east. I have just come in from taking our nice Cousin, Mary Brantingham, a most pleasant drive round Arthur's Seat. She dresses à la Aunt Mary; and, in consequence, the children romping on the crags began to call out, "Quaker carriage," and this burden sung out with true Scotch r r r's was taken up by one group after another almost round to Holyrood, and was so like an old poetical fish cry, that I scarcely knew how to look grave.

* * *

"Miss Wallace called, not long ago, with a very sweet young lady. I was asking her, the other day, who she was, and she told me a pretty little romance about her, which I will relate for your benefit. When "Annie" (that is her name) was fourteen, a boy of fifteen—Evelyn N. * * * came to stay with them, and a child-like friendship sprang up. Soon afterwards, A. was seized with Typhus fever, at the Wallaces' house, in Edinburgh, and was very ill. When she was getting better, Evelyn declared he must see her, but it was not allowed on account of infection. Miss W. took pity on the lad, and said if he chose to come and stand in the street, Annie should be dressed and brought to the window. He came with his aunt, and braved the quizzes of his schoolfellows, who were in a horde opposite, and the two gazed at each other for some minutes, looking excessively sheepish. They often met for eighteen months after, and then Evelyn went to India, and wrote regularly to Annie and her sister by turns, making apparently no difference between them. In the meantime Annie grew up and had various offers, all of which she refused, to the great chagrin of her mother, who told her Evelyn was only as a brother to her, which, she said, she knew quite well. About a year ago, a letter came from Evelyn to say he had always loved Annie, and no one else; but as he determined never to say so until he was in a position to marry, he had not dared to hope to see A. as a single woman again. Of course it was quickly arranged, and he is to get a furlough, this year, of six months. She is daily expecting him, in a state of nervous anxiety,—for the poor darlings have not seen each other for eight years,—and, as Miss W. said, it would be a great risk, if each did not possess a *hideous* photograph of the other.

"We had a very nice evening last night. P. McLaren is a thoroughly loveable woman—so gentle and kind in every word and

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deed—I don't wonder she reminds Papa of thee. Mrs. Blackie was there, whom I liked very much. She has most kindly asked me to go to tea, with Grant and Agnes, on Third Day, before the lecture, and sit by her at it. This was planned instead of a call, that I might be introduced to the erratic and highly talented professor. P. McLaren most mischievously told her she thought I was learning Greek; this was the origin of the invitation, and I shall walk over in a state of dread at being asked questions about Homer. I think Papa quite enjoyed himself. John McLaren chatted to me about the debating societies a good deal. Lord Murray's death is felt all round—the very last of the old band—and "there is nobody famous in Edinburgh now," is groaned about from one Scotchman to the other, till one gets quite dejected. If the mantle has been folded by for one generation, it may be re-opened for the next.

"What a great deal of trial and vexation you have gone through, dear Mother. I did not know the half of it, till Papa told me. I don't wonder thou hast broken down under it. Will our lives ever "be calm as water when the winds are gone, and no one can tell whither?" Who wrote that, who *could* give a touch like that, but Wordsworth? Indeed thou hast missed a world by despising him."

From A. D. R. to her Sister Caroline.

"Why I write again, is to ask thee, at a suitable time, if it can be done without hurting her, to convey to Miss Armstrong a message of my deep sympathy, (what a pity the word has almost got a "pity" meaning), I had no idea of what had happened to her. Do stand by her, and fraternise as much as your two very different natures can; and at any time there is a juncture in which a little order would cheer her and give her *new thoughts;* I will give £2 10s., if thou wilt join me in the same, for one of her pretty £5 pictures. Dear, brave heart, how I do feel with it. But it is a delicate matter, lest she should think we do it out of friendship, and not because we care about the picture.

"I have been again to Mr. Rollo's, but he was not in. I hope to send the pamphlets next week. I am going to try them with E. Smith, though, as he won't "open the Prayer Book," there is not much chance! But, really, C. darling, if Friends only had more life in their *Church Ministrations*, (they have plenty in outdoor activity), wouldn't they be *very* near the Apostles' feet? I think so, and love the dear little maligned body! Yet, there are some things very hard to me in connection with it,—the worst is, its curious non-applicability to the masses, and we ought to be *able* to have a *Church* fellowship with them. Maurice does not state his points clearly enough. I thank thee very much for the "long seams," but don't make thy back ache.

"I am sometimes very, very lonely. There is an odd feeling in meeting strangers—even strangers that we like—every instinct of difference in nature, from them, probes the social affections to their depths, and shews us how near home love is, and what a frightful

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heimweh, in spite of that home love, exists in our poor human hearts wherever we are. Please write to me.

"I went to the Hamiltons' to tea last night, and enjoyed it. They are very hospitable. Mrs. R. H. lived three years in Gibraltar. I saw good views of it, and had not before realised how lonely the rock is. It stands off from a flat jetty of land, just like St. Michael's Mount. The west side is a slope richly planted with groves; so that, in May, the scent of orange blossom, lemons, heliotropes, geraniums, myrtles, &c., is felt quite out at sea. The rock is pierced with underground roads for the guns, of which there are 1000 round the zone of it, with their noses only peeping out. When all are fired together, it is a splendid sight. I was shewn the ruins of Kames Castle, in Bute, where these Hamiltons were brought up. When their uncle died, it was sold for £48,000, to the son of a poor woman, who lived at the lodge, and got the family scraps. He had gone to Australia, taking a single keg of whisky to trade with, and came back rich. Georgina H., the writer, shewed me a Spanish book, and offered to teach me the language, if I liked to come once-a-week. It was very kind, and would be too good an offer to refuse, except that I have quite as much to do already as I can manage. They are going to have a great party of young Hamiltons to dinner to-morrow, and have kindly asked Luigi Agostino. Could you easily send me "King of the Golden River," and "Märchen ohne Ende," by H. Bell? if not, when Papa comes, will do just as well. I have read Trench's translations from Calderon lately, and have been much pleased with them; also, M. Arnold's poems, of which I had been scared, fearing to have trifling associations with the name of Arnold—a complete bugbear—they are *exceedingly* beautiful, indeed, Tristam and Iseult touched me to the heart—it is far better than anything of Morris! Sohrab and Rustum and Balder dead, are good, but read too much like translations from Homer. Of the lesser lyrics, Philomela, and the fancy about the islands, with some of the half-love songs, are charming. Do try to get hold of them. Think of such lines as these, "Joy has not found her yet, nor ever will." "Eyes too expressive to be blue, too lovely to be grey,"—that holds good of H. M., of whom, not a word yet."

From A. D. R. to her Father.

"*3rd Day.*

MY DEAR FATHER,

"I must send a few lines of sympathy and congratulation. I cannot tell thee how thankful I feel for this tolerably good termination to your anxieties, and that it should have been arranged before the east winds come is quite an additional boon. I entirely agree with thy hint about things "reverting to their former position" so far as we girls are concerned. It is far pleasanter to feel the good things of life due to the love and indulgence of a dear Father, than coming to our hands in any more immediate way; of course, it is all the same thing at the bottom; but then, a daily reminder of thy kindness to us, is of use. There is one thing I should like to suggest, and that is

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when the money is "reverted" thou should'st give a handsome sum to dear Johnnie to help him forward. I think if it were known he was likely to possess a fair capital, people might be inclined to make handsome offers to him. He has been so patient and cheerful all the time, when the Bank troubles really pressed more heavily on him than on any of thy children, that it would be a comfort to see him rewarded by a brighter state of things. I gave the whole of thy letter to Georgie to read; he is perfectly confidential, and I knew it would deeply interest him. I hope Uncle John's mind is cheered, and at rest, too. There must be a relief in knowing the worst. I should like my love to him, and assurance of how much I have felt for him and his family in their reverse. He knows it already, I believe, and now that the spring is come, I hope they will seek refreshment where it is so abundantly given—in the open air and new scenes. The larks sing now in the morning delightfully, and the Pentlands look charming in a light covering of snow. We have spring flowers, too, about us, and one of our hyacinths has turned out splendid."

From A. D. R. to her Sister Caroline.

DEAREST CARRIE,

"I now do two or three hundred lines of Homer, and three chapters of Plato at a lesson, but the last is on Third Day. All our plans look most tempting, and we are quite excited over them. It would be a sad damp not to have thee to share them.

"I met Noel Paton last night at the M'Larens, and talked to him for a few minutes. He told me the ling, harebells, and primroses *were* all out at once in a highland dell far north, as they are painted. Once, he said, he drew fairies flying in an open convolvulus by moonlight, and the critics called out that it *must* have shut up at sunset. He was silent. He had obeyed imagination only; but, to his comfort, not long after, he was walking by bright moonlight in a south country lane, and spied out a white star in the hedge. It was the white convolvulus expanded to the moon! Noel Paton is a very gentlemanly man. He sent his best regards to Mr. Scott, and remarked that he had venerated his brother David. Thou can'st not think how kind and tender P. M'Laren is to me. It has won my whole heart.

"I had a very long letter from Lady Richardson yesterday. She wishes to introduce me to Miss Wilson, who lives close by, at Woodville, niece of Christopher North, and daughter of Jas. W., author also of "Little Things," which, I fancy, I once saw at Aunt A.'s. Dost thou know it?

"We feel quite broken-hearted by this great calamity of Dr. Wilson's death. The whole country will mourn it, and his loss will be felt irremediable here. I can't talk of other things—this day is so inexplicable—like Dr. Arnold's death—the best and wisest, and to our dim sight, most important lives taken, and so many that seem of little good left."

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From A. D. R. to her Mother.

"HELEN COTTAGE, *Saturday.*

MY DEAREST MOTHER,

"Thy long delightful letter came this morning, and was read with great zest at breakfast. I took dear Grandpapa a drive by the Braids, Craig Miller, and the Park. He enjoyed it extremely, and, in his quiet way, pressed my hand, and said, "It is such a treat, darling." To think of that infamous Bank having taken his carriage from such a man.

"What, indeed, is to happen in the war? The protestations of neutrality throughout the nation seem odd, when good men like Major Davidson, can say, as he did this week at a meeting of the professors, that he would have all students, the Divinity students not excluded, enrolled in a volunteer corps, and that with the rifle in one hand and the Bible in the other, they need fear no enemy whatever. —— —— says the opinions of the Dublin and Kingston friends, are, to her and her husband, shocking. They are nearly all very warlike, and the least expression of the sound old Quaker doctrine on this point, meets with the utmost contempt.

"Afterwards, I was especially introduced to one of those original ladies, who seem native to Scotland, Miss Macgregor. She knew thee when thou wast a little girl, and said: "Everybody used to love Jane so much!" I told her everybody loved Jane still, and always would. Her brother, Sir Duncan, now lives in London with his daughter, and cherishes up the remembrance of "friends" in the best corner of his heart. He has all the little Quaker babies' caps which were made by the Foxes for John M.,* when the poor child was brought in a state of destitution off the "Kent," laid by in a box, and looks at them now and then. "Pretty things," said the old lady reflectively, "such a neat becoming border round the cheeks!" Lady M.'s death is still a great affliction to them all. Her grief for her son killed her, and when her strength was much gone, she used to sit and moan to herself: "Blood, blood, on my fairhaired boy." I did write to E. Head, but have not heard yet. Lady Richardson wrote to me immediately the kindest of welcomes, and said she would arrange with Mrs. Davy to divide Mary's time so as to suit me. Wilt thou tell Johnnie I hear of Professor Masson from the Hamilton's?"

From A. D. R. to her Father.

"LANCRIGG, 23*rd June*, 1859.

MY DEAREST FATHER,

"Mamma, who has, I trust, reached home safely, would tell thee how nicely I reached Kendal, and how pleasant the English fields looked. After breakfast, I went up to Isaac Braithwaite's, and found Anna B. in the dining-room. She did not know me at first, I had

* Probably, to this generation, the son, John Macgregor is better known from his canoe voyage, than the father, Duncan Macgregor, who behaved so nobly when the "Kent" East Indiaman took fire.

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grown so thin; but the welcome was very warm the moment she found me out. She said: "Thou know'st we are to love all in Christian charity, but we cannot *like* every one so well as another. I have always liked and loved thy dear Father ever since I first knew him, and have felt a warm interest in him, and for that reason I like and love thee, too." This was very pleasant, and to a daughter, by far the most delightful way of being liked.

"She gave a really magnificent critique on John Bright, whose speeches she dislikes, and calls them the "sowing of firebrands," and I was much interested in making an acquaintance with her views. She was under very strong feeling in the departure of her son, Robert, who has sold his house at Burthwaite, and believes it his duty to become a clergyman. She said all the family conferences to which his brothers came had been times of perfect harmony and added love, and that no difference of opinion as to the best mode of disseminating Christian truths, could, in the least degree, affect the one wish which seemed to pervade them all, that truth should be spread. A supper had been given to all the workmen the night before,—men who have, some of them, been with the family for forty or fifty years, and the speeches made were most satisfactory. Then Isaac B. took me into the little parlour to prove to me that nothing that was done at that sad time for Uncle John* *could* have been an inconvenience to them, but much rather a privilege which they would never cease to feel. They said the event had been one of the most striking of their lives, and all the letters they had had from Uncle J.'s family were laid carefully by, and never read without tears. James seemed to have become closely bound to them. "Dear James," they called him, and sent their dearest love, and the enquiries after all of you could not have been kinder. They asked me to come back next week, which, perhaps, I may do, as we had not time to say all we wished; and when I told them where I was coming they were very much pleased, and said: "Thou could'st not go to more excellent or more interesting people." And so I think they are. "We have the highest value for Sir John and Lady Richardson." They both came out to meet me, and received me very kindly—and what has touched me very much, Mrs. Fletcher's room has been given me, and the use of all the things that were hers. And then, this morning, I have had the delightful memoir to read in manuscript, more charming than anything I have read for a long time and so full of goodness. We had a great deal of pleasant talk last night, of Henry Stowe and others. The verses on his loss were alluded to, and Lady R. quoted those fine lines of Wordsworth's:—

> "Thou takest not away, O death,
> Thou strikest and absence perisheth;
> Indifference is no more,
> For in the past has fallen a light
> That tempts us to adore."

"I like the way in which Sir J. R. reads the Bible—the greatest simplicity and appreciation of the picturesque parts.

"The weather is showery, but the place looking its very best. It

* This refers to the sudden death from apoplexy of Uncle John, and to the kindness shewn by the Braithwaite family on the occasion.

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is a great pleasure to be here, and a very great privilege. I am glad I came. Mary Taylor looks rather pale, but very well."

"ROTHAY HOLME, *3rd Day.*

"It was very pleasant to receive your kind letters on First Day, and dear Lizzie's yesterday; though, as she guesses, my ticket forces me to go straight back to Edinburgh. It is very kind of Aunt A. to wish me to see B. Foster's picture. Will they have it with them in the autumn? The British Association is on the 7th September, and is likely to be crowded and brilliant. It is nonsense for Lizzie to say nay to such a chance, if thou offers it to her; and, as for her generous care for me, I have had quite enough excitement this year already, and should rather have no more. I hardly know where to begin in my long history of the past week—it will have to come out, bit by bit, in conversation, when we meet. Lancrigg is a delightful atmosphere, in every sense,—there is the combination of "plain living and high thinking," which Wordsworth groans over as departing from the upper English class. Sir John is extremely humourous, and makes every meal merry; and also discharges a great deal of information, on the company, in the midst. They made me feel entirely at home, and Lady R. arranged that I should have a great deal of time alone with Mary Taylor. It was a great privilege to me, for though she is not much older than I am, she is, every way, far better; and I have not, even among our own dear friends, been with any one whose sound judgment of right, combined with great sweetness, is more constantly brought to bear on every action of life. I wish thou could'st hear *her* read Greek, it is so exquisitely done. We came to dine at Dr. Davy's yesterday, and, in the evening, the Blackies came to tea. We had the wildest of songs from the excellent and eccentric professor. He sat close by the piano, while the music was played for him, and then, in a flash of time, shrieking out, "She's ower the Border and awa' wi' Jock o' Hazeldean," he darted across the room, and finished up with a great hurrah. And, when "Lang Syne" was played, at the chorus, he ran round, and made the somewhat stately company join hands and shake them up and down, instead of drinking —all highly comic. The Taylors were called back into Herefordshire to-day. I spend it with E. Head and the Crossfields; and mean to stay two hours with the Braithwaites, and three or four with E. Rimington, reaching Edinburgh at 11.50 to morrow. I have never had a pleasanter visit: it is the sort of thing that cannot be reproduced in a letter. I have a great deal to tell you at our next joyful meeting. I feel much obliged to you both for arranging this visit for me, and only wish you knew Mary, that you might sympathise entirely in the good that it is. Mrs. Arnold was most gracious to me, one day, at Lancrigg; her daughter, Mrs. Hiley, has a fine little son."

From A. D. R. to her Mother.

"HELEN COTTAGE, *30th June*, 1859.

MY DEAREST MOTHER,

"Shall I go back to my history? I had a pleasant day at J.

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Crossfield's—both exceedingly kind. Isaac Robson was there; and, next morning, I went to Burthwaite. Even, I never saw Langdale more beautiful—it was like a dream—the air among those hills is a feast to breathe, and nothing does me so much good. Tell Uncle Robert there is a charming field to be sold, near Grasmere, if he wants to sink a little money in land for Aunt A. to retire to! William Crewdson was on the coach. I had been forced to decline his wife's kind invitations. He was very attentive to me, and sent messages to you. A most benign and loveable face he has. Then, at Kendal, I had a few cheering words with Josiah and R. Foster; and another visit to the dear Braithwaites. Much talk with Anna B., and the reading of letters with her daughter. Dr. Livingstone's boat does not answer at all, and poor Mr. Moffat is living in hourly expectation of being killed by the Boers, who believe themselves called upon to extirpate the natives and their friends, just as the Israelites did with regard to the Canaanites. Isaac Braithwaite made many inquiries after James, and the dear baby whose portrait he saw. Three fine grandsons, two of them Rugby boys, walked to the train with me, and spoke highly of the present management of the school under Dr. Temple. A week or ten days ago, he had preached a sermon on the anniversary of Dr. Arnold's death, of which, Mrs. Arnold remarked, at Lancrigg, that, of all the tributes to her husband's memory, for seventeen years, none had been more beautiful or delightful to her than this. Lady R. talked to me, one day, of him, and said that she could scarcely convey in words the constrast she felt when, after having known the brilliant Edinburgh men, "among whom there was always a want," she came in contact with Dr. Arnold's "chivalrous Christianity,"—ready to help everything that needed helping, and able to consecrate whatever he touched to some purpose of lasting good. I must tell thee all the literary chat at leisure. Then I came to Penrith, and, from Penrith, I found I could come on by express, if I liked, and did so, getting in nicely at half-past ten; and I had—guess who—as my only companion all the way, Major Erskine, who lately came from India; and most agreeable and intelligent he was, insisting on talking to me. When I had heard much of his doings and plans, and quite a temporary friendship had been struck up, I could not help seeing who he *must* be, and asked; then there came talk of old times, with much interest. He had been to see his wife's relations, and was on his way to visit his "eccentric cousin, the Earl of Mar." His mother is wonderful in energy still, but spends most of it in working Altar cloths. Caroline is very happily married, and has grown into a portly lady. His own sons, one at Oxford, the other at Addiscombe. Everybody, he says, should read Polehampton's "Cawnpore." India is quiet again. Some hope of Sir J. Lawrence, as Governor-General—the whole sympathy of India and England would go with that appointment. Wretched set of Chaplains and Missionaries, with many noble exceptions, men too ignorant of life sent out. Disapproves of the unaggressive policy of the Queen, with regard to the Bible. Would baptise anybody who was willing, for the sake of breaking down caste; and would leave repentance to be proved by

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works after, and then make confirmation necessary, as a test of sincerity, before admitting to the full privileges of Church membership. I thought there was great sense in this. Major E. paid me every possible kind attention, and was useful at the station in helping me off. I came back to meet Carrie, with a thankful heart, and have never spent a week of greater interest and variety. A long letter came from Mary this morning,—just the kind I like best. I am so much obliged to you for helping me to have all this pleasure."

From A. D. R. to H. M. Wigham, from Helen Cottage.

"I want to write a mere note of love to thee, not to trench on that dear boy's claims. We don't hear a very great deal about you, but we trust that you are quite well and very happy. Thou art sure to be well and bright near thy hills. I saw them from the other side last week with the tenderest feelings of interest and affection; in fact, Great Gable made my old dimmed eyes stream with tears, and I was quite comforted to find that I had that fountain head of dear romance still not quite dried up. Thine goes out into those laughing cherub smiles, I fancy. Well, that is the right way, and by far the most blessed for a woman, and thou wilt make such a calm, wise mother! Thou wilt be glad that I had a most interesting and delightful visit to Lancrigg. They are such genuine people, with not a trace of poor conventions about them, and yet, very aristocratic in the right way, too—what I like! It is horrible to think of Rydal Mount let. No Wordsworth now, no Dr. Arnold, no Mrs. Fletcher! The land will have soon to live upon the fame of its great dead. And what a land it is; a land of hills and valleys; and that drinketh water of the rain of Heaven; a land the Lord our God careth for; the eyes of the Lord are upon it continually, from the beginning of the year until the end of the year. I always feel stronger for having seen it, and more worthy; but, dost thou think some work will come for me some day, some little work that shall bear the seal of Jesus? I suppose I must wait and trust.

"God bless thee, precious friend, and thy sweet son. Please say a little of the love I have to dear Cousin Mary."

The following gives an account of the long planned tour in the Highlands and to Aberdeen. Anna drove her favourite pony, Jessie:—

From A. D. R. to her Sister Caroline.

"Luss.

DEAREST CARRIE,

"My letters will be the poorest of the poor. I do get so tired. We had a most delightful journey, little Jessie doing her duty famously. I had forgotten Stirling, and was quite surprised by the

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amount of interest in it. To Aberfoyle was beautiful, too. On First Day we trudged across to the Trossachs Church, where we had the august company of the Prince of Wales,—a bonnie good-tempered looking fellow. He had Playfair and another gentleman with him, and as it was a heavy shower, all three set off and scampered like three school boys back to the inn. We were drenched going back; and Papa so much discouraged over mountain roads, that we gave up Inversnaid, and drove round by Balloch to this sweet place, where we are all very happy indeed. "Sancho" is very attractive, and goes out with me always, quite aware that I have not enjoyed much of his company of late. He is a noble dog and "wise-like brute," as the shepherds remark of him. The colours are so vivid, that if not much trouble to thee, I should be better with a bit of Carmine and Prussian blue out of my paint box; and, perhaps, when thou art in town, thou would'st kindly advance 2s. 6d. (or 1s. 3d. if a quarter cake can be had) for half a cake of *smalt*, it is a splendid blue, and none I have is intense enough. They would come in a little card box, I think, if well sealed up. I sat under a gorse bush and read the two first idylls to-day, in which I am, on the whole, disappointed—but of this more when we talk.

From A. D. R. to Edward Smith.

"36, RYE HILL, NEWCASTLE, *24th September*, 1859.

MY DEAR FRIEND, EDWARD SMITH,

"I wrote a mere note to thee at Brighton, expressive of my deep sympathy with you, and I was afraid to say more than this. But thy kind packet to Caroline this morning re-assures me. We drove the pony from Luss to Aberdeen; a noble drive, over some of the finest scenery in Scotland, and my delightful pioneering journey to the Highlands with you, of course, made it the best decision to go by way of Killin, Loch Tummel, and Killiecrankie, completely over the shoulder of Schiehallion, by an alpine route, which commands a perfect sea of mountain heads, as we saw them most etherial in the faint purple of a bright September day. If you ever go north again, I hope you will try to see the nine miles between Balmoral and Braemar. The Queen has got a very gem of mountain scenery to look out upon from her private western windows, and over the "middle distance" there is an unusual depth of colour yielded by the massive pine forests which stretch for miles up the hill-sides. We went to the parish church of Crathie, where the Royal household attended public worship in the same simplicity with which others came. One amusing incident happened at the end of an excellent sermon and the ordinary singing. A deacon went round to collect the pence—greatly elated, worthy soul, in handing his box to the royal pew, where bank notes and gold were put in. When he came to the pew just in front of me, filled with the daughters of a nobleman, he was naturally desirous not to thrust the end of the long handle into the Prince of Wales' face while endeavouring to introduce the front of the collecting-box to the said ladies. The manipulation was difficult; there was but a

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narrow passage between the two pews, and the door was awkward—too awkward for a man whose bump of vanity was the last one awakened, and down went the box at the feet of the young ladies, and himself on all fours after it. The pence and gold rolled promiscuously on the floor and the bank notes flew into the air, while the stately damsels (they were extremely handsome) helped the poor man to pick them up. The Queen went off into an agony of laughing, which she could only smother in her handkerchief. The Prince and the young people likewise, though they kindly stopped when the deacon had wit to look about him. Not a muscle of the minister's countenance moved; and, although, to be sure, the sense of the ludicrous is developed in proportion to the cultivation of the more dignified powers, the fine groups of Highland peasants copied *him*, and stood steady in the wholesome recollection of what they had come to church to do. I admired it. The high cheek bones, broad head, and mouth drawn downwards, all quite in keeping. At Aberdeen, we scarcely knew people enough to make it interesting. Sir J. Bowring, Sir D. Brewster, Sir R. Murchison, have faces which, at once, dispel any illusion which might have lingered round their names—each of them with a detestable mouth, sulky and egotistical. Yet Sir J. Bowring wrote: "When old Europe blazons proudly, &c." Papa suspects he takes opium, as he largely defended the trade in that article. So that Justice Inglewood's sally to Die Vernon, would apply to him with a slight change. "The fire of youth exhausted quite, Comes age like embers dry and white. Think of this when you take tobacco." I am almost sure of thy following an allusion to any novel, provided it is not very recent! But I beg pardon. I was greatly interested in the communications of the Abbé Moigno. He explained the phonautograph. Hast thou seen any account of it? He had a drawing, of which this is a rough remembrance. *(Here follow sketches and description).* They think a great deal may be done with the instrument when an alphabet is arranged for it, and this is soon to be accomplished. One point was obscure to me. Whether the speaker spoke with the mouth-piece or whether the sounds were collected there by a concave board round it. A new process of enamelling photographs was also shewn by the same lively little Frenchman. A new way of preserving milk, and many other things. I wish I had space to tell thee of them. In the Geographical section, we heard several admirable papers. I am sorry they were only poorly reported in the newspapers. It was very interesting to observe the iron sharpening iron in an intellectual way; and, indeed, the sight of the great men was the most valuable thing of the whole to me—from a want of knowledge in myself to gather more from what they said.

From A. D. R. to Miss Taylor.

"MRS. SHARP'S, 5, SUTTON PLACE, NEWINGTON,
EDINBURGH, 14*th October*, 1859.

MY DEAR MARY,

"I got five days' grace at home, because S. Rickman came down to see us, and, only arrived here this evening. But your letter came

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to me yesterday, to my great delight. I have not seen our dear old landlady yet, (whose ill health prevents us from having Helen Cottage again), to ask her what she meant by keeping it so long in the house. And, please, don't use those words, "scant and tardy," any more. The first is never true; and, as for the second, you are so very dear to me, that I believe it is quite wholesome for me to hear extremely little about you, and, at any rate, I will keep off the habit of *expecting* any letters at all. That is, after the photograph arrives, for which I feel very impatient, though I don't quite see how you can be standing in a picture of your own taking.

"How could you think I invented roots of things? I had learnt them, to help my own bad memory, out of Hooker, who, in his turn, I suppose, scrapes them up in Pliny, &c.; but I was glad to understand why Kingsley calls the lady in Yeast, "Argemone." I mean to send you a "Flora," after a while, on a loan of five years, and you will find a quantity of this sort of learning in it. I have been enquiring, all through the summer, of botanical people, for a sight of the Galingale, which you wanted to know; but could not hear of it anywhere, and was obliged to content myself with a hasty sketch, yesterday, from a poor plate of its head, in Sowerby. It is *very* rare: was found, in the middle of last century, in Somersetshire, and has been seen at St. David's and at Chelsea,—where *Mrs.* Baker promised to make the whole family of Collinsons hunt for it next July.

"I was very glad to hear of your expeditions. The Teme is a very classical river to me, because it figures in a book which I read a great deal when I was a little child, "Henry Milner and John Marten;" and I got hold of an old map of Herefordshire, in Speed, the other day, and much prefer the drawing of 200 years ago to ours,—there was Titley, and the hills drawn all around about it, in proper cones, with the roads running in between—I could almost see your walks. But Durham will never stand a comparison with Ludlow,—the trees are so cramped, and the whole landscape beset with collieries. It is grand though, too, and the smoke does for demons' wings getting off from the Cathedral.

"Yes, I got "Alexander Knox," and have not yet finished him; may I tell you when I have? I read the correspondence with Jebb, first, with great interest. Much of it was very new to me, and, with nearly all, I had great sympathy; but (you will not think I am cavilling) I thought it was worse than a mere imprudence of expression for Jebb to say that "He prays to be preserved from the simplicity of the Bible religion." That the wayfaring man, though a fool, shall not err in it, is to be sure no reason why people, who are no wayfarers, should be fools; but no man could, I think, taste wisdom, in the right way, and not feel willing to give it all up, if the choice lay between that and the wayfaring trust. It is this which makes the twenty-eighth of Ezekiel one of the most touching in the whole Bible, and which binds us to the writings of St. John. I could tell you better, in speaking, a good deal of what occured to me in reading the

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book. I often wanted to ask you a question, by the way, for you are "the one who loves and knows."

Farewell, dear Mary, very affectionately yours,

A. D. RICHARDSON."

"At Luss, we had several wet pic-nics, and Papa would have writing games played under the umbrellas. I tried the double acrostics four different ways, and I do not believe either of them was the right one; could you be so kind as to tell me over again?

"If photographs of the capitals, in the new Oxford Museum, come in your way, will you look carefully at them? There are three of them—the blue scabions, a pine, and a mixture of ferns—the most exquisite things I ever saw of their kind. They are taken by the Provost of Queen's College.

"I am now in a "flat,"—what I once thought an unendurable abomination,—but the rooms are pleasant, when we get in, and we can see Arthur's Seat, by looking slantwise out of the window. I hope you finished the very pleasant memoir of Fraser Tytler, which was begun at Lancrigg. You remember, in Johnston's "Chemistry of Common Life," there is an account of the Styrian girls making themselves grow fat by small doses of Arsenic. Well, a medical man came forward at Aberdeen, and said that this was a practical joke played off on Whiston; and, when the joker saw it in print, he was so frightened, he dared not say a word about it till poor Whiston was dead. It is as bad as the blind rat led about by a straw in its mouth, and a rat guide at each end."

From A. D. R. to her Father.

"5, SUTTON PLACE, 11*th November*, 1859.

MY DEAREST FATHER,

"I had a most interesting evening with Grandpapa alone last night. We read and discussed the excellent "Herald of Peace" for this month; and then got into a long talk, and I came more face to face with his mind than I ever did before,—it is a very finely moulded one, by nature, and he takes generous views of every fresh subject presented to it.

"I have been reading, quietly, in "Alexander Knox," in whom, with various protests put in here and there, I take great delight. I copy a passage for thee, which thou wilt like: "I must say there is "nothing of the kind I more wish for you, than close intimacy with the "Greek Testament." The Scotch novelist says of the Bible: "Within "this sacred volume lies the mystery of mysteries;" and, I would say, "that in the Greek Testament is the treasure of treasures. Precise "words are, in any case, of high value. There is a charm as well as a "satisfaction in them which makes felicity, in this respect, have all the "effect of eloquence. "A word spoken in season," says Solomon, "how "good it is!" He means this in a very different sense; but the "remark is true of every individual word which perfectly performs, at

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"once, its single and its relative duty, is luminous itself, and both gives "and receives light, by virtue of happy juxta position. If this remark "be just, it holds good, in no instance, so much as in the Greek Testa- "ment. In my judgment, this wonderful book is a permanent philo- "logical, as well as moral miracle; and, while to feel its moral force, so "as to be moulded thereby, is anticipated heaven—a paradise incom- "parably superior to that which Adam lost—its philological and "philosophical excellence are, I venture to assert, the richest entertain- "ment, as well as the happiest occupation, that can engage the mental "*αἰσθησις* of mortal man." This is very excellent, and agrees well with what Knox says, in another place, that, as under both the Jewish and Christian economy, tithes and alms of material wealth were to be given to God and to his poor, that the possession of the remainder might be sanctified; so, in the exercise of the intellect, a portion must be set apart to the direct study of Divine things, if the healthful action of the whole is to be secured. Just as Knox quotes Pythagoras, as proving that the first operation of philosophy is the *κάθαρσις*, and its consummate effect the *τελειότης* of human life; so, to support and expand this truth, he reminds us of John viii. 31, 32, (in the Hebraic order of the verses, which, I think, thou wilt admit, on reading them aloud, with a degree of rhythm):—

ἐὰν ὑμεῖς μείνητε ἐν τῷ λόγῳ ἐμῷ
ἀληθῶς μαθηταί μου ἐστέ
καὶ γνώσεσθε τὴν ἀλήθειαν
καὶ ἡ ἀλήθεια ἐλευθερώσει ὑμὰς

"I am astonished at the truth and beauty in Knox, and mean to make a careful comparison of him with Barclay; I believe they will not be found far apart. By the way, I met with, this morning, in reading Plato, (which I am now trying under Mr. Dunlop), as beautiful a *reason* for the absence of what we (perhaps, too hastily) call forms and ceremonies in worship, as any Friend could desire. It, also, rather amused me, in connection with a remark of P. McLaren's on Professor Blackie's statement that Plato and innate ideas were not palatable to the Scotch mind; "that accounts," she said, "for Friends having made no way in Scotland!" Well, if thou art not tired of quotations, here is the passage—Socrates has just said: "how, then, shall the soul grasp truth?"

λογίξεται δε γέ που τοτε κάλλιστα ὅταν μηδεν τούτων αὐτὴν παραλυπῇ, μήτε ἀκοὴ, μήτε ὄψις, μήτε ἀλγηδὼν μήτε τις ἡδονὴ ἀλλ ὅτι μάλιστα ἀυτὴ καθ' ἀυτὴν γίγνηται ἐῶσα χαίρειν τὸ σῶμα καὶ καθ' ὅσον δύναται μὴ κοινωνοῦσα ἀυτῷ μήδ' ἁπτομένη ὀρέγηται τοῦ ὄντος;

which may, perhaps, be translated:—"And, surely, (the soul) then reasons most beautifully when none of these (bodily) things perturb her, neither hearing, nor seeing, nor pain, nor any pleasure, but, as much as possible, she seeks an existence ("becomes" literally) by herself, letting alone the body, and, as much as possible, neither communicating with, nor touching it, she searches after that which is." And, that Socrates is perfectly aware that the soul cannot find Truth,

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unless Truth comes down to her, is proved afterwards by his saying, in speaking of the acquisition of truth and wisdom, when she holds communion with these:—*κτήσασθαι ἀλήθειαν τε καὶ φρόνησιν ὅταν κοινωνῇ.*

"This was extremely interesting to me, dearest Father, and I thought it would be to thee. Thou know'st, thou first taught me this delightful Greek, which is, to me, like a room filled with sunshine whenever I turn to it. Rather stubborn, though, in the learning of it, which costs me many a headache! and yet nothing in the way of culture repays so much, or so fast. G. W. and E. have just come in from Sir J. Bowring's lecture, who has made an egotistical and elaborate defence of his whole foreign policy,—with the morbid anxiety to justify himself, common in a man who knows he has done wrong."

From A. D. R. to Miss Taylor.

"5, SUTTON PLACE, *5th November*, 1859.

MY DEAR MARY,

"The curious thing was that I woke one morning, at Newcastle, with the conviction that a letter had arrived at Helen Cottage, so I charged an Edinburgh person to go and see, which she did, but not till five days after I asked it. What sort of faculty do you call this? The photographs came quite safely, and have given me great pleasure. The garden looks so very pleasant, and so does your view—all that I can see of it. How pretty that nestling cottage opposite must be, when there is a light in its window at night. The first thing I did was to apply a strong magnifier, with an eager, tremulous hope of seeing your face again, but, to my disgust, only the beautiful glistening crystals of the metallic surface came out, and no face whatever was visible below. However, the figures are a great satisfaction, and I look at them so much, that they ought soon to be mesmerised into getting up to walk. I showed them to Mrs. Bathgate one day. I see her sometimes now, and we have long talks over you "pure and heroic" people—modern Homerics, most deligetful to me. She was much gratified, and looked steadily at them; then, by that beneficent provision for the humility of the rising generation in which all nurses, aunts, family doctors, &c., can see *only* a degeneracy of the race, she said: "but Miss Taylor is not like her mother, (a slow reflective sigh), I don't think she can dance half so well." I was so glad it was not anything I cared about refuting!

"I can easily tell you why C. and I like white skies, or, at least, skies verging to white, on the horizon. It is the defect of a photograph, (irremediable?) that there is very little shade in the comparative degree, so to speak,—nearly all is superlative, and the lovely gradations of nature in half-lights and half-shadows are rarely rendered. The only time in which a real landscape loses them, too, is in early morning and late evening, and, at these times, every object is in shade against a brilliant sky. So that, if you must have one condition, it is rather wise to take the other, and produce an effect that *is* natural. A very hot day destroys the tender shadows, too,—but that

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is because the eye is dazzled by a glare of light; and I recollect first deciding in favour of white skies, by the beauty of some Egyptian photographs, in which one seemed to *feel* the heat. But I have small right to an opinion.

"Your reply to my question was quite satisfactory; the illustration was excellent. Knox draws a very similar one from Dugald Stewart. I rather wanted to ask you how you reconcile Knox and Dr. Arnold, for instance; but, perhaps, it is scarcely worth your while, as they agree perfectly in their conclusions, though differing widely in their premises; and, if the sterling value is the same, it is impossible to say who is the richer—a man who holds a sovereign, or one who has eight half-crowns, or another with twenty shillings.

"I sent you a report, the sober kernel only, of Professor Blackie's lecture, to which I was specially invited by himself; I firmly believe because his wife told him I had "some acquaintance with Miss Taylor," so I wish to acknowledge the obligation at head quarters. It was most amusing. About twenty ladies were asked to meet him in his own college room, where he was chatting with other gentlemen. Suddenly, Professor Fraser, said, "Aren't you afraid to take in all these ladies?" "Oh, no! I'm not, in the least, afraid of ladies;" and he dived into their group, stroking and patting them, one after the other, as if they had been so many tame beasts, When we got in, the roaring reception, squealed and shouted in every variety of Scotch guttural, from 200 students, was amazing—nothing had ever happened here like it before—it was renewed continually—for a series of minor comic propositions, illustrated in the style of "She's owre the border, and awa with Jock o' Hazeldean," ran alongside the solemn majors,—such as, "Every man is born under the star of Aristotle or of Plato; he can't help it. I was born under the star of Plato, therefore Plato and I *always* agree." "Every man has some eccentricity; but the eccentricities of great men are greater than the eccentricities of little men, because great men can do nothing little, and little men can do nothing great." (Immense cheering.) "There are wild women in the world; unlucky is the man who is chained to one—it is safer for him to believe it before he tries." I wonder what Mrs. Blackie would say to the converse of this; but he is an excellent man, with all his wildness, of whose good deeds one hears very often. So, thank you, I enjoyed the scene.

"I am so glad you don't despise the pony chaise for an exploration, —"just possible," was what you said three years ago. You don't know how I have schemed upon those two words, nor how pleasant it is to have the thought pass into a warmer and more hopeful region. In *practice*, I am entirely thankful and contented; but not quite in theory, for I must regret the reason why I may not ask for more. Will you listen to me seriously a moment? for it is one thing to pass a stern truth sleeping, and another to meet it face to face. I have always known perfectly that there is a "barrier," although I do not think I should see it, if you did not stand on the other side and say, "take care." I do take care, and you will say it is my blindness; but I cannot couch my own sight; and though, in a certain sense, I believe

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every thing you tell me, *because* you tell me, that belief does not always pass into a conviction. Not one of us, surely, *can* command our convictions—indeed, so much the contrary, that, perhaps, of all the discipline of a Christian's course, that blending of belief and trust which we call our "faith," makes the largest demands upon its own exercise. It is as though a graft were made upon a branch, by some Paul or Apollos—the assimilative power is supplied by the root alone, and if the branch grew upon the north-east side, the unerring instinct of the sap sent up, would disallow much expansion there. But would the gardener be wise to cut down that branch and its fellows, and graft them all on the luxuriant south side, instead of leaving them, poor as they might be, to shield the trunk to which the whole growth was bound? Or, if I may change the figure: supposing I knew some one who loved you as I love you, and you went away and left us to help a band of labourers on your ground, ought we to let a querulous vanity of the understanding over your directions to us, or even the warmest zeal to carry them out, lessen the fellowship which you had meant our common love to you to cement; if we did, the current of that love might flow on undisturbed, from one source and to one sea; but a hard binding frost would chain the surface, and all the life and cheering music of moving water would be gone. And, so, when those who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity, feel the differences of their position more than their union in Him, it seems as though it were placing the λατρεία beyond Him who owns it, the church above her living head. It is little less than terrible to me, to hear that you cannot be "in unity" with my Mother, for example. You are very right in a full "awakening to the glories of your inheritance," only wrong in your severity towards those who do not share them; and if you should ever be led to take a more benignant view of the circumstances in which it has pleased our Heavenly Father to place some of your fellow Christians, perhaps you will remember what you have now said, and speak to me afresh. Nothing could be kinder or juster, though, than the *manner* of saying it. I felt that most gratefully, and I had almost been brought to acquiesce in the slain feeling it gave me when the sonnets came, and I found the greatest comfort in the latter half of the second. You have followed the suggestion you quote from Origen, very beautifully. I think I like the first best *as* a sonnet, yet there is something of the sadness of evening light in the sky then, and, surely, the spot of ground is φωτεινός. I am much obliged to you for letting me see them. I may keep them, may I not? And, to go back, there *may* be a natural difference in the inward sight. If you are reading in the dark, it is not for me to say you read wrong, because the page is a dim grey cloud to me; and if I say a moving mass on a hillside is a shepherd, you have the advantage here, for you can, and do, use the perspective glass, which does for you more than my eyes can do for me. I cannot ask the daylight to wait for me, but I do ask you to speak to me oftener of what you see from the Delectable Mountains, and of what you read in a faint light, than of my own faint vision.

Most affectionately yours,

A. D. RICHARDSON."

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"I am still reading Knox; nothing else to speak of. I was so glad to find in him the reason of your interest in Russia and in the Greek Church, which, in my speculations over it in the summer, I had not quite fitted into its right niche.

"I forgot to say, in the right place, how much I liked your remark upon the "Corner Stone." Even before I read Knox, I had often been struck by the same thing; and, also, that *rise* in the epithets, from the first time Jacob uses the word "onwards," is very beautiful, as well as the connection of these with the second Psalm, into which they are made to fit, by the occasion of that Psalm's being written, (I. Chron., 17), and how suggestive verse tenth is with: "He that believeth shall not make haste." I also met, to-day, with this—Knox to G. Schoales, Esq., (on De Scalâ Claustrali)—"Now, what I have to say is, that whoever gets possession of the above described ladder, which, happily, is not that only of the cloister, (neither on this mountain, nor yet at Jerusalem, &c.,) and learns well how to use it, has, in this, the substance and essence of Jacob's ladder; and at every stage of his pilgrimage through this world has, from this possession, a real portion of that comfort and support in his serious, settled reflections and feelings, which the Patriarch felt in his ecstatic vision."

From A. D. R. to Miss Taylor.

"5, SUTTON PLACE, *the 20th.*

MY DEAR MARY,

"If you recollect, you said I might write to you when I liked; and, the reason why I want to do so now is to tell you that I saw two photographs which, I thought, might be useful to you, or, at least, to Mrs. Taylor for her drawings, and if you have no objection, perhaps you will keep them for that purpose. I have written the name of the artists at the back of one, that you may go and see their things the next time you are in Edinburgh. Ross promised me to shew them all to you; he is a delightful man in his way, for a Scotchman—very enthusiastic, and with a poet's eye. He lives in the suburbs of Edinburgh, and goes out only in the early summer mornings with his wet collodion apparatus, and with only the lovely weeds we neglect to work upon, he has got dozens of the most charming pictures. I thought the fox glove stump quite a masterpiece, from the good perspective of the leaves and their retiring shadows; and the veining of the coltsfoot is not less remarkable. There were some grand weed pictures, too, nettles, ferns, and grass, but much too large to send by post. I have not heard anything particular about the progress of the art; but there was a very characteristic paper connected with the subject in the November number of *Macmillan's Magazine*, if it should come across you, from my brother's lamented master, Dr. Wilson. His death has been a grievous blight upon us—he was so very good and kind.

"With a real sorrow to part with them, I took back Knox's volumes to the Advocates' Library, the other day. I found, on condensing from them, that there was a good deal of repetition; but how very

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beautiful and excellent the writing is. One may well say with hearty satisfaction: "Ah oui je connais ce beau génie." I did not remember while I was reading him how exactly his argument on the word "justify" is the same as that of Barclay in the Apology, but have been struck with it since. And yet, though all that Knox does say is so true, I thought, throughout the book, that he left unsaid two things—if I may say so with the greatest reverence for what they are. One, that in almost setting aside the atonement of the Saviour as once for all received, and a "first principle" only, he scarcely seems to remember how we are compelled in our own lives to notice that every transgression of the moral law is followed by its unswerving penalty, a penalty that *must* come in spite of our being fully persuaded that the transgression is forgiven, and that so, a timid Christian, or one much struck down with sorrow, might find the filial bond within stretched sometimes, almost to the yielding point, if it were not for the strong assurance which that outward sacrifice affords, that the penalty for the sum of all these transgressions is for ever set aside, an assurance which can hardly fail to refresh us every time we say: "We have done those things we ought not to have done, and have left undone the things we ought to have done." The other is, that in insisting so strongly upon the gradual redemption from evil within, Knox does not bring to full prominence the safeguard provided against self-consciousness, in diligent attention to that work, by its being, not only the good and perfect gift from above, but as having, for its aim, to draw our love altogether out of ourselves to a personal Saviour. I was exceedingly interested by the criticism on the Greek text dispersed through the Essays. A good deal of it had occurred to me, more or less completely, last winter, when I was reading the Testament very carefully, and it is natural this coincidence should be a pleasure, because it proves that the very humblest efforts at study bear some little fruit; though, indeed, almost every Greek word has a treasure within its own special casket. How beautiful all the family from φῶς are, from φωτεινός and its terrible opposite, for which we have no equivalent, σκοτεινός giving out darkness; the letters might almost be twisted into a crown for Satan, down to φωστῆρες in Philippians, only lights so far as they are openings for light to enter by.

"Prof. Blackie is very kind to me. I get a pleasant little nod now and then, and a "well, how's Plato?" as though I had the latest news of a mutual friend. He lent me, not long ago, Whewell's translations, which the author had just sent to him. They are admirable, so far as one can judge by their force and readableness. All the beating about the bush in chasing a stray truth gathered up into a sentence or two, and the salient points alone brought forward.

"I am reading the Phaedo just now, with untold delight; also, Philoctetes, which was, and indeed is, rather tight work, from its constant terseness; and dear old joyous Homer, of course; and I have just finished the Somnium Scipionis, for I was pleased, at the outset, with Masinissa's saying of Scipio: "cujus ego nomine ipso recreor."

"Lady Richardson has spoken of you in her notes, sometimes lately, and so I felt it * *. The mists about Arthur's Seat have been

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wild and weird-like in their surprising beauty, and King James's jingling bells, as they are in the city, sound up there, among the crags and the echoes, with a curious, softened tone. I go almost every afternoon to hear them, and am half-afraid of growing too much enamoured of a student's life; but, to our great joy, we have leave to go home, for a fortnight, on Thursday, and I shall have all my pet arguments minced fine before my very eyes, and all the book dust rubbed away. I mean to ride Minnie a great deal—that is Papa's horse and my fast friend; a glorious creature. Her leaping is as much like flying as anything we heavy-bodied mortals need hope to attain to; and, by the way, I am going to take with me a handsome bridle which my brother gave me three years ago, and which, since we left Beech Grove, I have stored by for your use in a box, lest everything else should get shabby. It has a delicate double rein just suited for your hand, and I wanted to see you and Minnie together—loving you both as I do. Don't be angry at being classed with a horse! But, though that hope is quite buried, and I will never attempt to resuscitate it, you will let me speak of the "travel by the mile," won't you, as the spring comes on? I hope you will have cheering weather and events this pleasant Christmas. I can see you in your garden, thanks to the photograph; and far oftener than every hour I feel as though sunshine had fallen on me, when I think of all the happiness I owe to you, and it rolls up like a snowball as I think! I know you would like the blessing to fall on a worthier head, but it is not like Isaac's, and no one need miss it because I get it.

Very affectionately yours,

A. D. RICHARDSON."

From A. D R. to her Sister Caroline.

"5, SUTTON PLACE.

MY DEAREST CARRIE,

"How very kind it was of thee to send me Keble! too kind, for I might have borne the starvation quite well; however, it is a great pleasure to have it again, for there is a charm in the hymns, and in their sweet recurrence every Sunday, which none other ever have for me. Thank thee, many, many times; how I wish I could seal it by a kiss! I am so glad you liked Blackie's lecture. He *is* a good man, and true to the bottom, I believe. He went to hear Martineau, at Aberdeen, and laughed at all the orthodox savants for turning their backs upon him. Mrs. B. has lent me "Clerical Scenes" to read. And I am busy with the Professor's book on "Beauty,"—how very good it is. Also with sublime, curious, most deeply interesting, and sometimes mistaken, Knox; how I wish thou could'st enjoy the book, too. I am rather overwhelmed with the fresh difficulties of Greek, and feel weary, and my eyes sore. I find I have no stable acquaintance with the language. Mr. D. has just been here, for the first time —kind, enthusiastic, and most zealous for my progress; but I must take care not to "cram" too much. The interest of the world is a

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perfect whirl—how can any one think life flat? and, oh, how we need a hand to stimulate and restrain. Dr. Arnold on excitement; dost thou remember, it is rarely out of my mind now.

"Please, if thou seest E. Hodgkin, and you go, one of these bright days, to Durham, tell her I often think of the Ryton and Newburn sketches, and of the gracious hostess who shewed them; but what nearly made me cry, was the tree—"dear old tree, and dear old Bella." *Dear* old Carrie, how I do long for thee—I dare not confess how much."

"*6th Day.*

"If Knox is in Tomlinson's library,* I should much like to think of thee as reading it, and reading bits to Papa; by the way, his last letter was queer, half-sarcastic, yet thank the dear good man for it, nevertheless. No, dearest C., I have made up my mind not to come home at Christmas; it is not worth while to give Mamma all the fash, and she said so. Thou wilt come here in the bonnie spring, and we will botanise together. My own darling, I don't like to think how far off that is. I am not quite so well this winter as last; more easily tired. I think often of Grandpapa's scheme, but as distant still; and that, perhaps, I am not fitted to undertake the blessed work of helping forward a new path for unmarried women—the one class with whom my sympathies are deepest. At present, I am finding daily wisdom in Plato, and find Sophocles getting easier; the interchange of expression between Socrates and our Lord and Saviour is most remarkable and interesting. He *does* live, dearest Carrie, to perform every office still, under which he is set forth to us, ὁ λόγος in a variety of ways. All things are bound together in Him, the energizing word, and, in *reason*, as accepted by men, because of the first, and, in outward words, again in consequence of this; for that there is both *a* λόγος and the providential keeping and guard of *the* λογος in *all* λόγους (words) philology is constantly shewing. I don't know if I am clear; yet, supposing we are out on the hills and find the bog asphodel. Well, it was a larger species of this νάρθηξ a hollow wand, in which Prometheus, as was said, caught the fire, hence the proverb—"ναρθηκοφόροι μέν πολλοί Βάκχοι δέ τε παῦροι"—there are many torch bearers, but few inspired—*i.e.* into whom the fire enters. Well, Socrates applies this most exquisitely to those who cultivate the inner communion with truth; and how strikingly it is, as it were, the very utterance of our Saviour: "Many are called, but few chosen." Now, there is a *reason* that learned men should have called that plant, narthex, that it should grow on English Hills, and not alone on Greek, because Jesus Christ is himself present, Lord over all, and vitalising essence in all, to make "all work together for good to those who love Him."

"We are a nice orderly little family! and quite smooth and happy together, with no blessing wanting, except, perhaps, that of seeing and talking to your dear people. Yet, I know, my love is intensified by absence. I had a charming visit to dear Ina, and it is delightful to

* A fine old Library attached to St. Nicholas Church in Newcastle.

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find our old love just the same, though we have become so different. The baby is a treasure, and a near bond between us. The one longing of Ina's heart seems to be to shew it to Mamma, of whom she can scarcely speak without tears. Tell her this, please. I have a nice correspondence with wise, self-possessed, and good Lady Richardson. Yes; she read the Maine Law Tracts, and hoped the movement might be a great one, as it certainly was most important. From Mary, too, her own *real* letters; also, the other day, some photographs, and two sonnets, with an exquisite sweetness and poetry of thought about them, as everything of hers must always have; but, in the last extremity of High Churchism. I told her she was very wrong in her rigid views towards dissenters, and am half afraid of an explosion in consequence!

"Dearest Carrie, I am so glad and thankful I have thee to sympathise with me in this stimulating friendship with her. She is *very* highly gifted, as I hope thou wilt know some day. Deep in modern Greek at present.

"Poor Professor Blackie quite gasped at her name. Miss Taylor! is *she* in Edinburgh! Farewell, my own best friend and sister, dear, unspeakably, through joy and tribulation, as none other ever can be. Farewell, darling.

Thine,

A. D. R."

From A. D. R. to H. M. Wigham.

"5, SUTTON PLACE.

DEAREST H. M.,

"I trust dear Grandpapa is a little better to-day, and so feel more at ease to write on other topics, which I only abstained from doing, because I knew thou hast lately had a crowd of interests and occupations. Besides, if you come across next week, (oh, most delightful!) thou wilt need a little etymology to meditate upon lying in thy berth between the fits of sea sickness. So, here it is. I like Sullivan on Cumberland and Westmoreland better, on the whole, than R. Ferguson, though he is an enthusiast in Norse more to my mind probably. He begins by a nice little disquisition on the meaning hid in words generally, (which such as thou and I don't need!) and reminds us that Europe is from a Tyrian word meaning vespera,—perhaps, I like ἐὐρύς and ωψ better,—the broad face of our delicious earth. I must give thee what I gathered pell mell. He says the first colonists in Ireland were the people of Connaught, who came straight from the continent—(Gaulic Celts?) The Shannon (Senus) in the east, and the name of the people Senones on the west, proves that they were a portion of the tribe that dwelt about the Seguana (Seine) in Gaul; and who, at a later period, invaded Italy under Brennus (*i.e.* a mountain torrent, c.f. "burn"). I was delighted to find the Shannon thus first cousin to the Seine. In ancient Irish history mention is made of the Tuadha de Danau, the *Tuads* of Denmark. From this tribe the Germans received their names Teutones, and they have given

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their name to the river Tweed. The Tuads arrived at the Tweed from the south of Denmark; the northern part of the tribe would, in like manner, strike across to Aberdeenshire, and thus give to that part of the country the name of Albion,—Alba, the hill country, (the derivation from Albus—white cliffs, &c.—is a later invention). This probably took place in the sixth century before Christ. Whatever may have been the amount of Tartar and Iberian mixture, all distinctions finally merged into the two Celtic divisions—Hiberno Celtic and Cambro Celtic. Colonists came into the Cumberland district, from the north, about four centuries B.C. The Hiberno Celts entered, and doubtless erected, Long Meg and her daughters, Great Dun Fell, Crowdundle, and Knock Pike, belong to this people. Another colony may be traced along the coast, and another in the centre. A very important settlement was at Blencowe. The name *Ray, wreay*, WRAY, (*Hib. Cel. reidh* an opening in a wood, a glade, c.f. *Raleigh*,—glades and meadow lands, oh, glorious Sir Walter!) is indicative of the first colonisation. A pastoral and hunting people, they lived in the hills to avoid the pestilence of the lower marshy grounds,—hence, traces of the plough high upon our hills. Among their names left are the following, (I don't give thee all, I have only specimens), Amboglanna, *H.C., amuich gleanna*, the place at the outlets of the glen, *i.e.* Ambleside. The Roman derivation was "amabilis situs," yes, truly. Baily, *H.C.*,* *baile* the town; Scottish also, and frequent in late Irish names of places. Blencairn, *H.C., blein* a tongue of land, *cairn* of the burial place. Blencowe, *H.C., blein* and *cogath* the place for war. Britain, *H.C., breath* judgment—the country governed by judges—a name given by the Gauls. Brough, *H.C., burgh* a fortification. Catterlen, *H.C., ceathair* the quadrangle or fort. *Leana* of the marsh, c.f. Lane End. Celt, *H.C., ceil* to cover, clothed, c.f. *Kilt.* Croglin, *H.C., carraig* the rock, *linne* of the water. Crowdundle, *H.C., corroch* a march, *dun* the foot, c.f. Curragh and *Crewe.* Culgarth, *H.C., cul* the back, *guirt* of the garden or open country, c.f. the French cul-de-sac. Cultram, *H.C., cealtrach*, a church. Cumberland, *H.C., cumár* a confluence or valley, *cumarach* abounding in hills, c.f. Cummeragh mountains in Ireland. Dundraw, *H.C., dun* the hill, *darach* of the oak, c.f. Dunderrow, druid, drus. Dumsmail, *dum*, and *maolin* the hill of the beacon. Esk, *H.C., uisge* water, c.f. Exe, Axe. Glencoin, *H.C., glean* the valley, *caine*, of tribute. Hartlow, *H.C., avid* the country, *locha* of the lake. Kent, cant, &c., *H.C., cent* promontory. Kilridding, *H.C., cill* the church, *rhyd* ford—church at the ford. Knock, *H.C., cnoc* a hill, c.f. Kilnoch. Morecambe, *H.C., more* great, *cam* bend—the great bay. Ulleswater, *H.C., uille* the elbow—name given to the upper part as pool to the lower; *water* a later addition. Beroda, *H.C., uidhe* a road, *ruadh* ud—the great Roman road that passed north, through the forest, most likely paved with udstone. Further north it was called *loatling, H.C., uidhe loana* the road of the marsh or river side,—preserved in Tarn *wadling.* So much for the Hiberno Celts.

* H.C.—Hiberno Celtic.
C.C.—Cambro Celtic.
c.f.—"comes from this."

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"Now the Cambro Celts. They migrated from Gaul, and landed on the south and south-west of Britain, passed along Cornwall and Wales. Liverpool and Lancaster are of their foundation. Lowther, Leven, Penrith, are their names, with many others given below. Their fixture in the north was probably about 200 years after the Hiberno Celts. Coombs, *Celt Cam.*, *cromp* a circle. (N.B.—This word abounds in the south of England where these people landed.) Corney, *C.C.*, *corn* a horn. Cumrew, *C.C.*, *cymru* the people of the hills of Cimbri, cimmerioi, (Greek), Lanercost, *C.C.*, *llan* a church—the church land—*llan*, *llanorch*, meant first a glade in the forest, (c.f. the branch theory of Gothic architecture and the first British temples —a delightful idea, *A. D. R.*) Leven, *C.C.*, *llefn* smooth, c.f. *level.* Nan, (*nan bield*) *C.C.*, *nant* a glen. Penrith, *C.C.*, *pen* a hill, *rhudd* red.

"Please get these two well into thy mind, and then I hope to proceed with the Danes, Angles, Romans, and Scots, who have all left their impress on our Lake country; also the true Norsemen, but I have no more time to-day. Grandpapa has had a better night. Cousin H. should read an article, in those somewhat crude but dashing miscellanies, of Kingsley's, on the London Water Supply. A kiss to the dear little fellow. In haste.

Thine,

A. D. R."

The foregoing letter was addressed to Benrhydding, and reminds me that some wiseacre there, set up a theory that the name indicated that the Picts had once got as far south as the Valley of the Wharfe. This theory was received with much favour by the inmates of the establishment. Dr. McLeod when appealed to, however, explained that, when the house was built, and he was seeking for a name, he referred to the title deeds, and found that the land was there called the *Bean field* or *riding*, and so it was called *Bean riding*, but written *Benrhydding!*

From A. D. R. to Kate O'Brien.

5, SUTTON PLACE, EDINBURGH, *January 17th*, 1860.

MY DEAR KATE,

"Your beautiful slippers have arrived, and I am greatly delighted with them. What a long, long time it must have taken your dear tiny fingers to put in all those delicate stitches! In fact, I feel so great a value for each individual stitch, that I hardly like to condemn them all to contact with the floor; but I suppose that was what your kind industrious heart intended, and so I shall send them to the shoemaker to be made up.

"Darling Katie! how very good it was of you to work on and on for me in this way! I think you must often have felt tired; "sick of

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it," as we used to say in our youth; indeed, I quite well remember the time when I so disliked sitting still to sew more than half-an-hour at a time, that Papa promised me a watch when I had made six shirts for him—so that was quite a large bait to a greedy little fish like me; and I set to work, and in about three years—think of it, some of the poor slopwomen make a shirt in a day, and only get eightpence. I finished the task, and won the watch which Emmie now wears every day, at school, to keep her punctual to her classes. She enjoys them very much, and is pretty often dux.

"Well, dear Kate, I cannot praise the slippers too much, but do you know I can hardly conscientiously praise your writing to the same degree. (Don't look sarcastic now, and say: "Really, Anna, you write so badly yourself, you have no business to criticise anybody else, for people who live in glass houses should never throw stones.") What has given you the fancy to write such a majestic large hand, so that when I saw the sheet covered on four pages, I said to myself: "Well, here is a good long letter from Kate, at last," and behold, when I came to read it, it all went into two or three sentences. If I had had it in time, I should have written to you for your birthday. You have now entered that important time of life, the "teens," and can be called "my little pet Kate" no more; and dear Constance is travelling fast after you in the same path, and little Fanny, too; and, I am far ahead of you all in years, but able to look back and understand your pleasures, and to assure you that the path of life, though it is sometimes a trying one, is full of light and interest, *if only* it is trodden in as our Holy Redeemer showed us it ought to be. Perhaps you can hardly understand this fully now, but you will do so one day.

"And now, you must "rub up the links of friendship," as the Indians say, and write to me now and then, and I do hope this year, 1860, may have in store a meeting for us somewhere.

Your very affectionate friend,

A. D. RICHARDSON."

From A. D. R. to Edward Smith.

5, SUTTON PLACE, *Saturday Evening,*
February, 1860.

MY DEAR FRIEND, EDWARD SMITH,

"I trust Jane Smith is safely at home now. How she will enjoy your flowers after the arid streets and sea shore of Brighton. I was down at the Botanic Gardens to-day. There are some lovely little annuals raised in the hot-houses; also several shrub plants that remind me of Fir Vale, where I first learnt their names. We got three sweet violets out on the hills yesterday, the only ones I have seen this year yet. It was at Bonally; dost thou remember? The place is improving every year under the hero of the bolts and locks. Thy letter interested me very much. Yes, thou art right about the endowments of our Poor Law, most certainly; only is it not rather new for thee on *other* than the Conversative side in our internal politics. I

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beg pardon if I am impertinent. I was particularly glad to hear thee use the word "parliament," because it is a "witness" to the *union* of Church and State held up by our body. (In England, at large, it is an *alliance* only). But, with us, every act of the State is an act of the Church, and *vice versa*; and thus, whether we choose always to recognise it or not, we yield our testimony in practice, that the kingdom of Christ *is* come and its government incumbent upon us, as set forth so admirably in the Yearly Meeting's Address on War. Papa told me to tell thee, with regard to its insertion in the *North British Advertiser*, that this paper has a double circulation of 15,000, *(i.e.,)* it is sent round to the Edinburgh people, then collected, and sent out again to the country. Every Member of Parliament gets a copy. But, with regard to what is generally called the Union of the Church of England with the State, it tries me very much that Grandpapa will subscribe to a society, the express object of which is to pull it down. What a ruin it would be! Happily, it is far too strong for all their efforts; but what a rash destruction of so much that is very excellent. Surely, it is *far* better than the wretched voluntary system, where the poor "one man" minister is so tongue-tied to his wealthier attenders, that he hardly dare tell them the truth. And we, who take by far the highest ground end by having no minister at all! I have not spoken to thee of John Rowntree's essay, nor of all my dissatisfaction with it. Perhaps I had better not. Speaking of ministers; did I tell thee there was a young Independent preacher, at N. C., *very* anxious to hear Bevan Braithwaite, because he had been so impressed with the visit of J. B. B. with thee to the Rotherham College? I was delighted to see your subscriptions to the Peace Fund. In that cause, and in the Maine Law, I think, I take a warmer interest than in any other "philanthropy." I am going to send thee, next week, two pamphlets, of which I hope you will do me the favour to read the *marked* passages. I think they will interest thee very much. It relates to a most noble work. Archdeacon McKenzie is an excellent man. No one could listen to him without trusting him as a right instrument; and many of us would be very glad if a few friends could go out to shew those poor cotton growers what Christian TRADERS are. I believe Thomas Pumphrey has some thoughts of introducing the mission question at the Y. M., where I hope it will receive all the attention it demands. The Society of Friends and the Church of England are alike in this, (and to a certain extent, differ similarly from Calvinists and other dissenters) that Christianity with us and the Church of England, does not mean, firstly, an intellectual system, yielding certain fruits in proportion to the clearness of assent, and *then* a reward of communion with the Father of Spirits, but our faith is *first* in that communion (so it is throughout the book of Common Prayer) fuller and fuller in proportion to our obedience, and *then* the knowledge of the doctrine which is granted to him who is willing to do the will of God. Thus the *moral suasion* is the thing in the one case, (as with W. Penn and the Indians), in the other, the bewildered heathen may often ask *why* a belief in our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ is better than a belief in any other God. I don't know whether I succeed in

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making my meaning clear. It is difficult to do so, but I discern an important practical distinction, which thou wilt think out for thyself abundantly better than I can do. If the pamphlets have no name on them, they are thine. But they are scarce, and I may be compelled to send thee my copies, which I shall have to beg thee to return. I know thou hast no bonds with the English Church, but thou art too candid and generous not to confess a real good wherever it comes from. We all have our treasure in earthen vessels! I have lately made a very interesting acquaintance with Mr. Keith Johnston (the author of the beautiful Physical Atlas thou art familiar with.) He tells me that Dr. Livingston, in copious letters to his brother, Sir Wm. Johnston, is very desirous that whatever is done in closing the Shiré River, should be done with the *utmost discretion*, lest we should, by any means, awaken the jealousy of our ancient allies, the Portuguese, who have planted their flag down that part of the African Coast. Thou would'st read in the papers Dr. L.'s difficulty with his nut-shell of a steamboat. Hast thou heard that Johnnie is now fairly established in the iron ship line? J. Wigham Richardson & Co., Newcastle-upon-Tyne. Please, speak a good word for the Firm on occasion! I thought of asking thee, if it is not too much trouble, whether thou wilt tell me what thou considers the best way for a little orphan boy without capital to get on? There is one I am much interested in, an Italian, very clever, and knowing the languages. In a merchant's or broker's office, the pay is so very small. I thought of the International Telegraph Company. At the Central Office, they send and take messages in foreign languages without translating, and it would be better for my boy to live in London, because the only relation he has is an Aunt, who lives there. The upper employés get forty-six shillings a-week. I wonder if it takes *very* long to rise to this. But please, understand I don't want to "bother" thee for advice (excuse a slang word for the sake of our dear north country to which it belongs.) I walked ten miles yesterday and nine to-day, and am rather tired, now that it is late.

With my most affectionate respect, I am always,

Thine gratefully,

A. D. R."

From A. D. R. to her Sister Caroline.

"*28th April*, 1860.

DEAREST CARRIE,

"Thanks for thy dear letter. I will keep on the look out upon houses. I am greatly relieved to hear of Uncle George's improvement,—dear old man, and true Quaker, we can't spare him yet. I sent thee two pamphlets and a paper this morning, which, please, read. And wilt thou thank Papa for the most interesting "Alliance" paper? J. Thorp's speech to Gladstone was excellent; but I read the whole paper with great pleasure, if there is any more about this licensing bill, may I see the next number? I sent it on to William Dixon. Colonel Edwarde's speech I did not like, it is quite the

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Anglo-Indian view of affairs there. I have begun G. Sharp on the Greek article, which looks very valuable. I have in hand, too, Jebb's "Sacred Literature," which I wish thou would'st get from J. Fenwick, or the library: it would interest thee extremely many ways.

"Mr. John Nichol has very kindly, this morning, sent me, as a present, his book, "Fragments of Criticism," printed for private circulation. It looks very interesting, and immensely learned. Mr. J. McLaren, too, kindly brought me some more books from the Advocate's library, the other night, so I am kept in a somewhat crammed state of reading by the benevolence of my friends. I have finished Philoctetes. Hercules comes in, at last, as deliverer; the likeness of his words to the *spirit* of our Saviour's life in human flesh is most remarkable. Surely the ancients had, in this hero-god, a glimmer of the true Messiah.

"I enjoyed the visit to the Infirmary very much, the people were so sociable, and I always like the Scotch *poor*.

"Dear Mother's tract has become very precious to me since she left; but, if you fall in with any vigorous good writing for the *men*, will you acquaint me with it? There are sometimes things in *Macmillan, B. W.'s Journal*, and *Once-a-Week*, quite suitable; but it should always, or generally, have something to do with the affairs of the day.

"The Mothers' Meeting was also very satisfactory. The next we shall manage in better order. A good many came. I like so much to have *some* work of this kind.

"But, dear C., I must have a long talk with thee. If we went to Roslin again for the preachings, after G. goes, would thou come for a week or ten days? Four months is dreary to think of. I don't know whether we had better turn out into the country, for a few days, then, or not, and should like parental opinions. It is, perhaps, rather long for E. to go on till August with no change; and it was the pony's presence that made it seem dear last time. The Fast Day is this day month.

"As for the great future—great to us little worms—I can't say a studious, contemplative, rather than a studious active life, suits my *body* best, and the reverse my heart, but "fagging about" knocks me up, and I don't think I could stand night attendance on any one. Hence, the thought of Hebrew is more captivating than that of medicine. But, if it were for a means of livelihood in a wider sphere abroad, I might try it. But thou know'st I have an old ambitious spirit to watch against, besides the prompting of Joe's gadfly; and I could do good, with what I have already gained, in a quiet, humble way, anywhere. Who made me to differ, that I should do more than this? I wish to take the strait path, even though it be narrow. But work I must, and thou, too, precious!

From A. D. R. to her Mother.

"LEINSTER ROAD, DUBLIN, *Tuesday.*

MY DEAREST MOTHER,

"I have told Lizzie a little of our doings, and she will send the

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letter round, so that I need not repeat. It is a great privilege to meet so many excellent people; and the genuine sincerity of Friends is such a pleasant base to one's intercourse with them; a little brusquerie may well be forgiven for the sake of that. I do like my own people! I had a good deal of conversation yesterday, with a very nice benevolent man, Thomas Harvey, of Waterford. He greatly agrees with me, and I with him. He thinks a distrust of the war system and its awful expense is spreading through the nation in spite of itself; and thinks our Society ought to be tenfold more active than it is, in laying down its interpretation of the Sermon on the Mount, upon which, as thou so truly says, every lesser principle can only act as a part of the superstructure. He thought young Friends ought to be taught these views more. At Birmingham, they have had a young man on their books for having joined a Rifle Corps, and a CLERGYMAN actually came round to persuade S. Lloyd's sons to join!

"William Peet told me a great deal about your visit long ago, and how "enthusiastic, active, and stocked with information," Grandpapa then was. H. M. W. was amusing us, this morning, with stories of his "frightful independence," and refusal to accept any favour, however slight, without somehow sending a return-a hundredfold! The poor Wighams: it is no other wonder they are all so poor, with their enormous pride and their enormous benevolence! Was it not Grandpapa who *first* interested other gentlemen in G. Bidder, and subscribed himself for his education? Tell me the story I forget. And G. B. was a Cornish boy, was he not? Well, I wish thou would read Lady Richardson's little note enclosed. I have no doubt she *can*, as I suggested, get at a director of the Telegraph Company, which was Dr. Adriani's excellent idea, given to me, for Luigi; but if she *can't*, dost thou think thou could'st, in thy nice way, write a little sketch of Luigi, and send it to Bidder, who is one of the chief directors? It is a case so like his own. And as all that is wanted is to put L.'s name down for the first vacancy, it isn't *much* of a favour, proud as we are. Neither is it for ourselves, only I expect Bidder is swamped with similar applications."

Anna used to tell an anecdote about the subscriptions of her Grandfather to charitable objects. One day a gentleman called to tell him how a certain society was getting on, and concluded by saying: "Now, "do not think, Mr. Wigham, that I am going to tease you about your "subscription. I know that circumstances with you are changed." The good old man turned away his face, and then looking up, with a tear in his eye, he said: "No! I will give thee my mite. It is only "the pride of the old Adam which makes John Wigham shrink from "seeing five shillings opposite his name, where there used to stand "twenty pounds!"

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"LEINSTER ROAD, DUBLIN, *Thursday.*

"I went out to Meeting yesterday, (as I felt, and still feel, a great deal better), and a very interesting one it was. John Ford spoke very nicely, although, by no means, in the old Quaker manner; it would be better if he could maintain his body quiet. J. Clark spoke at length; and William Matthews most admirably, not one word too much or out of place. One saying of his is worthy to be remembered: "The foundation stone on which we build is surely broad enough and strong enough to sustain *every* section of the Church in peace." Isaac Brown gave an excellent and solemn sermon at the close of the Meeting. He has taken large part in the discussions of the Men's Meeting. John R. W. says he has never attended any so interesting. The subject of education has been largely reviewed; also the "peculiarities," and advice given on reading. J. Brown thinks the "French Mystics," though very valuable to advanced Christians, not likely to prove a useful study to young ones. The conservative element in the Meeting seem to be deeply grieved at what falls from the Yorkshire Friends. Ann Gardiner wears a settled look of distress —poor woman, I feel very much for her. She has had several large Public Meetings, in the North of Ireland, among the "Revivalists," Roman Catholics, and Unitarians, present in large numbers; and she has been led, I am told, to set forth the Christian faith in a most lucid and comprehensive manner. I dined very pleasantly at Sandford, and sat by the beautiful M. Bewley. It was pleasant to be again in a spacious Friend's house, set all round with delicious flowers, and a smiling garden and fields. I had most amusing attentions paid me, because I was the only English Friend present, and the Irish appear to look to us exceedingly! To-day, we are going to Meeting again. To-morrow, is a Meeting for worship; in the evening, 130 young Friends are to meet J. Brown, and J. Ford, at Capel Street, on a concern of the latter's. Seventh Day, I go, if all's well, to Dr. Fisher's to tea. First Day, at John's, at Monkstown, where I hope to meet W. H. Harvey. Second Day, the Dargle; evening, J. Ford's paper on "Sacrifice." Third Day evening, J. Ford's second paper. Fourth Day, G. Pumphrey's paper on "J. Sturge." A tolerable weekful of engagements. The cold wind and hot sun continue. Most people are glad of dry weather for the Y.M., though rain is greatly wanted for the country. I am so glad to hear of *many* Friends becoming farmers again. Dairy farms pay well in Ireland."

"*A few Days later.*

"We had a delightful time at Kilnock. It is a very large old-fashioned long house, about seven miles from Carlow, surrounded by ancient trees, a rookery and a heronry, and by old farm buildings. It stands on an estate of about 1000 acres, managed chiefly by G. M. J. Lecky herself, with a steward under her. On one side of a great plain, there are the Down Mountains; on another, the Wicklow Mountains; and, on a third, the fine Leinster Mountain, as it is called, making a fine view from the garden. It is complete country—every-

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thing fresh and delicious, and no sounds, but songs from the innumerable birds, and lowings from a fine stock of cattle. I opened my window wide, in the early morning, and two swallows flew in quite at home. The bonnie little things flitted about, and then went out again; and every living creature on the place looks perfectly happy. There are several horses, and three nice Norway ponies, one of which, a most rapid runner, I drove into Carlow as we came home,—a great treat to me. Grandpapa would have rejoiced in the abundance of cream, so thick that it would not pour; and in all the liberal country fare, served on antique silver plates and bowls, which have been long in the possession of the family. The place is gay with flowers, the common kinds, but of a size I never saw equalled,—Titan ranunculuses, and pansies, and such laurustinus! the disc of each little floret nearly as large as a sixpence. Mary J. Lecky is a fit owner for such a place, brimfull of Irish life and kindness, and good to everybody she comes across. All the peasantry are anxious to work for her; and she maintains the reading of the Scriptures to them, which I must tell thee about more at length, I am delighted to find so many of these charming Irish Friends came over, originally, from Westmoreland and Cumberland, with Cromwell's army, and so are related to us in the distant stock. I have many things to tell thee about their settlement in this country, I wish enterprising Friends would draft off now to farm here, instead of rushing, by dozens, into grocers' shops. Land is now worth just double what it was a few years ago, and can be very profitably held; and it is a wonder that Friends, so keen sighted as they are, did not buy up largely when estates were cheap, after the passing of the "Encumbered Estates" bill. A delightful investment it certainly is. One thing I must not forget, which pleased me greatly. Kilnoch was without a steward six months last year, and M. J. Lecky was, all that time, away. Susannah Tyler, the housekeeper, managed it entirely herself, directing and superintending the men; and she said the *only* difficulty she had, was to prevent her mind being unduly absorbed in the interest of it. We had walks and drives about; and went to Meeting, three miles off, in an ancient house, very like the dear old house at Coulthouse,* a leafy screen of green all about the windows from the hot May sun. We had reading and sewing, too, in the parlour; and a visitation of the curiosities of the cabinet; and M. J. L. wound up her kindness, by giving me a rich Irish Poplin dress as a memento of the country! A few Friends are coming to tea to-night. To-morrow, we hope to go to Monkstown; and, on Fifth, I am invited to attend the College Chapel Service with Dr. Fisher. To-day, we hope to drive to Glasnevin and the Park, which I have not yet seen."

"Last Evening, 155 young friends met to tea, at Capel Street, by Cousin Mary Edmundson's extraordinary powers of arrangement. A very nice friend from America, an elder, Francis King, gave an account of the First Day schools which have been so beneficial there, especially in the west, not to Friends only, but to the whole community. He said, he considered the Hicksite secession arose from a want of

* The Meeting House near Windermere.

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sound Scripture teaching, and that several Yearly Meetings have altered their discipline, and have now made it a rule that all the children of Friends shall attend the First Day, or, as they call them, the Scripture schools. These schools are under the management of a committee, appointed by the Y. M., who take the oversight of the teachers, and F. King said the testimony borne to the usefulness of these schools throughout many a district, by those who are not Friends, is very striking. They flourish in large agricultural communities, where opportunities for teaching are rare, and they have been carried to California by the twenty-four Friends' families who have gone to settle there. How amazingly the Society seems on the increase in America. I wonder none of the Essayists have alluded to it. By-the-bye, I hope you will read the *Friend* of this month. I like the review of W. Westlake's Essay. F. D. Maurice wrote to tell him that if *he* had had the sole decision, that Essay should have had the prize. It is a pity that J. Pim, with his powers of writing and his great apprehension of truth, should write down Christianity as suited for "the few." That is a nice letter from J. de la Touche. He was Alex. Knox's friend, and I read much about his family in A. K.'s works. The First Day school is going on nicely here, and I hope it will be a means of real usefulness. T. Pumphrey thinks that movement has been of the utmost service to young friends themselves, and wishes to see it spread greatly. Much is said, too, on the Temperance question, which greatly rejoices my heart. John R. Wigham has got 461 adhesions now, from Clergymen to the Alliance. Please tell D. Oliver this. He is a noble sort of man, John; *very* honest and practical, and willing to work hard at everything that is good. Cousin Mary says his own Total Abstinence has been of the greatest service to him in his business, leading the noblemen, gentlemen, and others with whom he has to do, to respect him highly, and giving him a truly honourable position among his workmen. But then, Cousin Mary has helped him all along by *complete* abstinence herself. I had a nice little talk with I. Brown on the Greek Testament. He says Alford is almost perfection, in bringing all the valuable criticism that is known, into his notes. He enjoys him greatly. Wishes Greek was more read among Friends, for the sake of the weight of their interpretations of the Bible among others, as well as for their own profit. He is a delightful man, a true Christian gentleman, and his sermons are of the best and deepest kind. I have been *extremely* interested by meeting all these excellent Friends, and am very glad I came. Everything that has been said of the work of women in the church has been right. F. King says their labours as teachers and as ministers are extending very much in America, and that Adam Clark had long ago remarked, no church could be in perfect health till it was so—always, of course, in their due place, and chiefly among their own sex. But Samuel Fox considered Women's preaching was peculiarly adapted to men. I suppose he judged by his own sweet wife. I am so glad to hear Uncle George is better. My dear love to all, both in No. 30, and S. H. Grove. Perhaps Mamma will kindly answer my question about G. Bidder.

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From A. D. R. to her Sister Caroline.

"5, SUTTON PLACE, *14th June*, 1860.

DEAREST CARRIE,

"Very many thanks to thee for thy letter, and, also, for those forwarded from home. The brown madder roofs must indeed be beautiful, and the scenery delightful. To hear of roses, and "tangled green," is curious, for we are still shivering at firesides here, wondering if we are to have any summer. But there is, literally, no *night*. I don't use gas, even at half-past eleven, to go to bed; and can see what time it is, on the watch dial, all night through!

"I had a most kind call from Professor Blackie, solus, yesterday. He brought me, as a present, an essay of his on Plato—good, honest man. No one could do better, in this age, than steep himself in Plato. It is Quakerism etherialised, and proved true, to the best human nature, by being stripped of ecclesiastical phraseology. Poor Quakerism! how much I think on that, too. I had an able and very interesting letter from E. Smith, as a support of his anti-State-Church views which he sent me."

The following letter was in reply to one of my own, which contained some account of my business, and some anticipations about the future thereof. As I read over again the lines of thoughtful interest and sisterly encouragement, I feel, most keenly indeed, how wise and affectionate a counsellor we have all lost:—

From A. D. R. to her Brother J. W.

"*2nd July*, 1860.

MY DEAREST JOHNNIE,

"I am truly glad thou art satisfied with the waistcoat, and hope it fitted. If not, I can alter it when I come home, and shall hope to be allowed to make one or two more. It is a real advantage to any one, whose usefulness in the world is all prospective, to have anything immediately practical in hand—such as amateur tailoring!

"I got thy letter late on Seventh Day night, after coming in from a delightful day at Melrose, and no one can ever know the thankful feelings it drew out. It is very right that these, which are the most sacred we have, should always be under a certain shield of reserve; but thou wilt let me tell thee that I *have* prayed for thee, day by day, through all these long years, when I sympathised with thee, though I had no means of expressing it, and honoured thee for the way in which thou bore disappointment, without letting thy own trouble trouble any one else. The Lord Jesus, who pleads with unwearied tenderness in our hearts, will always be with thee now, as He has

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promised, a Saviour and Helper, not only for the glory of an immortal life, but for the very smallest griefs and perplexities of this; and if we go to Him, night and morning, in spoken prayer, He will carry on his own work, which leads to peace and perfect freedom. A struggle, I believe, it must be until the end, more or less; but we need not fear, as the Collect, for yesterday, says: "Increase and multiply upon us Thy mercy, that Thou, being our Ruler and Guide, we may so pass through things temporal, that we finally lose not the things eternal."

"Dearest Johnnie, I cannot tell thee how dear thou hast been to me thy whole life long. Thou wilt be made a great blessing to others, as a master and friend, and wilt find the highest wealth with Him, "cui servire regnare est," as the ancient language is.

"I think every day about the business, and hope it will prosper. Papa seems to have no doubt but that it will."

From A. D. R. to Kate O'Brien.

"36, RYE HILL, *the 31st December* 1860.

DEAREST KATE,

"This day last week I sat down at my desk to write to you, as I think I have done ever since that pleasant Christmas we spent together, when the same time came round again; but a thought came into my head "that, perhaps, Kate would write to me," and it would be a pity that our letters should cross. Accordingly, the next day, there arrived the handwriting it is so great a pleasure to see, and a very pretty card within the envelope, with best wishes for us all. Thank you very much for it; it was the next best thing to a letter, which, however, I hope we shall have one of these days, for it is now a very long time since I saw you or heard direct from yourself. We missed you in the autumn to my great sorrow, and though I went southwards last year, it was on the west coast into Westmoreland. Now we are all at home together until Wednesday of next week, enjoying our holidays very much indeed. Georgie and two of the little girls live at Aunt Anne's, as there is no room for them here, but not very far from Rye Hill, a house is being built that is to hold us all, and by the time it is ready, Georgie's studies at Edinburgh will be finished. He is now learning natural history, and makes minute drawings of all the small sea creatures, such as molluscs and polypae; and sometimes, in the evening, for a variety, he will dissect an oyster! We have a very pleasant time there, he, and Emmie, and I, and we all spend a great deal of time over books. I get more and more attached to the beautiful country round the city, and often take long walks over it. I wish I had you sometimes to share them, but I know you have good walks at York, too, though they are very flat!

"Dear old Newcastle looks black and grim as ever. The little church opposite is finished, and is in very nice order, and it is a great ornament to Rye Hill.

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"All my sisters, long and short, send their dear love to you, and Constance, and Fanny; so does Mamma, and so does your warmly,

Affectionate friend,

A. D. RICHARDSON."

From A. D. R. to Kate O'Brien.

"SOUTH ASHFIELD, *27th October*, 1862.

MY DEAREST KATE,

"Even if I had not had your very welcome note, I should have written to you to-day, not *for* to-day, because you will be too much occupied. I have been thinking about you a great deal, and with very earnest wishes for your good in every way. You know we have not any confirmation in our little Church, nor any outward acceptance of our Lord's cummunion; but I am familiar with both services in your Prayer Book, and have often received comfort and help from merely reading them. It will be a solemn thing for you to take so much of the responsibility of life, as it were, upon yourself, and yet it is not that you will ever have to bear the burden alone. Every joy rightly accepted as the gift of our Lord, and every sorrow borne with His holy sympathy, will, more and more, teach you how unfailing is His angels' presence to save us; and how surely, in His love and pity, He does, day by day, indeed redeem us from the power of sin, even as he has already, once for all, redeemed us from the penalty of it. I am sure your "Bible Classes," as you call them, will become very interesting to you. We find ours most delightful, and no kind of *secular* knowledge seems to come wrong to the illustration of the Scriptures. But, amidst the keenest enjoyment of the exhaustless beauties which we find in the inspired writers, I always like to remember that wise saying of our own Queen Elizabeth: "Beatus qui divitias Scripturae legens, verba vertit in opera." You will know enough Latin to make it out, I dare say; or, shall I help you? "Blessed is he who reading the riches of the Scripture, turns the words into works." Write to me, when you are *quite* at leisure, darling Kate, and tell me how the day passed.

"My Father and I have been in Westmoreland for a few days. I did not know before that the hills were so very lovely late in the year —nothing could be finer than the autumn tints. The dying bracken is a brilliant copper red, with the purple rocks breaking out between in grand contrast, while the red and orange coppices fill up the valleys. I have a little bit of land there, my dear Aunt's gift, on which I mean, before long, to put up a tiny mountain nest for our smoke-choked lungs to clear themselves in. You will come and see it some day.

"Please give my dear love to Constance, and ask her if she can tell me who Tennyson means in the lines:—

> "I held it truth with him who sings
> To one clear harp, in divers tones,
> That men may rise on stepping stones
> Of their dead selves to higher things."

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Who is "He who sings?" Longfellow has been suggested, in the "Ladder of St. Augustine;" and Coleridge, in "Religious Musings." We have had a debate about it, but I am not satisfied, and am groping through Petrarch, now, to see if he is not the man.

"Good bye, dear Kate! I love you more every time I see you, and always shall expand in this way, I believe. Will you give my affectionate respects to Captain and Mrs. O'Brien, and believe me to be your warmly attached friend,

A. D. RICHARDSON."

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CHAPTER VII.

THE BUILDING OF HEUGH FOLDS.

1863. Æt. 31.

Ex saxo Anna Domum, et saxum super ædificabit.

In Saxum Æternum quæ condidit ipsa refugit.

*Motto in the Hall at Heugh Folds.**

Between the lakes of Grasmere and Rydal, there is a tongue of high land, sometimes called Mount Heugh. In olden times, the only road from lake to lake was over the neck of this hill. In later times, a road with better gradients was carried over the lower slopes of this hill, past the well-known *Wishing Gate*. Still more recently, a good and nearly level carriage road has been carried along by the River Rothay. Dr. Arnold used, laughingly, to speak of these three roads as *Old Corruption*, *Bit-by-bit Reform*, and *Radical Levelism!* By the side of the "Old Corruption" road at its highest level is a small tarn, and facing this, there used formerly to stand a great knob or precipice of mountain limestone. This was, apparently, a most unlikely spot to fix upon for building a house; but, Anna had that intuitive eye, and power of realization, which are said to be the most valuable qualities at once in a fox hunter and a general. She caused the rock to be blasted away, and with what is technically called the *spoil* she

* See Appendix C.

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built the walls of her habitation. Truly out of the rock, and on the rock, was it built. And, while getting a solid foundation with famous cellars, and that snug nestling feeling which, is its great charm, Heugh Folds was most cheaply built. Indeed, I never knew a dwelling, with such good accommodation and of such tasteful design, built at so small a cost. Anna, herself, designed the house, and drew all the plans; and she fixed on the characteristic motto, which is carved on the Dining Room chimney piece: "Ubi charitas ibi claritas," where there is love there is clearness; or as we might say, where there is charity in judgment there is to be found clearness of perception. The house is, however, so well-known to most of the readers of these pages, that I give no description of it, but extract the following from a memorandum book, in Anna's handwriting, which is endorsed:—

CHRONICLES OF HEUGH FOLDS, GRASMERE.

Entered upon 25th April, 1864.

"In the autumn of 1862, my dearest Father and I went to Grasmere to choose a small piece of land, and after looking at sites about Boon Beek and Score Crag, decided on Heugh Folds, which belonged to Levi Hodgson. My Father was delighted with the view from it both ways, and entered upon the plan of building a cottage there with even more zest than I did. His kindness and care over every detail were unbounded. In January, 1863, I went to Grasmere again, and contracted for the foundations of the house; and in April, we took Wood Close, and stayed there some weeks, watching the men at work. My Father went up generally more than once every day to see them; and he planted ivy all round the boundary wall, and also put in many fox gloves collected on his walks, and the London pride on the top of the rock, by the gate, was planted by him. Dear James Hack consulted me about the tiles for the little entrance to the house, and chose them for me at Kensington, in the summer.

"When we left Wood Close, we went to Mrs. Wilson's in Borrowdale. I rode with my Father (we had Minnie and Jessie with us all the time) and the rest went by coach, and breakfasted at Keswick. While James went with Emily, and Alice, and Mrs. Westmacott, to see the pencil factory, dear Mother sat in the inn knitting, and composed the following verses for me, which she dictated to Emmie on reaching Grange. They are a precious gift:—

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HEUGH FOLDS, MAY, 1863.

"Fair scene for childhood's opening bloom,
"For sportive youth to stray in;
"For manhood to enjoy his strength,
"And age to wear away in."

WORDSWORTH.

Where once the shepherd led his mountain flock,
Where rest cloud-shadows from the changeful skies;
Beneath the shelter of the o'erhanging rock,
Behold a modest habitation rise.

Far from the smoke that dims our murky day,
The streets' rude bustle, and the factory's noise,
Haunted by dreams of beauty far away,
Its builder here seeks nature's purest joys.

May such be ever hers! the glittering lake,
The solemn mountains, and the leafy wood,
And all things fair and beautiful, to make
The sunshine of the heart in solitude.

And may the spirit of the great departed,
In every gentle breeze, be breathed around;
The highly gifted, and the noble hearted,
Who made these hills and valleys classic ground.

And here may joyous children, hand in hand,
Chase o'er the elastic turf with bounding feet:
Gather rich treasures on the pebbly sand,
Or in the brooklet sail their mimic fleet.

Here may youth revel in the sage's lore,
The blameless jest, the song, the poet's lay:
The rainbow hues that float the landscape o'er,
Here may the pencil's varied powers display.

And here may age spend many a peaceful hour,
Gleaning the golden fields of memory;
Or finding in each spring-awakened flower
Bright hopes, and full of immortality.

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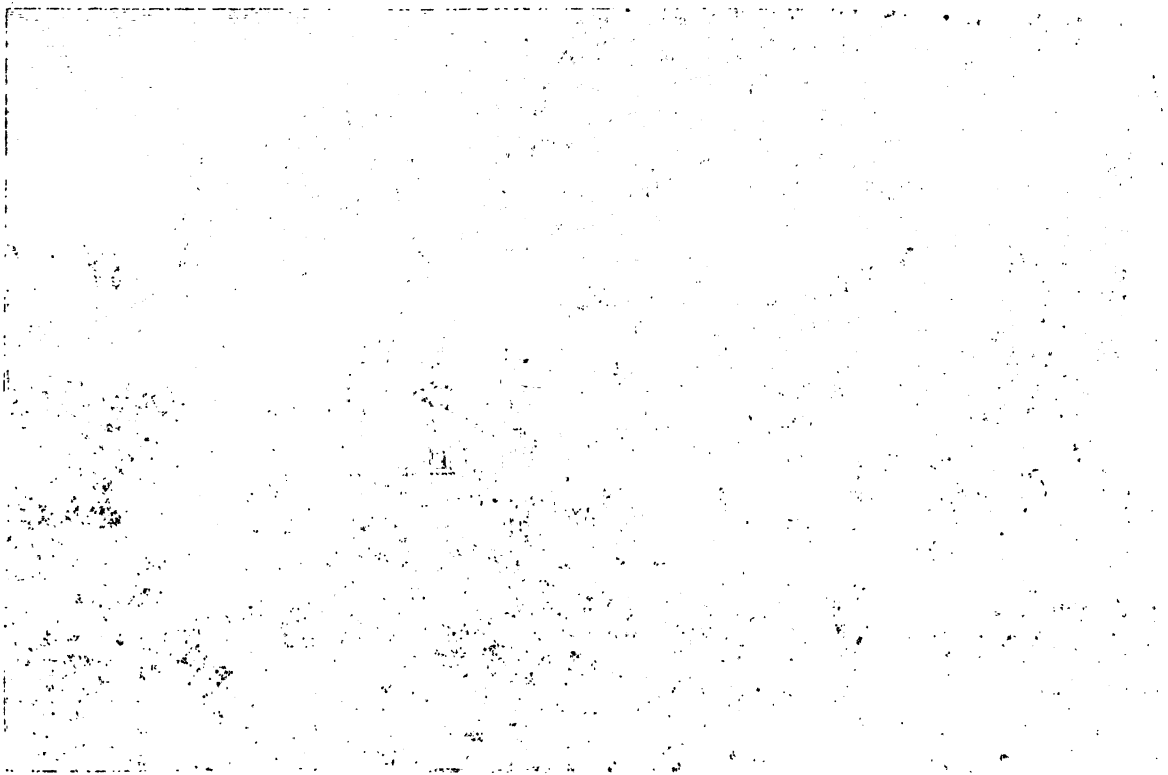

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HEUGH FOLDS

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And thus, Heugh Folds, founded upon a rock,
Unmoved, though floods descend and tempests rave;
Thus may thy inmates stand each adverse shock
Of wind and tide on life's uncertain wave.

And guided safely by our Shepherd's voice,
(Even as he led his chosen flock of old);
In glad thanksgiving may they all rejoice,
For ever gathered to the Heavenly Fold.

We did not stay very long in Borrowdale. * * * We returned to Lizzie's marriage. My dear Father smiled, as we left the Lake country, and asked me if I felt more of a patriot, now that I owned an acre of land? I had quoted John Bright to him, some time before, who once said: "No one could be a complete patriot, unless he owned a bit of English ground."

"George and I went, once again, to Grasmere, in July; and I went, after the British Association, in September, when Emily came and stayed some time with me. We had, also, a pleasant little visit from Emily Davies. Before they came, my dearest Father had come over from Carlisle, where he had been on a visit with Mother. I shall never forget how he sprang out of the coach to greet me, at the "Swan." He looked very unwell. The weather was broken. The next day he went to Heugh Folds, and was very much pleased with the progress there. We had a delightful morning together. The view was brilliant; and he sat a long while on the painted seat below the rock, which I had had made for him. He luxuriated in the warmth of this seat, and said: "I shall often sit here, I think. There cannot be a finer feast for the eye in England, but we must remember is is only a vestibule." Afterwards, in November, I found, in his pocket book, the little bit of card on which he had made some calculations for me, while sitting there: and on the other side was written, in pencil: "I will lift up mine eyes beyond the hills unto the Lord, from whom my help cometh."

"In the afternoon of that day, S. Crewdson, Dr. Hingston, and L. Hodgkin called. L. H. stayed to tea, and her husband and George Fox soon followed. We went to Heugh Folds again; my Father insisting upon it. He leaned on Geo. F., who kindly gave him his arm up the hill, but he looked very weak. The next morning he left me; a soaking wet day; and I had many fears for his comfort, often bitter fears, but he seemed no worse for that journey.

"I came home with dear Emmie, at the latter end of October, leaving Aunt Sarah's party at Grasmere. James Hack met us at the Station, looking very well. He staid with us three or four weeks. Then he died, and, ten days after, my dearest Father; and all the joy and hopes of life seemed completely overturned. Peace is sent by the Almighty Father; but, to the older ones, hardly any keen joy again."

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Our dear Father's end was very unexpected. It is true, he had affectionately told me that day, as I bade him good-night, that he felt he could answer joyfully the summons which should call him to leave this world; but we little imagined that a sudden fit of coughing, during the night, would prove so disastrous. The affection between him and Anna was not only that of father and daughter, but, also, that of friends and fellow students. Their study together of the Greek Testament was continued to the end; and so, until nearly the end, were their long rides together, and inexhaustible conversations.*

The "Chronicles" continue: "When I went next to Grasmere, in March, 1864, it was, with dear Alice, to Lancrigg; and the unfailing kindness of that delightful house kept away many troubled thoughts.†

"Dearest Mother came to Wood Close,‡ and, soon, Sarah Rickman joined us; and, after many delays, we moved into Heugh Folds, on the 25th April. S. R.'s visit did us all the greatest good. A little while before leaving Wood Close, Emily and Alice went with dear Johnnie (who came round to spend two days with us) to his marriage with Marian Thoel."

"In May, my dear Uncle and Aunt Foster came to me. Their visit was truly refreshing, and it was a very great treat after years and years of continual receiving of all sorts of kindness from them, to be able for so short a time even, and in so poor a way, to add to their pleasure. They left mementoes of their stay in the garden, in the shape of little pines and cedars and four crimson rhododendrons, in the bank above the drive. This book was also their gift. I left Heugh Folds soon after they went, on a most lovely morning, which I shall not soon forget. The season had been one of remarkable beauty. Mrs. Cookson (Wordsworth's friend) said that, in all her

* The following occurs in a letter, about this date, to her Father:—

"I enjoyed thy little visit very much indeed, and felt much united to thee in every way. Indeed, I cannot say how largely, a deep personal sympathy and added friendship has grown up with thee and Mother, more strongly, I think, since our dear C.'s illness. I believe this sympathy will increase, from year to year, with all your children; and I do not think a mere difference of *opinion* on political, or even religious matters, will ever be able to break it. Children never can be exactly like their parents, they belong to another.—I could not say a better—stage of the world's development, and are, of course, modified by it."

† A letter, about this time, gives an anecdote about Mr. L. Hodgson, from whom she bought the land, at Heugh Folds:—

"Levi amuses me much. I asked a question about Wordsworth, so he went on: "Oh, "yes! I always says it was Mr. Wadsworth that gave the value to the land here away, and I "always says to the chaps: mind, Mr. Wadsworth set all the prices up with his books, and yet "we thought nothing of him then, a reading away—*nothing whatever*!" The last very emphatic."

‡ Wood Close is a house a few hundred yards from Heugh Folds. It now belongs to the Master of Brazenose.

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time, no such show of flowering shrub could be remembered, and I think there were only three thoroughly wet days all the time I was at Grasmere. Most of the residents kindly called on us, and Sir John and Lady Richardson, Mrs. Hughes, and Miss C. Broadley came to tea, and I extremely enjoyed the evening. Mrs. Sykes came twice to tea, and Beatrice, and Miss Hughes to a lunch dinner, so that there was much social pleasure added to the new beauties of the natural world every morning unfolded.

* * * * *

"In the autumn, I had a month by myself with fine weather. It was a rest and a time of reading and thinking, but it was made sad by Mrs. Taylor's illness and death. I came home on the 2nd of December, at which time the clematis azura, in the porch, was in flower, thinking, surely, from the mildness of the weather, it must be spring. I found George at home, safe and well, after his long journey in America and Canada."

From A. D. R. to her Mother.

WOOD CLOSE, *2nd Day.*

MY DEAREST MOTHER,

"I have had your kind letter this morning, and am much relieved by the lively tone of Lizzie's. I hope it proves that she is really quite well again. The newspaper promised, is not come. I have been out with Levi this morning, fixing the site; the views from every point are charming; and the sunrise, which was very brilliant at half-past eight, was exactly in front of where the windows will be, and from them there will also be the reflection on the Easedale Hills. This morning, their snowy dress was the rose colour we once saw on the Jungfrau, from Interlachen, a tint that does not look as though it belonged to earth. There is a good deal of scope for planting. J. Crosfield has just been here, with his usual benevolence and heartiness, and has offered me a dozen large spruce firs from his plantation, at Skelwith,—a very liberal offer, which I gratefully accepted, and hope to get them put in. William Ball, and his charming niece, came up to see me last night, and were very kind; but W. B. foretells all sorts of calamities and disappointments for me in the building scheme. He says, of the climate:—"It is generally soaking wet, and when it is dry it is dreadful." Also, he thinks the place dull for want of society, and says it is not fulfilling the true aims of life to waste one's time among natural beauty, and that the "cui bono" haunts one to a fearful extent, &c., &c. To all which I made a counter sermon, and thought it wasn't much wonder his empty rooms weighed upon his spirits. We had a beautiful service at Church—the Christmas hymns are particularly joyous, and the old arches are hung with holly. Mr. Jefferies spoke very courteously to me after, and I went home with Mary, and had a warm welcome from Mrs. Taylor, who is growing

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more and more like her mother. We had a pleasant chat over the old Edinburgh times and the departed glory. Even Mary, who bristles up in the true thistle style if anybody else dares whisper a word against Scotland or the Scotch, said last time she was in Edinburgh she was disgusted with the countenances of the people, and didn't see anybody that was fit to bear the name of gentleman. I have never done anything in the way of tirade so bad as this. The Richardsons are in Rome, and Beatrice is having lessons, from the Pope's head chorister, in singing, greatly to her own delight. They haven't met with anybody who has impressed them much, except thy old friend, Charles Hemans, a man of brilliant culture and very great attractiveness. He is not a priest, and though a Roman Catholic, belongs to the Liberal party, and supports Passaglia. He lives by his books, chiefly written in Italian, which are said to be very good indeed. Henry Hemans is in London, and has children, but he is very poor indeed, and in want of more employment. When Mrs. Taylor went to rest, we had a discussion about Simonides and other topics of less general interest. Mary looks very well; far better than she did in the summer, and is extremely delightful. They give me many hints about the cottage. Mrs. Taylor says she is nearly ruined —especially by the cost of her drains,—literally drained out. We had a very good sermon from Mr. Jefferies, in the afternoon, about quarrelling. Edith Watson will be sorry to hear that Mrs. Cowperthwaite is dying. She was prayed for in the Church, both morning and afternoon. It is snowing now, and looks much more wintry. I have to go out with Levi again. Farewell dearest Mother.

Thy most affectionate,

A. D. R."

"I forgot to tell thee that Dr. and Mrs. Rolleston have been at Lesketh How lately. Mary, who is not much used to babies, seems almost awe struck by the beauty of their little boy. He has a nobly shaped head, and when he is brought down and laid on the hearthrug, Mary says he is so beautiful that neither Dr. or Mrs. Davy can in the least get on with their breakfast for the pleasure of looking at him. He is entirely good, and has hardly been known to cry once, and Mrs. Davy's youth is quite renewed by the possession of him.

"William Dixon was at Church yesterday. It is a comfort to see him looking so well and handsome, and thoroughly respectable, in a good black suit and black kid gloves. Poor fellow, he little knew how his bright face cheered me."

From A. D. R. to her Brother Edward.

"South Ashfield, *June 30th*, 1864.

My dear Edward,

"Thy cheque was safely received this morning, and dear Mother sends her thanks for it. We are much concerned to hear thou dost

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not feel so well, but is not that generally the case in the *middle* of the water cure? I know it was so with me. I was better for a while, then the *crisis* came on, and all the bad humours of the body seemed to come out, locally not all over, with great suffering. This lasted many days, but the skin became perfectly clear, and like a child's afterwards, and the whole "cure" which took about seven weeks to accomplish, seemed complete. I also had most exhausting lamp baths which used to make me feel sick. I hope thou wilt not be too soon discouraged. Archdeacon Hare has a good remark in his admirable book, "Guesses at Truth." He says: "Half the failures in life arise from our pulling up our horse in the middle of a leap."

"The Quarterly Meeting was a very pleasant one. We had K. Backhouse, Jos. Pease and his son Frank. I have rarely enjoyed a conversation more than that J. Pease treated us to on Second Day evening. The failure of the Conference drew him out in old Parliamentary reminiscences, and he told us much that was most interesting of his own recollections, and of what his brother Henry now hears. The Queen, he says, is obstinately determined not to go to war with Prussia, and on a late public occasion, appeared with the order of Queen Louisa of Prussia the most conspicuous of all those she was wearing. I am glad and thankful that peace should be maintained for England and Europe's sake, but it is a question whether the Queen is acting quite constitutionally *if* she is resisting, in any degree, the advice of her ministers. J. Pease quoted a fine saying of the Duke of Wellington's which he *heard*. Some one was speaking of a "little war." "There is no such thing, my lord, as a *little* war; every war is great in itself or in its relations. After breakfast, next morning, the second chapter of St. Mark was read. J. Pease spoke beautifully upon it, showing how analogous to palsy is the lethargy which creeps over the human spirit when too much absorbed in worldly things, and that only the Power who can say: "Thy sins be forgiven thee," can also say: "Arise and walk, go forth on my errands of service and fulfil my blessing to the widow and the fatherless."

"We had a very large company to dinner, and a pleasant but very fatiguing day."

From A. D. R. to her Mother, from London.

"3*rd February*, 1865.

"In the afternoon we went to hear Stanley, at Queen's College, and I thought how exceedingly interesting it would be to Nellie Watson, to attend the classes, either there or at Bedford Square. The girls looked very nice—not at all common or rough, and they don't generally go till they are sixteen. They stay till nineteen or twenty, and have excellent masters, and excellent opportunities for laying the beginning of knowledge. The Bishop of Lichfield was there, and Maurice, and some others. Stanley's manner is monotonous, and he quoted from Athalie, very rashly, for he has an atrocious French pronunciation, and there was a roomful of sharp young lady critics before him. He seemed aware of the risk for he coloured crimson. His

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face is a very interesting one, and I observed how large his historical bumps are, and that his eyes and mouth are of the artistic shape, so that from the combination, one could not expect less than the beautiful descriptions he gives of Palestine. The lecture was on the house of Omri and the house of Jehu. He drew a very fine contrast between Elijah and Elisha, and by the way, he thinks the "double portion" should be, "if it were but half of the spirit," as the figure is that of a son's inheritance from his father. I liked this much better, as there always seemed to me something of the audacious ambition of youth in our usual reading, not quite satisfied even by St. Paul's command to covet earnestly the best gifts. He drew a graphic picture of the rough hairy Elijah, the forerunner of John the Baptist, in close communion with God, and caught up to Heaven to receive the crown of his work, yet hardly allowed to see any fruition of it here—always fighting with Kings and false Priests, and hewing the road of reform. Then Elisha followed, and entered into his labours, became the friend and counsellor of Kings, the sage consulted by distant nations, the head of a great school of Prophets. His whole life, with one exception, a life of blessing and not of cursing;" "blessing with the energy of tender domestic usage." I thought this a good comment on the beautiful story of the raising of the dead son to life. He shewed how *individual* greatness can never be so striking as a nation advances; how all must be content to be dwarfs beside the heroes of old, and merge themselves in the renown of their own people. He spoke very wisely in condemnation of the curse of the mocking children, and then again of Jehu's bloody doings. I did not know before that by a very probable tradition, the young man sent (ii. Kings 9) to anoint Jehu, was the prophet Jonah. In the evening we went to a small dinner party. Augusta Hughes was most pleasant. I was very glad to meet her again. Some beautiful sketches were shewn me. I was taken down, by an odd chance, by a gentleman who knew Mary Taylor very well, and asked eagerly after her, when Miss Hughes told him I knew her. He said she was the most interesting person he ever met. This opinion made me, of course, like him exceedingly. He is going to marry the daughter of Sir George Sinclair (Caithness) a grandchild of one of the sax-and-thirty-feeted ladies' brothers; and so he talked a great deal about Scotland, and abused the Scotch heartily for fun's sake. All was very new and interesting to me, and I am greatly entertained by this glimpse of London. Also, it is fatiguing, and I see more and more that I am not a social animal."

In the spring of 1865, Anna went again to Heugh Folds, and while there, her sister Nellie, with a young Irish lady, a schoolfellow, were overturned in driving back from Little Langdale. Just past Hullet's Nest, a sudden peal of thunder startled the pony. It ran away. The chaise was overturned, and Nellie much hurt. Indeed, she, perhaps, has never fully recovered. In the following letters, to her mother, Anna relates what kindness was shown to them.

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DEAREST MOTHER,

"Carrie will tell thee the history of second day. I am thankful to be able to say that dear Nellie is as well as we could possibly hope. There is an inclination to fever, but it is much less this morning—pulse down, head quite cool and collected. One could not have a gentler and more grateful patient. She is more precious to me than I can say. We keep up constant bathing of the head, sponging with vinegar, hot bottle to the feet, &c., &c., and I quite hope she will soon be able to be carefully carried to Heugh Folds. We are truly in the house of good Samaritans—three single ladies devoted to us, and accustomed to much illness, so that the house had every possible appliance for it,—far more than we should have had at Heugh Folds. Sir J. and Lady R. left their guests and other crowd of engagements this week, and came immediately—giving me much comfort by their advice and sympathy. No one could be more tenderly kind than Lady R. She offered to stay and help me,—then to send a servant, and every luxury that Lancrigg could supply. We have water pillows for Nellie, which keep her head cool. She is much interested in hearing all about you. Maria is going on very well; a dear patient girl. I feel deep thankfulness that all things are no worse than they are,—that Carrie had got out to open the gate, that Mabel was gone, and that so many comforts were close at hand. We may well trust for ever, without doubt, so merciful a Father in Heaven."

* * * *

On a later Date.

"Nellie is going on delightfully. She has had a little meat for dinner, and may come down to tea, and walk in the garden. Sir John has been to see her again to-day, but thinks further visits hardly needful from him or Mr. S. Considering how very alarming her state was at first, this has been a far more rapid recovery than I dared to hope for. We must be careful for months that she has no fatigue or excitement; and with that care, I trust her brain may not suffer in the future."

It was soon after experiencing this kind sympathy and assistance from Sir John Richardson, that Anna was called upon to deplore his loss. He had ever been a most kind friend and sympathizer, and in the whole neighbourhood he was held in the highest esteem and affection. Even now, after years, his vacant place in the Grasmere Valley has never been wholly filled up.

Anna thus describes the funeral in a letter to her mother.

"HEUGH FOLDS, *9th June*, 1865.

Friday.

DEAREST MOTHER,

"We have not yet heard of thy arrival at Banburgh, and are growing rather anxious to do so. It was hot and not windy at the

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solemn funeral this morning, to which I went with uncle Robert. We were early, and so were most of the inhabitants of the valley, so that there was a quiet, silent meeting in Church before the coffin was borne in on the shoulders of four men, one of whom was dear William Dixon. The Burial Service is most beautiful and appropriate; and all listened, with deep feeling, to the 90th Psalm, and the 15th chapter of Corinthians. Lady R. and Mary Taylor looked majestic; Mrs. Davy and Beatrice slightly flushed from repressed feeling; the young men deeply serious; all were quite calm; and when the coffin had been carried out, and all had followed to the grave, the soothing and comforting reading of the Scriptures of hope began again, and prayers were offered. After looking at the coffin, in its resting place, with "John Richardson" inscribed on it, the mourners withdrew. He is laid between Mr. Fletcher and his daughter, Mrs. Taylor being close by; and they will be a noble group at the resurrection. The hearts of all the people are deeply touched. His loss comes home to every one; and there is no one else who *can* do all the kind deeds he did.

"We have had good accounts of Lady R. She has been able to sleep pretty well. I dare say, when the quiet time comes, there will be more danger of her health rather suffering. The shock was so sudden.

"Dearest love. Did I thank thee for the Sudbury leaflets?

Thy most affectionate,

A. D. R."

From A. D. R. to H. M. Wigham.

"TYNEMOUTH, 31*st July*, 1865.

DEAREST HANNAH MARIA,

"It was a great pleasure to have thy note, and to know that by this time thou wilt be at home again; and will, I trust, find the dear children's health revive. I know well what that power of association is in places—perhaps the only cure for whatever part of it is unhealthy for us, is in trying always to behold "the new Jerusalem descending." I often think our most beautiful cloud scenery in England is a great help to this, and to what is in effect the same thing, the continual rising of our hearts thitherward. With a hot blue sky, one could not have it so well; but on the dullest plain in our dear land of changing weather, there are every day beauties, which one has only to lift the eye to see—long vistas often, and pile behind pile of heavenly fortresses; and what touches me most of all, a marshalling of clouds, great and small, in long files, round the sun at evening. They all gather to Him, the centre, with a sort of pertinacity of devotion, just at the end of day. I am now in great leisure here for a fortnight, with dearest George, to whom bathing is recommended, poor lad—at all other times I can heartily enter into thy sense of noonday heat and dust. I suppose it is at least a right discipline, or it would not be allowed; but it would be easier to

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acquiesce in it if it did not often seem like idle lives preying upon other idle lives, with a product *nil;* or upon busy lives, with the product of discipline in worry to the busy, but in nothing else. The problem is to get everybody usefully busy, and then all will mind their own business, and in the best way, that of others too. It is a most solemn and vital problem for women of the upper and middle class. Somebody says that soon the question will no longer be, what might women do if they were educated; but what might not men accomplish if they were blessed with the abundant leisure of their female relatives. *That* will be a far easier question to answer, it being evident that men hardly know what to do with leisure, having no knitting, poor miserables, except in the dales, where, to this day, it is mournfully said, "he's left the *pricks*,* and gone to be a navvy."

"I think, if the English Church were duly reformed upon the ancient pattern—a huge "if,"—with modifications for modern needs, three services would not be clumped together into one of almost unwieldly length, and thou would'st not object to those most comprehensive words at the end of all prayer, would'st thou? With regard to the Priesthood,—in its right sense it can hardly be set too high; can it? We Friends put it as high as any one, when we so truly assert that every Minister must be divinely appointed and divinely instructed as to the needs of those he is to minister to, and in prayer especially, taught from above what are the secret desires of those for whom he prays? He is thus, and justly said, to "*offer prayer*" on behalf of the congregation. The abuse seems to me to lie in the shortness of candidates for the ministry, so that the bishops seemed compelled to "lay hands suddenly" on them, and many have no due qualifications, letting alone the want of these in the bishop. I cannot see that in the Prayer Book the office encroaches beyond the authority given in Scripture. Young upstarts, I dare say, act in their own weak names and judgment, when they ought most reverently to wait on the Lord's. Of such, one needs to remember Uncle George's charitable words—"as time goes on, they become sanctified by their office." However, the union of Christians is still a long way off, and we may be deeply thankful for that unity between individual followers of Christ as a foreshadowing of it.

Thy very affectionate,

A. D. R."

At a later Date.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,

"It was a great comfort to see thy own hand, for I feared thou would'st be most grievously weighed down, in body if not in mind; but, it is brave and right to take up the ordinary doings of life again, and sometimes these prove the best medicine. Their prose is such a contrast to the habitual feeling of most tender and elevated, yet bleeding hope, which is, I think, the prominent one, after heavy sorrow.

* Knitting needles.

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We are not sure that the delicate little fern is cystopteris montana, but it is nearest to that of any that we know, and may be additionally exquisite from having been gathered in early spring. Mine languished a great deal from the first, and had died down when I left home, but I have it in a safe place, and trust it may sprout again in the spring. What blessed emblems of the resurrection plants are! There is a beautiful passage in Alexander Knox's writings, which I wish I could write down from memory, on the degree of evidence there is in the natural and material world of its having been created with this very end, that the abounding forms of matter should always be found to set forth spiritual truth, and so be, not by fancy alone, but really, the garment of the Almighty.

"Dear James's little juniper is growing well, straight in front of the window, a constant reminder of his courteous, genial nature. I think I feel in these dark days of early winter, more than at any other time, how much room there is for thanksgiving on behalf of those who have been taken to good things, yet to come to us. Their physical temperament would have made them, each year, more subject to the depressing influences which there certainly are in gloomy skies and outward dreariness, and even a manly Christian spirit will sink when the odds of battle seem more and more going against him. We can, with Christ's help, conquer our minds, but we cannot conquer our poor, listless bodies, nor ever always strengthen ourselves with the declaration that they are lifted up into vessels of sanctification by the mysterious presence of their Lord."

From A. D. R. to Lady Richardson.

"South Ashfield, *September 3rd*, 1865.

Dear Lady Richardson,

"We are all much obliged to you for the account you send of poor Mary Ann Dixon. We had been anxious to hear of her, and did not like to write to her mother fearing she might not be living. Nellie's accident was on Monday, the 22nd of May. The next day you came out to see us, and I think it was on Wednesday that Sir John walked across. He was very unwilling to let us know that he had walked. It was a hot day, and he looked heated, but otherwise very well, and was exceedingly kind to us all, with many pleasant jokes for our amusement. On the following Monday, I believe, he came up to Heugh Folds, and congratulated Nellie on her very rapid recovery. He lingered a good while, talking about the flowers in the garden, and the best way of laying out ground. That was his last visit. Nellie saw him again at Lancrigg, on Wednesday or Thursday morning (the day you went to Coniston) and he told the story of your catching malaria because you would stay to get trophies of honeysuckle; and I remember Carrie said afterwards a great deal to me of her pleasure in that early call. We saw him again on Tuesday evening, and the day before he died. I had seen his face in church that morning, and there was an expression upon it which, of all others, it

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will be delightful to keep in mind. But you were close by him then, and will be more impressed even than I am, by the beauty of it. * *

"We have had some heavy trouble in the circle of our friends lately; but for the last week have had our thoughts turned into a new and most pleasant channel by the visit of a very interesting party of American friends who are staying with us. We also have an old friend from Dublin, a most kind-hearted book-worm, once a "friend," but now a churchman. However, all appear to assimilate very well. The American lady is one of our ministers, and her sermons are beautiful. She is very bright in conversation, and tells us a great deal which you would also like to hear, if I had time to tell it over to you again. Her children are devoted to her; certainly they are clear of the faults usually set down to their young country people. One of them, who is not yet 22, has been for two winters teaching the Freedmen, and we are much pleased to hear that several families in the Northern States feel it to be their duty to leave their homes, and quietly settle down in the wasted South, to watch that justice is done to the negroes on the plantations. They say that one anti-slavery family in a district, doing nothing in a direct way, is able to bring such an amount of public opinion to bear on the old slave-holders, that they dare not maltreat the blacks who now work in their old places for wages.

"You will like to know that these friends paid a visit to Mrs. Stowe, in March, and found her very well. She has a pretty cottage, built from the funds of her books, and she has set her husband free from his hard work at the college. He now teaches young men in his own house, and has told his wife that, as he has no further connection with the Presbyterian college, she is free to "be" what she likes. She has joined the Episcopalian church, which she long wished to do. She used to hate Calvinism, and there was always a craving in her mind for beauty mixed with holiness.

"I forget whether you see the *Atlantic Monthly*. The papers on the "Chimney Corner" are hers, and also the very discriminating essays, if one might call them so, on little foxes. The little foxes, small faults of all kinds, which destroy so many tender grapes. I believe I must not stay writing to you any longer, though there are many things I wish to say. I hope to see you next month, when I trust our home engagements will let us come.

"*On a later Date.*

"We have been very busy since we returned, and still have the young Americans with us. They tell us nearly all the local feeling of the States is gathering up for the impeachment of their treasonable President. No one has ever so disgraced the office before, either by public or private acts of meanness, and the pride of the nation is touched. Impeachment would only mean removal, they say, and disqualification for all public offices hereafter. One incident of the war, I had not heard before, and perhaps you did not. At the time of Lincoln's second election, when the life of the country seemed to depend on it, the excitement was intense; and multitudes had

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assembled in the vast building of Cooper's Institute, in New York, to wait and hear the returns as they were telegraphed in. They waited in perfect, and most anxious silence; but when the result, declaring his re-election, was made known, the whole body of people instantly uncovered their heads, and sang the "Te Deum" together. The irreligion of America is often talked about in this country; but such an act could not be among an irreligious people, as it was, of course, a most mixed assembly. Our young friends have also been singing to us a hymn, which was written by Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, early in the war, and which became a kind of national anthem, sung with the greatest enthusiasm and solemnity by the whole army of the North. It is to a very fine measure, but even the words will give you, if you do not already know them, a strong impression of the seriousness with which that awful war was carried on:—

"Mine eyes have seen the glory
Of the coming of the Lord,
He is tramping out His vintage,
Where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He has loosed the fateful lightning
Of His terrible swift sword:
His wrath is marching on.

Glory, glory, Hallelujah!
Glory, glory, Hallelujah!
Glory, glory, Hallelujah!
His truth is marching on."

"I have seen Him in the watch fires
Of a hundred circling camps;
I have read His fiery sentence
By the dim and flaring lamps;
They have builded Him an altar
'Mid the evening's dews and damps:
Our God is marching on."

Chorus.

"I have read his righteous judgment,
Writ in burnished rows of steel;
As ye deal with my commandments,
So my grace with you shall deal;
Let the Hero, born of woman,
Crush the serpent with His heel:
While God is marching on."

Chorus.

"He has sounded forth His trumpet,
Which shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men,
Before His judgment seat;

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Oh! be swift, my soul, to answer Him;
Be jubilant, my feet:
Our God is marching on."

Chorus.

"In the beauty of the lilies,
Christ was born, across the sea;
With a glory in his bosom,
Which transfigures you and me:
As he died to make men holy,
Let us die to make men free:
Since God is marching on."

Chorus.

"While we have had these young people with us, another American, one of the migratory preachers, who visit this country, has been here too, and the delight of the fellow-country people, in meeting each other, was a thing to be remembered—the bond of country seeming to be just like that of a family, as it ought to be. He is a fine-natured man, of Scotch descent, and his eloquence and fervour are extraordinary—quite of a different kind from that we usually hear in England, and far more like the descriptions of the sermons of the great mediæval preachers, than anything else I can think of. He lives in the far west, so that he deals with social conditions also, a good deal like those which surrounded them.

"Yesterday, a very pleasing lady, who is reading here, dined with us, Miss Murray. the daughter of Mr. James Murray, whom you probably knew. Her mother lost all her property in the Western Bank, and her eldest daughter is making this very successful effort to support her. She told me that she herself can remember Mrs. Fletcher, and that she exceedingly enjoyed hearing Mrs. H. Fletcher's remarkable singing, many times last winter, in Edinburgh. She looks sadly overworked, and we felt much sympathy with her."

* * *

I conclude this chapter with a letter on a subject which will crop up again in another chapter. Her correspondent's advice and sympathy were a great comfort to her.

From A. D. R. to Thomas Hodgkin.

"*24th October*, 1865.—*Saturday.*

MY DEAR FRIEND, T. HODGKIN,

"I was very sorry to miss thee last evening. J. Peile's death has been a great grief and shock, and I was glad of a physical excuse for escaping for a while into my own room. The correspondence thou

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hast kindly allowed me to see is exceedingly interesting. Emily's letter is more reverent in tone than I expected. I thoroughly believe she has the right feeling at the bottom; but, in the first place, the teaching of her father's school, in which everything is blindly taken for granted, and all kinds of doubt alike looked upon as sin, has driven her to sympathy with the intellectual side of every religious question; and in the second place, she pushes quite to an extreme, what Bevan Braithwaite in one of his sermons said was the dearly-beloved fault of the English nation, a dogged determination never to appear in the least better than they are. I think she will be much pleased and satisfied with my division into three points, and the argument hung on it, and I am very glad she should hear a distinct repudiation of the setting up of our own tests. If such are drawn from oneself, we must immediately ask, are they to be those which we approved at 25, or at 50, or in the lassitude of old age? And if, from the moral consciousness of others, at what period of the world's history are they to be taken? To do either the one or the other, appears to me to effect the same thing as the tight ligature round the branch of a tree would do. There would be a gradual death beyond it, and at its point a hideous excrescence. How different from the fumbling process of an excessive self scrutiny, for truth is the whole imagery of the Bible; the graft in the Living Vine, to grow therein henceforward for ever; the membership in a Living Body, with the distinct functions of life, and the constant change and growth which it necessitates; and above all, the discipleship of a Person with the continual communion promised to it. As two human friends merely can never forecast the results of their friendship, or know beforehand how rich the fruits may be of their intercourse, so it seems to me absurd for any one calling himself a Christian, to attempt to determine how much God's message is to mean to him, since it is reasonable to suppose the tenor of it will grow with his growth.

"I am stopped, and must thank thee again.

Very truly and affectionately thine,

A. D. R."

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CHAPTER VIII.

FROM 1866 TO 1868.

BAPTISM AND UNION WITH THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND—TOUR IN THE HIGHLANDS IN 1866—A TOWN SURVEYOR AND A CHARITABLE LADY—SWISS TOUR IN 1867—NOTICES OF EVENTS IN 1868, &c.

Æt. 34-36.

I have sometimes thought that if Anna's health had permitted her to engage in more active work, her intense theological feelings might have been somewhat modified. Whether for the better or not, who can say? Assuredly, her spiritual growth was a great comfort to herself, while to all her friends, her loving zeal and reverent humility caused them to feel in her presence as if they stood on holy ground. The effect of this, on little children, was most striking, and the most wayward of her little nephews and nieces, and the youngest of them, never failed to manifest a chastened temper when brought under her affectionate interest.

The following letters relate how she was baptised at Grasmere, and afterwards went to Berwick, to be confirmed by the Bishop:—

From A. D. R. to her Sister Elizabeth.

"HEUGH FOLDS, *June 9th*, 1866.

DEAREST LIZZIE,

"I have long been wishing to have a quiet opportunity of telling

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thee and my very dear Robert that, after a long conflict of thought and of earnest search for the simple truth, I found it to be right for me to receive baptism in the full sense in which, I think, it is evidently required by our Lord. I have had the greatest peace in doing so, and I hope that, as every really conscientious step ought, it will bring me closer to those I already love, and far from separating me from any of Christ's people, will unite me with all. I hope our dear Friends will let me retain my membership, I value it very much. Dear old Mr. Wilkinson was the officiating minister, and the service was most sweet and solemn in the little church. As quiet and reverent as a Friends' Meeting, I think. Marianna went with me. I have grown to know and love her very warmly, and it was a great comfort to have one of my own people by. The congregation consisted of my friends in the valley only, who kindly came of their own accord. I cannot say what a relief it now is to read the Scriptures, without an evasion of their primary meaning on this point, and baptism is a part of Christian doctrine which will grow in significance every day of one's life."

"CARLISLE, *Wednesday.*

MY DEAREST MOTHER,

"I have just received Caro's note at this waiting-room, and while expecting her, am very glad to write to thee to tell thee how *very* hard it was to resist the wish to come home to thee last night. Indeed, I do not ever recollect bringing myself into such a focus of self-denial as when I took a ticket for Kelso, instead of for Newcastle, one train starting just before the other. I walked down to Kelso, and saw the Abbey in the moonlight and brilliant starlight, and very fine it looked. I then had tea at an inn, where I read about Sir W. Scott's intercourse with Quakers, said to be related in Red Gauntlet; and also, as thou may'st remember, that there was a large community of them at Kelso in the last century, one of them having founded the nucleus of the Town Library, where Scott used to go to read—the "Waldie Library" —called after the good Friend. I then came on to Hawick, where I found the inns crammed with sportsmen gathered for a three days' great coursing match. No beds to be had. I went to sit in the landlady's room; they were very civil. A draper came in, and hearing the difficulty, offered a bed at his house. I let them discuss and tested their good nature by silence and mystery, and then when all was fixed, told them I knew the Wilson's and other respectabilities, which fact appeared to have the effect of greatly rewarding them for their confidence in me. I was taken to a most comfortable room, and had a very good breakfast with the kind people, who were altogether above payment I at once saw, so I could only give a present to the servants. It has been a lovely journey this morning among the green sheep walks of the border country, with the little dancing burns running through russet copse woods by the way. At Berwick, every one was as kind as possible. I dined at the vicarage, and Mr. and Mrs. Rowe expressed the greatest regret I did not make a point of going to lodge there. They are very nice people, indeed. Mrs. Rowe is a Kendal

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lady, and knows all the Wakefields, Croppers, &c., &c., well, and dear old Mrs. Cookson, at Grasmere, is a cousin of hers.

"Mr. Rowe came to see me off at the station, though he was so extremely busy, he had no time to get any dinner himself. There were to be large school teas in the evening. I had great satisfaction in the service. There were two or three grown up women, and several working men, and I was much struck with their simple, manly behaviour among the children. The Bishop gave an excellent address, dwelling much on the need of frequent daily prayer, and continual spiritual watchfulness, and on the dedication of the humblest and commonest duties of life to God. He desired, before going to the altar, that the whole congregation would kneel for a while in silent prayer, and for some time there was absolute stillness, which in so very large a company was very solemn. Indeed, the whole service was conducted in an impressive way, as far as possible from the giving an idea that it was a mere outward ceremony, and I could not but think it well fitted to confirm all good purposes of life. There was a little sparrow which had got into the church, going about with a low, happy twitter, and it came at last and staid close by me in the chancel, in a very friendly manner. I recollected how a great and good man, St. Francis of Assisi, I think, said that Christ's life united His people in brotherhood to the whole creation of God; and in the earliest liturgies, I dare say, thou knowest, all the courses of the natural world are spoken of, and brought in to give thanks with the redeemed human race for the greatness of Christ's sacrifice. I suppose we are too conventional, too unsimple now for this, but there is much truth of feeling in it, surely."

A month or two later, she writes, as follows, to her brother-in-law, Robert S. Watson:—

"I send a paper which, in a distant way, bears on what thou hast said, and have marked one or two passages which I should stop at if I were reading it aloud with you. Lizzie will kindly lay it in my sideboard drawer any time she is at South Ashfield, as I want to read it to Mother. It is only Dr. Pusey's paper you will much care about, I think. I know much less than you do about the arguments of the materialists. If I heard them I do not think they would trouble me, but I heartily agree with thee that they ought not to be pooh-poohed. Where, simply as a matter of human fairness one would like to see a modification in the methods of using them is here: that they are formed upon, and appeal to human reason only. But we are not made up of reason alone; we all have more or less of imagination, and genius is, I think, rightly said to be the union of both in a very high degree. Supposing then that the acceptance of scientific truth, as much as is now known, involved the rejection of Scriptural authority, and left us to our own race for the food of the imagination, we are isolating reason, and keeping it alive at the expense of starvation to another equally noble faculty. For the schemes set forth by philosophy alone, to meet human needs, are, so far as I know them, paltry to the

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last degree; and yet, even they, in modern times, at least, have unconsciously borrowed a great deal from Revelation. There seems an alternative so much easier, so much more in accordance with common sense, and that is the belief in a personal God, the abundance of whose life flows through His creation. For who has yet told us what life is, in what our life differs precisely from brute life, and that again from the powers of chemical combination, and that from electricity, and so forth? We know nothing accurately, nothing with such certainty as to be sure there is nothing more beneath it or beyond it. We only dimly see infinitude stretching in every direction, and in every direction the proofs of care, and order, and fitness, and beauty, and of all the qualities which *we* try to bring to bear upon our own works, outdone beyond our power to follow. Where, then, is the unreasonableness of believing that there is one Living Maker whom we cannot see, and that He having given us the craving mind, should satisfy it in a double way, and should send One that we might have life, and that we might have it more abundantly, so that the generations of His creatures might be nourished, while the race was waiting for the discoveries of science. This seems to me the right temper, to accept both and be thankful. How easily we reconcile ourselves to inconsistencies in people we love! "Oh, if I had his whole mind out, the two things you tell me, he said, would fit well enough." We say this continually, and even of human nature which, theoretically, we admit to be capable of great inconsistencies. In human nature these may be real, in whatever we imagine to ourselves as the Divine nature they can be but apparent. I fear what I mean is very obscure, but to thee and every Christian it is known in experience."

The Cousin referred to in the following letter, about rats, was the late Joseph Hancock Richardson.

From A. D. R. to Lady Richardson.

SOUTH ASHFIELD, *August 13th*, 1866.

DEAR LADY RICHARDSON,

"I am sorry that I was unable to answer your kind inquiry before you left Grasmere. It is, however, very convenient to me to send three messages to Dr. Rolleston, if you will give them to him.

"1. That I am much obliged to him for the *Alliance* Newspaper, containing the report of his excellent speech, in May, which seemed to us all the more valuable that so few people of his sort even condescended to examine these popular efforts for good.

"2. That the Sherringham valves, put up in this house, according to his explanations to me, are highly satisfactory.

"3. That before long some black old English rats will be sent to him, alive, from Devonshire, so that his servant should be on the alert in opening the box, or hamper, lest they leap out and escape. A cousin of mine has a small colony here, from which I hoped to send some specimens; but the parents usually devour the whole of their

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new families (16 or 17 each time, and several times every year), and hitherto it has been quite an exception to save one now and then, and these are quickly asked for by naturalists in the neighbourhood. This young cousin has tamed his by carrying them about in his pocket for a day, then putting his hand in and stroking them abundantly; last of all, taking them out to look at his face. I have the vulgar disgust to rats, and can, by no means, enter into his enthusiasm over their beauty.

Speaking of this year, Anna writes in the "Chronicles":—

"During this time, our dear Emily was engaged to Dr. Gregory White, and the marriage was happily accomplished in the summer. Beautiful myrtle, in flower, came the evening before the wedding day from the Isle of Wight, and as we were dressing it, we opened a letter telling us the beloved and honoured sender of the gift, our dear Sarah Rickman, was dead. It was a great blow to us all; she had been a delightful friend to my Mother since they were repectively 24 and 14 years old, when they read Horace together in Edinburgh, and a scarcely less delightful friend to each one of her children. The little basket in the drawing-room here is her work.

"In September, while Heugh Folds was let, we, a mixed party, had a splendid Highland tour through Argyllshire, from Bannavie to Arisaig, a drive unequalled to my fancy in Scotland, onwards into Ross-shire to Loch Maree, thence to Dingwall and Inverness, and home by the Perthshire Highlands. Quite a store-houseful of enjoyment we laid by for the winter.

"In December, Caroline and I had a very pleasant visit here (Heugh Folds) and C. planned the cottages in the Tarn Field, of which a small piece was bought for the purpose from Levy Hodgson, and we hope they will prove comfortable dwellings for the working people, whose claims as the ancient "gentry of the soil" in these valleys have been hardly enough considered amid the rapid changes of late times.*

"The pretty hamlet of 'Boon Beck has been pulled down this year, and only one or two of the stately old trees which used to adorn it, are left. Lady Richardson tells us that Wordsworth could remember when one fine native forest stretched unbroken from Town End to 'Boon Beck. Now we have a little scattered planting, and Mr. Harward's ugly rhomboid of larches high up on the hill, instead. Still, these things may injure, but they cannot destroy the beauty of the place.

"In talking to Miss Cookson, one day, of her friendships with the Southeys and Wordsworths, and also with the old Statesmens' families, she told me that a very aged man, now dead, Mackreth, the parish clerk, recollected a well of very beautiful water, in the field in front of Miss Gibson's house (behind pavement end) from which water used

* This building of workmen's dwellings away from the Village, and from Town End, was not approved of by all of the neighbours, and between one of them and Anna caused almost the only shade of unpleasantness she ever had in the Valley. She was afterwards much gratified to find that but little annoyance was felt and that her motives were fully appreciated in the long run.

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always to be brought for the font in the church. Healing qualities were believed to exist in it, and the tradition was that the first Christians in this Valley were baptized there by St. Oswald, of York, after whom the church is named. It is the mother church of the district, and takes priority of all. The Ambleside and Coniston rush-bearings always *follow* that of Grasmere."

It was about this time that Mrs. Nichol (known to us in younger days as Elizabeth Pease) proposed to erect, for the benefit of the public, a Drinking Font at her own cost, at the cross roads at Morningside, Edinburgh, and requested Anna to make a design for her. Anna accordingly drew out a charming Gothic lantern, surmounted by a cross. From the vault of the lantern was suspended a globe, with a three-jet gas-light. Mrs. Nichol's offer was, of course, thankfully accepted by the city authorities, subject to the approval of details by the city surveyor. Now Mr. McPherson, the surveyor, seems to have been a truly *practical* man, and he suggested that if the gas-light were placed at the top outside, in lieu of the cross, the font would serve also for a gas-lamp. Of course, the beauty of the design, and the symbolical significance would both have been destroyed; but the surveyor of modern Athens would not even entertain any such consideration, and absolutely refused his consent. Under these circumstances, Anna withdrew her design, and Mrs. Nichol generously requested Mr. McPherson to make his own design, which he accordingly did* Some time ago, I made a special pilgrimage to see the result, and there I found a granite pillar, with a large gas-lamp on the top, and at the side a granite trough. There let it remain a monument of a town surveyor's taste, and a memento of an utilitarian age!

In 1867, some financial troubles were such a bother to our dear mother, and my brother George's health was so indifferent, that the whole family went to spend the summer in Switzerland. Being left at home to look after affairs alone, I had a series of charming letters from Anna, full of kind counsel and encouragement, and with vivid descriptions of all the glories of that glorious land. Still there always seemed something wanting to mar their enjoyment, and in one letter, Anna remarks: "We are all, however, privately afflicted with home-"sickness, though we don't speak of it." The experience, alas, of how many travellers!

* Since writing the above, I have been told that a gentleman, in London, connected with a society for promoting the extension of drinking fountains, was partly responsible for the design.

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Writing to her friend, Miss Broadley (a staunch conservative) about a glorious sunset, she continues :—

"Still, we have seen nothing, in my mind, equal in beauty to the high terrace, leading to Rydal, behind Wordsworth's house. It is too vast here—there is a kind of pugnacity in the immense size of the hills, that a little hinders the best sort of friendship with them, at least, on a short stay. The clergyman, who is here just now, and with whose sermons my young sisters especially are very much pleased, is Mr. Kennedy, who married Miss Wordsworth. He uses a great deal of illustration from the beautiful world, which is appropriate both to the place, and to anyone belonging to Wordsworth; and he seems, even through a strong peculiarity of manner, which gives to many persons the impression of affectation, to be thoroughly interested in what he himself says. Unfortunately, so many preachers belie their solemn language, by their personal indifference.

"We have been very happy in the passing acquaintances we have made, and have seen a considerable variety of people. It has been a great pleasure to have a stock of English newspapers—brought two days ago. Everybody is thrilling with indignation against the horrid Mexican murder, though, perhaps, they hardly remember enough the mutual atrocities that have led up to it. We, old Radicals, are also duly amazed at the out Heroding Herod of the Conservatives. I *should* like to hear what you would now say of their defence of the constitution. If it had only been left to us, with cautious John Bright as our pilot, we should have been many years before we reached the haven, into which you have suddenly steered us. I hope we may be able to greet each other with peace.

"Have you seen the articles and letters in the *Spectator*, on miracles? They are extremely interesting, and to us the more so that we have been reading what Tyndall has to say on his own subjects in this country, and are glad that he should receive a respectful rebuke from other and higher territories than his special ones at so able a hand as Richard Hutton's. The fascination of Tyndall's scientific explanations is extraordinary. I never read any to compare with them in clearness, and in the setting off of all kinds of poetical touches besides. Robert expects to meet him on the other side of the Glarus Alps, and to do some work with him.

"We shall be very glad to reach England again, for a long time of unsettlement is, in itself, fatiguing, and to see so many people is like reading one novel after another. It is far better, really, to try to *know* a few."

The next letter is of interest, as referring to her former visit to Paris.

From A. D. R. to her Brother Edward.

"27, RUE BONAPARTE, PARIS, *May 3rd*, 1867.

MY DEAR EDWARD,

"As C. and I were walking down the Rue Bonaparte to-day, we

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got into a crowd at the old church of St. Germain des Prés, just above, which was collected round a very splendid official looking funeral. Several carriages of state were there, and then a long double line of private carriages and cabs, reaching to the Rue Jacob. We looked with interest at the horses, &c., and came on. I went to a shop or two, and when I joined C. in the house, she said! "Oh, Anna, I asked the landlady whose funeral it is, and it is Monsieur Pelouze!" I felt an immediate strong personal interest in it, and went back directly to the church to attend the service. The long nave was densely crowded with gentlemen and a few ladies, many of the former in uniforms of one sort or another. A detachment of soldiers attended, and the entire church was draped in black cloth, with a kind of scutcheon over each arch, bearing a large P. The coffin was set on a raised daïs near the altar, with perhaps fifty huge candles, from six to ten feet high blazing around it. A very solemn requiem was chanted and mass was offered, hymns were sung, and then the soldiers marched out. A little after them, a procession of priests carrying candles, then the coffin, which was set near the door. The priests stood round, and again there was a chanting of versicles and responses, in which the working people, crowded about the door, joined. The priests moved away when this part of the service was over, and the representatives of official stations came down and formed a circle just below the bier. Then the two sons of M. Pelouze walked down and stood within the circle. The elder, whom we knew, a bald, stout man, still recognizable, however. The younger, a thoughtful, pleasant, but even now, almost gray-headed man. Two sons-in-law, and two sweet little boys, the grandsons, who must, I think, have been "Mdlle. Anna's" children; they were so like what she used to be. Everybody then came, one by one, down the nave, censed the coffin, and then bowed to or shook hands with the chief mourners. It was a long time before all this was over. There were hundreds, I should think, who thus passed. Then the coffin was carried out again to the hearse, and the sons followed. The whole procession moved away. I have not been able to learn of what malady our kind and hospitable friend died. Perhaps he had much felt the loss of his wife, who was found dead one morning, about three months ago; neither have I been able to gather any particulars about his family. It was very curious, and sad, too, that I should thus chance to be able to attend his funeral. I felt a very sincere mourner, for he showed us uncalled for kindness.

"The weather is less hot to-day, after a severe thunderstorm last night. Paris is brilliant in beauty, and the improvements astonish me. The trees have surely grown at a surprising rate. Carrie is delighted with it, though, I am sorry to say, she is not very well. We mean to set off for Lucerne on Fifth Day, very early. I hope thou wilt be able to take a holiday this summer, and that thou wilt come, part of the time at least, to us. I think we shall be home again about the third week in July. C.'s love.

Thy affectionate Sister,

A. D. R."

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From A. D. R. to her Brother J. W. R.

"HOTEL DU LAC, *22nd July*, 1867.

DEAREST JOHN,

"A second note to acknowledge draft for £20, for which, and the trouble involved, best thanks from all. R. C.'s letter is a very agreeable one. At this distance, everybody feels only anxious to support whatever thou thinks best, and George's desire to be rid of the whole concern by one stroke, chiefly, I believe, arises from the fear of thy health breaking down under so many labours. He is also strongly of opinion that in spite of the beautiful French quotation, thou earnestly wishes him and all of us to keep away from home as long as possible. Men understand men, and women, women, I suppose in certain directions; but I must confess this induction escaped most of us, though a priori, we should have thought it very likely. We are very anxious about thee, lest thy truly excellent and painstaking endeavours should hurt thee.*

"We have to wait here to see whether H. of York, and Cos. M. come. So a few of us propose an excursion to Chamouni, by the Tête Noir, by way of seeing as much us we can. The weather is splendid. Dear Mother is gone out to be photographed, but I fear she will come out like a Moor in these strong lights and shades.

"Philip must be a most entertaining companion.

Thy most affectionate,

A. D. R."

"HEUGH FOLDS, *7th December*, 1867.

DEAREST JOHN,

"Thank thee for thy amusing letter, and two former favours, also for Phil's characteristic epistle. I see he is going to legislate for the whole family, and trust the wisdom he wishes for will aid him in the function. I fear I shall tease thee with a dozen or two of questions when we reach home. It is pleasant to have any light on the B. C. C. What a weary business it has been for thee! I mean to bring home for thee to read at thy leisure, Gladstone's Chapter of Autobiography, and the Marquis d' Azeglio's Political Correspondence. I never read more charming French than the latter book, nor felt more sympathy with a Statesman's botherations than in his pages. As to Joseph Pease's sermon on spiritual joy, one would expect to find old men

* This induction might very well escape most of them, for, if I recollect, the lines were those by Alfred de Musset, addressed to his brother returning from a tour in Italy.

"Ami! ne-t'en-va plus si loin
"D'un pen d'aide j'ai grand besoin
"Quoiqu' il m'advienne!
"Je ne sais ou va mon chemin,—
"Mais je marche mieux quand ma main
"Serre la tienne."

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dwelling more on it than younger ones. I fancy it comes as the reward of life, at any rate, as Trench observes, the use of the two verbs αγαπαω and φιλω in the New Testament with a clear distinction, shows that there are stages in that inward life as in the outward. We *are* commanded to love God in the sense of αγαπαω, *i.e.*, to honour Him and care for His interests, but never to love in the sense of φιλω, *i.e.*, to love with the conscious delight with which we love our human treasures, because this is a feeling we cannot command. But it is promised as the result of the other, and it comes just as pleasure in a study, or a piece of art comes, from careful attention to it. The two verbs to love, are used with exquisite discrimination in the 21st of St. John, where Peter is asked twice: "Lovest thou, &c.," with αγαπαω, and replies in the devotion of personal attachment with φιλω. Then the third time, as if with a gracious forgetfulness of his recent failure in the αγαπαω, the question is asked with φιλω. And how it must have comforted his heart!

"Excuse this long ditty, but the Greek language is such a reservoir.

"Our dear love to Marian. In much impatience to see you all.

Thy most affectionate Sister,

A. D. R."

The "Chronicles of Heugh Folds" contain the following:—

7th April, 1867.—"We lost our dear and helpful friend, Dr. Fisher, in the early part of this year, while I was on a visit to Fir Vale, the last time I saw our dear graceful friend, Jane Smith, who died in the early summer.

"Caroline and I had a short but pleasant visit to Heugh Folds in the spring, during which the building of the cottages was superintended, and the usual dilatoriness of the district endured. While here, we had several domestic misfortunes, and in the midst of them, a welcome visit from Emily Davies, who suffered from cold and face-ache, and went home worse than she came, because we did not give her warm comforts enough. Let us bear this error in mind to our future profit and that of our guests.

"C. and I went to stay at Mrs. Davies, in London, soon after, and had coals of fire heaped upon our heads. We enjoyed it exceedingly, and had a kind of side glimpse into London Society. Our dear Mother attended the Yearly Meeting; and, in due course, we set forth for our grand Swiss family tour.

* * * * *

"We had a truly splendid summer, and overflowing enjoyment in the scenery, and society of each other, and the pleasant people we met —a time to be long remembered with delight and thankfulness.

* * * * * * *

1868.—"Our dear and valued friend, Edward Smith, died at Brighton this spring. Nearly all the Alpine plants in the garden were his gift. His latter years had been saddened in many ways, and the

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last time I was much with him, the following verses, written by my dearest Mother for me, while waiting in the cemetery, at Lucerne, describes better than words of mine could do, the current of thought which was in his mind. My Mother, by the oddly oblique sight which still remains to her, had caught the outline of the shadow of one of the memorial crosses as it lay on the brilliantly sunny ground :—

Shadow of the cross of stone,
Midst the graves and roses placed,
Layest thou, though to vision weak,
Clearly on the pathway traced.

Pious hands the structure reared,
Telling thus to wandering eyes
How the Lord of Earth and Heaven
Was for us the sacrifice.

Saviour! be thou ever near,
Through the hours of life's long day;
Unto all we hold most dear
Be their Light, their Guide, their Stay.

In fair childhood's joyous morn,
Bright with every radiant hue,
Be unto the tender flowers
As the gently falling dew.

Then, if youth's bright hopes must fade,
And with grief the heart be bowed,
Rise, oh Sun of Righteousness,
Stretch Thy bow athwart the cloud.

When, in the noontide's sultry glow,
Faint with care and toil we stand,
Be a shadow from the heat,
In a dry and weary land.

And when age comes stealing on,
Saviour, still with us abide:
Be Thy grace the softened light
Of our peaceful eventide.

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And though flesh and heart should fail,
Ere the silver cord must sever,
Be the trembling spirit's strength,
And our portion, Lord, for ever.

Thus, where'er our lot is cast,
'Neath a bright or cloudy sky:
In the shadow of the cross,
May we live and may we die.

"In the spring, also, 1868, we had the pleasure of making Miss Dora Greenwell's acquaintance, at Newcastle, and afterwards of Mr. and Mrs. Ashwell, who paid us a very enjoyable little visit at Heugh Folds.

* * * * * *

"On the 5th of November, our kind neighbour, Mrs. Cookson, died at the age of 94, the last of Wordsworth's contemporary friends in the valley."

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CHAPTER IX.

GIRTON COLLEGE. LETTERS TO MISS E. DAVIES.

"Imagination's wings upbore me,
I reached the furthest palest star,
I felt the prophet's mantle o'er me,
Nought was too high and nought too far."

Aus Schiller's "Ideale."

In 1868, Anna writes in the "Chronicles":—

"This and last year are to be noted as the beginning of a strenuous effort, under Emily Davies' able generalship, for a Woman's College. Great is the truth and will prevail. If single women are to be anything better than bores, they must be regularly trained for useful work of various kinds, adapted to our very complex and disordered social condition."

I purpose to give here a series of extracts from her letters to Miss Davies on this subject, which was one in which she took the warmest interest, and I regret that I cannot insert, also, the infinitely "spiritual" letters which she received from the gifted founder of the College.

From A. D. R. to Miss Emily Davies.

"*Monday.*

DEAR EMILY,

* * * * * *

"I am sure we, maligned Quakers, ought to try to do something for this College, if it were only by way of obeying George Fox's mandate, when he ordered girls' schools to be set up. "It is fit that women should be taught *all kinds* of civil and useful knowledge"—

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so he was well enlightened on that point. A Friend was remarking the other day on the wisdom of *making provision* for any function you want to see working, and instanced woman's preaching. He said, if it had not been provided for, a woman here and there might have preached, but there would not have been the large and most useful exercise of their gifts in that line which we have been blessed with.

"I forgot to say, in speaking of the College, that I think you should keep your eye on likely women, who might be teachers and lecturers there, and get them to prepare themselves, with a view to a special subject. If only I were ten years younger, and had good lungs, I think I should have been tempted to sink a part of my little property in the concern, for the sake of being appointed a coach, or something of the sort, *sub judice*, of course, which would remove such an act from the region of bribery. However, my family duties are transparently clear now. But, I dare say, many women would take heartily to that kind of work, and succeed in it, especially with the advantage of looking a few years a-head to a subject that suited them. I should like to hear how you intend to avoid, at once, the unpleasantness of religious tests, and such a phenomenon as that of Professor Bain teaching philosophy to Free Church youths. The question is more difficult when it is of understatement rather than overstatement of Truth. George is going to help Canon Eyre to get up a school, because the point is—shall the ragged Irish be brought under the authority of God and the Virgin, or be left to that of the Devil? When they get to Heaven, they can easily let the errors of their belief glide from them. Is this sound?"

"18*th September*, 1867.

"Since we came back, I have read Mr. Arnold's article with much pleasure and amusement,—and for once, I think the *Spectator* was a little hard,—not upon him, whom the remarks appeared to me distinctly to fit,—but upon the particular article. For he does not propose to set up culture in the place of religion, and he is writing for culture. If he were writing for religion, one might hope he would say it is better to pluck out an eye, and have a maimed body, than offend. Culture, I suppose, advises not to slide towards offence, and so keep one's eye and limb. However, he is rather unlucky in his instance of Abelard; and his joke about Shakespeare and Virgil, sailing with the Pilgrim Fathers, is thoroughly snobbish, and characteristic of all those littlenesses of moral nature which are continually cropping up in his writings. One cannot help disliking him, though he is "excellent company," as people say. With regard to the essay on the Quaker system, it seems to me not at all a wise idea. The system might do as an illustration for something else,—but could'nt be built up into the edifice of an essay. For one thing, it has changed, and is changing. When my mother was young, the only novel ever allowed was "Cœlebs in Search of a Wife"—no music,—no dancing,—just the thin end of drawing. Clearly, history and

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philosophy would be quite amusing in lives so restricted. They were read pretty largely, and instead of amusements, were hospitality and "good works." It was "public opinion," in great degree, which achieved this, and I trust the tradition of it may live as long as we exist as a society. So that whatever there is to say, appears to me to belong to the second of your list of essays. One is forced to admit that the time for this strictness had passed away,—there was much evil in it with all the good—but it remains to be seen whether, with the change, there will remain anything distinctive in Quaker women. We have not hitherto had the danger of extravagant examples from people higher up in the scale, simply because such people counted for nothing in our public opinion; but though it has hardly touched as yet, we have a considerable waste of time and stuff in following the fashions of dress, and in going to entertainments where one dare not wear "cautions." In America, where the society is many times bigger, I hear the same traditional difficulties beset them. I think, for strictly philanthropic work, such as that of Friends has been, no plan is so efficient for women as "sisterhoods," because the *body* gets experience and wisdom to transmit. But, on the other hand, it is a doubtful thing to draft away all, or a good part of the naturally serious minded,—and I cannot help suspecting that the intense worldliness of Paris is partly due to this. Robert says, that when he was last there, it was earthly and sensual, but now devilish,—and really, in the very streets are tolerated sights which make me scarlet with shame. I forgot to say, in its right place, that I think there is a *tendency* in the Quaker men to leave administration to women, and to think they do enough if they supply them well with funds. This tendency has many noble contradictions though. Our men do not receive a promise to be obeyed in the sense of ὑπακουειν you know,—but I think there is the true, wifely, and maidenly spirit of looking up to, which is what St. Paul intended,—he having hit precisely the right mark; though, in our clumsier language, children and women are clubbed together. I am very glad, indeed, to hear you enjoyed your Sussex visit so much. It is a delightful county, third in my affections. I hope you got bread and milk, or cream, at night. I shall never get over our lapse on that point. I have wakened up in the night about it, shivering. But it was stupid and impolitic of you to say you wanted to come again. Knowing that, I will dictate the season, and not have you in the draggles of departing winter. Warm weather might be a help to your moral cowardice, and enable you to say, to a real friend, that you had face-ache, and did not want to walk out in the dark. You have fallen much lower, in our esteem, than you were, when we were so enthusiastic about your highly bred courtesy, in not boring us with help.

"We have heard nothing of Miss Clough. I fear she is not coming. We hope (C., G., and I) to go to Grasmere next month. Mary Taylor and Miss Arnold have made a most erudite three months' tour among the ancient monuments of Brittany. M. says you may like to know that there girls stay at school till they are 19 and 20—though, so poor, that they take their little stores of dried fish,

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potatoes, &c., from home, to live upon while there. All learn Latin,—some grammatically, and the services are thus congregational and hearty. Morality seems at a far higher level than in our country."

"24*th September*, 1867.

"I am much obliged to you for your kindness in writing to Lady Richardson. By this post I send you our Book of Discipline, which you can keep and look over as long as you like. I have marked in the index the parts most likely to interest you. But, besides this and other documents, and the numerous "lives," there is a vast body of tradition, only understood by members; and, I fear, this last is getting more and more mixed and diluted. In time, I hope the best of it will be re-grafted on the original stock. One sees, the more one looks into it, that Quakerism was a protest against the coarse Calvinism, which filled the English pulpits of the day (as Kingsley remarks) and not against the real teaching of the Prayer Book and old Liturgies. I think you should read the chapters on doctrine, which I have not marked, to see this. People are assumed to be God's possession, and not Satan's, and are told to live up to their privileges accordingly. There is also a very vivid sense of doing everything, as in His sight; indeed, in the older Friends who are dying out, I have seen some who were most likely never near a well-bred person in their lives (as to this world) with manners of very lofty dignity and courtliness, as though they were always passing in and out of a Royal Presence. And these Friends seemed to realise, to a wonderful degree, the Mediatorship of Christ—how it stands in the midst of *all*, the very smallest even, of the difficulties and perplexities of life, and brings those who accept it, through them, into harmony with the Father's will. But, we moderns, learn the little we know of this, not so much from old Quaker books, as from the above-named traditions, and from the religious writings of the day. C. and I continue to think the essay altogether an unwise scheme. I have the same cautious objection to one on the New Testament teaching about women. Has not Dr. Howson said a good deal about it already? And would you not exasperate the clergy and all the dissenting ministers? It seems to me a subject of unusual delicacy. I dare say you know that the promise to "obey" in the marriage service, is modern. I wonder if it was inspired by the terrorism of Henry VIII.'s doings? The old form is "to be bonere and buxom," which is almost exactly the sense of St. Paul's command to arrange the life so as to be in accordance with one's husband's. A concentric circle, so to speak, "to be gentle and bendable," (buxom used to be spelt *boughsome*) it is a very suitable promise, I think—such as a Quakeress would not object to. I do not know whether it is our equal vow, or the more solid education of the women *with* the inferior education of the men, which so brings them nearer together; but certainly, men Friends, however boorish, are free from that hateful covert patronage and condescension to women, which the manners of very few gentlemen outside are without, so far as my small experience goes. Surely women are helpmates, and ought

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to be treated as respectfully as partners in business. I am sure the fullest respect lies in the New Testament. One may be sure of it from the stride *at once* made in the position of Eastern women. I dare say it is meant to receive wider and wider development, just as its laws have already, to a great extent, brought, and will yet more, bring about the destruction of slavery, while for the actual existent relation of master and slave, obedience was ordered. So to a brute of a husband, I imagine a wife in all things, feeling the presence of Christ, would now yield an unreasonable obedience; but then, she would take care that her daughters should not commit her fault of marrying a practical heathen, and Christianity would, in the meantime, be softening brutes, and also be providing other ways in which women could lead womanly lives without being married at all. Perhaps it is a crude or incorrect notion, but I have always thought the Bible was meant to be developed, in this sense, as fast as one could, until the millenium, or whatever else is to be the end, and as to arguing that the Teutons are to behave precisely in an oriental manner, supposing even that St. Paul does rather advise this, one might as well follow the American slave-holders, and say that because a δοῦλος is mentioned in the Bible a *doulos* is a right institution. For the point in each case is the degree of obedience and bondage—not the relation of superior and inferior in itself which will exist as long as human nature does; and, as I think Christ intended to raise the slave into the servant and friend, so surely, the poor down-trodden wife, of all countries and times, into a common woman, who should be like Wordsworth's perfect one. I am sorry I have written so much in haste, and amid interruptions."

"23*rd December*, 1867.

"I am sorry Dr. Pusey should "violently oppose" a useful measure. At the same time, one cannot expect elderly people,—especially elderly people whose own close work prevents them from seeing near needs,—to enter into what may well look rather like a volcanic upheaval in the old paths. I hope, for instance, that you saw *Punch's* picture of the careful father eschewing women's novels for his daughters. Do you think Mr. Ashwell (is not that his name?) would stand either upon the general or a local committee? He is Principal of the Durham Training School,—so far interested in all education,—and, I believe, editor of the *Literary Churchman*—a paper, generally, very fair, I think, and certainly very able. Should not also Mr. Anchor Thompson be asked to let his name be on one or other of the lists? Because, if Archdeacon Prest's name carried great force with it among many people, there are also many,—even among dissenters, with whom it would have the contrary effect; and these, not the least likely to take a warm interest in the scheme. Do you know Miss Gilbert, the daughter of the Bishop of Chichester? And do you so entirely abjure Miss Younge, as to refuse to ask her? Her name is so well known, and so well liked by vast numbers of young ladies, and her own claims to solid culture so real. Also, do you think Mrs. Gatty a likely lady? She is a very nice, wise,

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thoughtful woman. I think you said you knew the editor of the *Guardian*,—a paper in a particularly sensible and moderate mood just now, and likely to remain so, from the headiness of its extreme left or right wing,—I don't know which you would call it. Why not enlist Mr. Bernard? I have not seen "Studious Women," if that is the book you mean, and should much like to hear of it when you have time to write. Also, when you have time, could you not put yourself in communication with Monsieur Duruy, and get exact intelligence of what he is going to do for girls, in connection with the Lycées, in large towns. I was much pleased to see the notice of this in the *Guardian*. We were all rather crestfallen to hear that Mr. Hutton wrote the travelling woman's letters. We did him the honour to suppose he must be away rusticating, and that a foolish "sub" had put them in. As George said, they were low, without even being amusing. I forgot, just now, to say,—would you not try to get Gladstone's name, or at least Lord Lyttleton's? Even people who believe in women's "influence" would reasonably like to see their understandings trained to use that influence well. I thought you very unjust to Gladstone in the spring, when you set in antithesis "influence" and "power." "Authority," I longed to say, but was bilious and in the face of the applauding company did not care to be a little Athanasius, is the true antithesis of influence; and, it is very certain, that upon contrarious natures the power of influence works, where the power of authority creates rebellion. I believe this is the reason why so many good and great men don't like the idea of making anything that women do authoritative. However, though this view might affect the Suffrage, it does not, I think, affect the College; and Gladstone might be glad to be of use where chivalry is most wanted,—namely, the first lift. I did not forget the second year's fresh women, but thought it would not be bad if it led to the precedent of a second out-building. King Alfred, no doubt, began with a few wattled houses. But, I said clearly, that unless there were a great gain in point of rents, determined, as you say by locality,—it would be wiser, and of course pleasanter, to build; always bearing in mind, as a check, that the living women, sent out over the country, with their degrees or certificates, will do far more for the cause than carved stones. We had a very pleasant little visit from Professor Seeley, on Friday. He thought he was opposing *you*, and said, if they only could have found out your opinion, they all would have been guided by it. "We don't know exactly what the ladies want, and wish we did"—he said, in the most humble and genuine manner. He thinks nothing could be worse than that women's examinations should be like men's,—as they now are,—so bad and overdone—and he is himself a melancholy proof of the harm of them. He cannot sleep,—and we are all grieved to see the state his health is in. R. and L. were extremely pleased with him, and said they never parted from any guest with more regret at his going. Perhaps you have heard the lectures in London? I liked the second far the best, and thought it one of the most refined and subtle criticisms I ever listened to. His treatment of Dante was delightful,

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and the tracing of the effect of the Greek revival on Milton excellent. Even the hearty admirers of Milton present agreed that it was just. He was taken down a coal-pit, and to Durham, and, I hope, did not get overdone. Some of the very orthodox,—Mr. Bright, for instance, —would, on no account, go to hear him. However, one must not measure the depth of truth in the saucers and soup-plates which hold their share.

"For the last 16 years, "young" is the last adjective I should think of using for C. or myself. So my strictures cannot apply to anything said before us. People do not know their own habits; especially when they are ill-off for younger sisters to take them in hand. Failing these, true friends should take up the duty; and I owe you courteous thanks for hearing. You have borne enough for one year. During 1868, I shall remark on your intolerance and cynical snappishness. I thought myself, "one who has felt, &c.," sounded rather namby pamby; and as it would be a pity that any of the muscular force of the committee should go in laughing, even with a 12 months' rest, I dare say "anonymous" would do as well,—or "a woman,"—quite plain,—and this might even catch the eye and win the favour of that "sturdy ecclesiastic who calls a spade a spade." My hands are so cold, I can hardly drive the pen. Our very best wishes to you both,—and love and Christian peace."

"*3rd February*, 1868.

"I enclose Mrs. Newall's reply, which, when read, may be burnt. I believe Dr. Embleton will let his name stand on a committee, perhaps Dr. Bruce also, and I do not despair of Robert's, which I much wish for. Your letter evidently took hold of his mind, and he asked for a week to think it over. He has been collecting facts for Mr. Galton as to rowing, climbing, &c., and though he set off with the strongest prejudices against the notion that *cultivated* qualities are passed down from parent to child; the facts he has got have entirely turned him. I think Mr. Galton should have a prospectus. His wife is sister to Dr. Butler, of Harrow. R. and L. had a most pleasant (day) visit to them lately, when R. went up on account of his election in the Geographical Society,—an honour which he has refused more than once, but at last accepted, on the insistance of Mr. Galton and Admiral Collinson. They also had a highly satisfactory call on Mrs. Froude. You do not give me Miss Ogle's address. Is it Kirkley Parsonage? Before I heard from you, I had written (on the strength of John's acquaintance with Canon Greenwell), to Miss Greenwell, to ask for her name on a local committee, (if we can form one), and had a most pleasant and enthusiastic reply. She means to come and see us in March, to talk of what can be done, and hopes to interest Mr. Ashwell. I hope a secretary will turn up. Besides a narrow circle, atrabiliousness, and journeys to Grasmere, my education has been too defective for the post. At the present time, I am waiting for an abatement of wind and storm, to go and see Archdeacon Prest, instead of writing to him; simply, because, though I know one must put Venerable on the cover, I do *not* know whether

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to begin my letter "Venerable Sir." I believe there are such things as complete letter-writers. Do you think a shilling invested in one of these would tend to fill up this painful and awkward hiatus of useful knowledge? I have sent from "anonymous," the first instalment of £20, to the London and County Bank,—it having been suggested, that if contributions were paid in early, to a deposit fund, they would yield sufficient to cover current expenses. I am very sorry to hear your beautiful children are being pulled down, but I hope they may prove strong enough to throw the complaint completely off. Its trail is very distressing on delicate constitutions. We lost one very great darling, whose lungs had been irretrievably hurt by the violence of the cough. I don't know yet whether Mary Taylor is going to stay on a while with her aunt or not. It would be highly gratifying to me that she should know Mrs. Davies, as well as you; and I am much obliged to you for intending to take care she should not miss you. I have an immense opinion of what she is behind her shyness, and her "foreign manner," and love her in a way I fear you would condemn as romantic. Indeed, I never dare let that side of me confront your fearful reasonableness. By the way, I thought your letter wisdom itself, and such arguments are the very best to mollify chivalrous men. I ventured to ask you to name a book, treating of the years between the French Revolution and Waterloo, which should not be Alison, nor Sir W. Scott's Life of Napoleon. I want to find out the best very much, and suggest that you should do so for me, amid your crowds of literary acquaintance. It will prove a passing change of subject from the College, but do not hasten yourself to reply. I am concerned to think of the multitude of letters that must oppress you. Do you know William Fowler, who has been writing on miracles? He is a Friend,—or was brought up one—or Fred. Seebohm? Caro wants to know whether the Blue-book, on middle class schools, is out yet?"

"1*st March*, 1868.

"I was very glad of your beloved note, for I could make nothing out of the first, and not having heard a word, except of slight doubt upon *some* proceedings of Mr. Butler's, since the time that you were to edit two volumes of essays together, felt quite "pulled up" as horsemen say before the chasm that was yawning between you. Besides, you said the oil was irritating, and the seat of irritation is popularly supposed to lie in the feelings, and not in the judgment. So I had only tried to show that the unction was not intended. I forget now what I may have said, and very likely repeat myself for which I beg pardon, but the gist of what I think is that the lectures are not *per se* antagonistic to the College, nor to the University Examinations for school girls, and that we cannot here command sufficient public strength to work them separately; and so go in for a bundle of willow wands instead of a hazel rod. The *Express* has promised me *half a column*, whenever I like to fill it, provided the subject has a local bearing. As to the voluntary Board it is quite another thing; Mrs. Butler sent me the printed account of it last

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Friday, and if I had not got your note, and so decided that it is best she should hear from her own side, I should have written a strong letter to Miss Ogle to-morrow from my unassisted lights, to say that I would *not* meet that scheme by any fraction of half-way. I am delighted to find you of the same mind, for though I believed you scarcely could have given in to the allurement, you had not said so, and I was afraid, from your forwarding Mr. Shaen's note, that you had succumbed in the case of the London University. However, as that is not to come into work till 1870, there is time to get the authorities to reconsider. I am, of course, personally sorry that Greek should go, but then it seems threatened for men, and so long as it is replaced by a study which the Examiners think equally difficult, the equality of the test also remains, which equality, unless it is now grasped, will never be had again I fear through the short remainder of this world. It will be a case of "facile descensus," against which there is the single check of the Senior Local Examinations, and there is no knowing whether, in such dismal future, they would not get that altered for girls, by contagion. But you see as regards the north, I can now din into the public ear that the noble and united band of disinterested and patriotic women (what were your other adjectives?) provide, or wish to provide a College for the rich, and for those whose means and wishes together, lead them to advanced study for the love of it; lectures for poorer people, divided hearts, and all in the entanglements of love and duty; and University examinations for school girls. What more can the public want? Miss Greenwell puts off her visit till the middle of next week, on account of my engagement here, when Mr. Ashwell offers very kindly to come over, for an afternoon, on purpose to talk the subject over. I happily fell in with Miss Armstrong the other day, who is warmly interested, and will do good, as she has dozens of drawing pupils. I like her, and the brave independence of her life. Do not let me be too hurried to tell you how heartily glad I am that you went to Cambridge, and that the visit did you, as well as the College, good. I believe I only see such places by the "shores of old romance"—they are so unlike all the surroundings of our black land. By the way, it was also a pleasant tonic to find you could get good out of a hymn! I fancied you only sang with the voice, not the understanding also, and have hopes of your becoming more religious in time. I have to-day a letter from Mary Taylor, which is as hearty as it could possibly be about the College, and the futility of the fears about its doing good. "If St. Paul is quoted, she says, why not quote his pregnant negative as to male and female? If precedents in Church History are to be followed, why not consider that, in the worst times of the middle ages, the great monasteries of women were true women's Colleges, where *more* than the culture of the age was to be found; and where Roswitha, of the Latin plays, Hildegard and Gertrude were examples, not exceptions." I don't know anything about these people, do you? Afterwards, she says, that "Miss Arnold wishes also very much to make your acquaintance, being delighted with your book, your project, and your letters (those I sent

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M. about the College, carefully scored in places), so I hope we may both have the privilege of going to afternoon tea, if asked." I know two people can go to Kettledrums, because we went three to Mrs. Gurney's. I am very proud of my knowledge of London society! Mary's address is, Fairhope, The Bank, Highgate. Also, I give you another address, Mrs. Sydney Streatfield, 15, Chester Terrace, N.W. She is Hugh Taylor's daughter; very rich, a little fast perhaps, but was enthusiastic about Greek and Latin before she married. If you want to form a committee for Cumberland and Westmoreland, I think Mrs. George Crewdson, Windermere, and Mrs. William Wordsworth, Carlisle, ought to be written to. I forgot to say, Mary Taylor thinks Dr. Ellicott (the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, I mean), ought to be applied to as a likely man to help. I have broken my dear and sacred word, for I said I would not write to you till after Miss Greenwell's visit. But the case seemed rather urgent, in self-defence. I mean to try to get Mrs. Newall to work. My objection to her is not to patronage, but because I can never get at the real human nature of such persons through the social stays they wear. My own people are green and beloved. The six, and their rare congeners *know* how to wear stays, but also when not to wear them; and between the two kinds of excellence, there is that vast incomprehensible steel-cased middle-class most hard to get on with. I know I shall break down in trying, and must get help. I think some good secretary will surely turn up. I doubt Miss Greenwell is too busy, but if she could give her name, I would try to do all the drudgery part,—so far as I can, by writing, while at Grasmere. Did I tell you I fancy the Prests will not object to the lectures? At any rate, I mean to *frame* that extraordinary union of the Church and the world, "Mr. Archdeacon," and ask. To my unaccustomed ears, it is quite as odd as Mr. Apostle Peter, Mr. Saint John. Is Mr. Myers any relation of the late Mr. Myers, of Keswick?"

"*16th April*, 1868.

"Thank you for your informing and amusing letter. No doubt the smoke of most frays gains picturesqueness by distance. Since I came here, I have heard what makes me think it is wise to have little to do with your Liverpool counter-ally, oiler, or enemy, whatever name befits. Mr. and Mrs. Ashwell talk of coming over to see us at Whitsuntide. I asked Mr. A. to write an article in his paper on the College. This is what he says in reply: "It would help me as the *Editor of the Literary Churchman;* I mean it would smooth my way with the proprietors and promoters of it, in reference to any article I could write, if the committee of the Ladies' College would order, say a couple of insertions of an advertisement of their scheme, and let me know when it is coming, and then I could give an article upon it à propos of the advertisement." Can you do this? The office is at W. Skeffington's, 163, Piccadilly. I, of course, should much like the plan brought before such people as are the probable readers of the *Literary Churchman*, for in spite of your retorts, I go on grumbling that the committee is so very one-sided in character. I think it is a

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misfortune in far more ways than one. However, I told Mr. Ashwell and Miss Greenwell what you said, and that I was certain you would not have said it unless your attempts to make it otherwise had been both bonâ-fide and well directed. A friend of Miss Younge's tells Miss Greenwell she thinks she would be very warmly interested, so I hope Miss E. Taylor has not made her application yet. Mrs. Greenwell's attack of paralysis has rather, for a time, stopped the help I hoped to get from the Durham University. I have not seen the article, but am rather sorry to hear Mrs. Fawcett is advocating a hostel, at Cambridge. I think it will tend to nail down the hesitating class to the wrong side.

"When a local committee is formed at Manchester, will you let me have the address of the secretary?"

"*20th May*, 1868.

"I will not enter into the merits of the voluntary people, for I cannot well discern the case in your comical report. I am very sorry you are teased with the matter at all. Mary Taylor is at Ambleside, to my great joy. She was exceedingly pleased with the conference. Mr. and Mrs. Ashwell mean to come next week. I sent you a *Literary Churchman*, with a notice of Mademoiselle Daubré's book, which, I hope, you will read. I think, from the style, that it is from Mr. Ashwell's pen. I explained to him that you must bring his proposal before the committee. Robert (who has been paying us a most pleasant visit), went over, two evening's ago, to dine with Mr. Waite and Professor Chevalier, and says he had an interesting evening, and has some hope, in a very distant future, for his College,* that is, in which I hope graduates from ours will be tutors. We have been exceedingly busy. Among others, have had a nice American family, of Griscoms, in and out. They are very intimate friends of Lucretia Mott, who is just now in sorrow for the death of her husband, with whom she lived 57 years. I have always heard of her as a most remarkable woman. She is very small, but with an exquisite head, and a charming voice. She is so good a preacher and speaker that reporters say it is impossible to take down her speeches. There is none of the ordinary repetition which gives them breathing time, but every sentence is so highly finished, and so exactly fitted to its place, that if a word is lost, the whole is spoilt. She is an admirable housewife, and an indefatigable knitter. Even in the coldest public assemblies, in winter, her face is to be seen, eagerly listening, and her cloak vibrating with the active fingers underneath.

"Professor Ernst Curtius is no relation of ours, but a very dear friend of John's wife. He is, I suppose, one of the first philologists in Europe, and a huge Greek scholar. John has just been over at Göttingen, and has been a great deal with him. He says it is impossible to describe the interest and the brilliancy of his conversation. He is on very friendly terms with Max Müller, Von Sybel, and Dr. Acland. The King desires him to remove to Berlin, to

* Newcastle College of Physical Science.

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adorn his Court, so I fear he will be rather sucked up, as Bunsen was. He sends Marian his Address to his students every year, and she is always highly excited by them; but she says they are untranslatable, and so they are lost on me. John reads them with pleasure, but C. says the German is too abstruse, and the terms too unfamiliar for her to follow. If you have prospectuses to spare, I am now out, and should be glad of a few."

30th May, 1868.

"We are going out to use up our brilliant weather, and I cannot say much, but will try to add Mr. Ashwell's definite answer, and his suggested alteration to the advertisement before to-morrow's post. His society has very great zest in it indeed, and I wish you were here. He said he never read a book which he enjoyed more than yours, and he agreed with all of it, and a great deal more in the same direction, but not then knowing who you were, he thought there were evidences of such suppressed volcanic fire that he supposed you more fit for a wild crusader, than the leader of a practical enterprise. Of course, I have assured him of the broad stores of wisdom at bottom, which, I hope, are in process of polishing by the friction of the "Myers' Butler" party. I think Mr. Ashwell will do his utmost to enlist Miss Joyce, who is a great friend of his; a weekly correspondent for ten years on bookish matters. Mr. Ashwell is also extremely agreeable. I think the conditions make your nomination plan safe, and if the non-transference rule can be really enforced without secret evasions, perhaps too much advantage is not given to the public, otherwise the terms would have seemed to me too liberal. Mr. Ashwell highly approves of sinking money in a good building, rather than of hiring a house. He says many a useful institution has been tided over extreme depression by its solid walls, which perpetually appeal to the wicked world for help.

"Mrs. Hume Rothery (a daughter of Joseph Hume's) whose address is 3, Richmond Terrace, Middleton, Manchester, wrote me a very nice note about the College, and would have helped us if she had continued to live in Northumberland. Could she not be asked to nurse a nest egg at Manchester, as against the cuckoo party? I am truly glad to hear you are less anxious about Mrs. Davies, but it makes me the more grudge not to have you to bask. It is an old Greek spring—a God's life in the views of every leaf."

"*23rd June*, 1868.

"We are truly grateful for your very kind letter, only it was a great mistake to confuse the persons of the Hon. Lady Secretary to the College and Emily Davies, who must, for useful ends, be content to be divided. As to our coming south it is very uncertain whether we do at all.

* * * *

"I dare say it is just as well to wait a while longer for the public meeting—people are so raw in their ideas—your paper will do a great

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deal of good, and it is admirably moderate and unsatirical, considering what must have been your temptations. I am glad to think the season of compulsory rest is coming on for you. With regard to English, I fancy John Bright and ladies owe the beauty of theirs to the same cause, familiar knowledge of our own poets which, for style, seems to me the single thing *better* than a classical education. Even Gladstone's style and Professor Seeley's, grand as both are, often have a ponderosity of Greek and Latin which burdens the pure native mind, e. g. of a simple Quaker. Be sure you keep to Saxon as much as you can. The last essay is more Latinised than your book, and I feel alarmed—and your own individual style is too good to be spoilt by a sort of prophetic trail of the College upon it. Did I tell you Robert has undertaken the English class in the embryo College till he can get a better man? I hope to become his pupil, as he has been reading Anglo-Saxon and the early English texts very carefully. If only I were 26, instead of 36, I would make a desperate effort to pass some sort of examination, and take some modest subject in hand with half-a-dozen girls. It is grievous to think that the Durham Dons cannot help such struggling people. Mr. Ashwell is, however, most friendly and helpful to every effort in a good direction. We expect to set off for home in the chaise on Monday and spend four or five days on the way, as it is delicious weather. Mary Taylor and Miss Arnold are also about to go back to their British Museum work. The Rollestons are now able to be with Mrs. Davy, to whom the beautiful and clever children must be a great delight. We have had incessant company, or I should have written sooner.

"The valley is very full, and the church has a hateful, fashionable air on Sundays, I *hope* only due to the truly irreligious style of modern bonnets."

"LANCRIGG, *30th October*, 1870.

"I am here for a day or two of great refreshment, and shall go back to Heugh Folds to-morrow, where I hope Caro will come for a short while, and rest. Robert is gone to administer funds to the starving peasants near Sedan, and Lizzie will thus kindly share home troubles with Alice for a little, and relieve C. I have just been reading the Edinburgh report of women's classes, sent here by Miss Hamilton. It is very pleasant. I shall be glad if any plan of seeing you turns up during the coming year, for I want to re-talk over the possibility of Cambridge for the College, and lectures in common with the usual students. You will think me a most obstinate heretic, but listen,—when I see you I can't get *that* hope out of mind, and I am sure nobody is more poorly furnished with hopes than I. I think I must not go on further, lest we should branch off into a long discussion, and now Thomas comes in for the letters.

"I hope you remember that youth!"

"*25th November*, 1871.

"I wrote to Lewis Fry some time ago, but have had no reply; also to Miss Ashworth, and from her none. The rich ladies, at Leeds,

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would prefer to see young wives good housekeepers; an urgent need I quite admit. I wish I had mentioned the servant training to them. I have exhausted my circle, and wish you would sanction the transfer of secretaryship to Mrs. Aldis, who, I dare say, will take it. Hers will be a very different set of acquaintances. I am very glad to hear of a meeting at Clifton. The Symondses are cultivated people; likely, I fancy, to help. I am glad you like the new site. It will be heartily pleasant to hear of the foundation-stone. Please give my love to Mrs. Austin, and thank her for her unanswered letter. I am lazy, and write no letters that I can avoid; but for the last ten days, when I have been taking soup in the middle of the fast, am much better and less miserable. I did not know before what a hard exercise fasting is, making the clamours of the body intolerable. It is most pleasant to hear Mrs. Davies is so much stronger. I scarcely understood the pamphlet on Church reform, unless it be that part on people, not in orders, preaching. Laymen of the Church would be interesting enough now and then, but if dissenting preachers be meant, no one who has left dissent can be supposed to wish to hear them again.

"I sent your B. speech to Mr. Ashwell, that he might enjoy its point, whether he confesses to it in print or not. That report happily omitted the "denominations too numerous to remember."

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CHAPTER X.

1869-70.

ITALIAN JOURNEY—VISITS TO MRS. H. M. WIGHAM, AND TO NOTTINGHAM.

Æt. 37-38.

"Tu l'as vu, ce ciel enchanté
Qui montre avec tant de clarté
Le grand mystère :
Si pur, qu'un soupir monte à Dieu
Plus librement qu'en aucun lieu
Qui soit sur terre."

Alfred de Musset.

During the autumn of 1868, the state of Anna's health gave cause for great uneasiness, and it was considered advisable for her to seek a warmer climate on the shores of the Mediterranean. Accordingly, accompanied by her sister Caroline, and her cousin Sarah Anne, who most kindly volunteered, she started early in the month of January, 1870. Three months of great interest were thus spent, but the main object of the journey was frustrated, as the winter was excessively cold, and such as had not been known in Italy for fifty years.

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From A. D. R. to Miss M. G. Taylor.

"SOUTH ASHFIELD, *New Year's Day*, 1869.

MY DEAR MARY,

"I have been waiting, from day to day, in order to give an answer to your kind enquiries about our journey. It is not yet quite decided, but we hope to go with a very pleasant cousin of ours, if possible, who rather wears herself out in good works, the week after next, and by the Channel, through France, instead of by Gibraltar; whether we shall then stay on the Riviera, or go further south, will depend greatly on the weather and on our news from home. I am obliged to keep to my room for a while from a cold, and very charming it looks, with the six beautiful sketches, duly mounted, set up here and there, to bring in the thought of warmth and summer. I wish you may not rue your generosity if you see them! I have cut them all down a good deal, so as to secure a good focus for the best part of each; and they are most delightful to me for their own poetical sakes, besides all the accretion of other feelings on the top of them. One, *Grange*, must, I think, be permanently framed. This minute acquaintance with them will be a capital lesson for me, if I try my hand in Italy. The hope of sketching is one of the great counter pleasures I look forward to,—and then, if I can only grow strong enough to bear this busy social life, without exhaustion, a temporary exile will be richly rewarded. My dear mother pets me up to such an extent, on the notion that I have become delicate, that Capua itself would have much less moral danger than this sunny attic. And I do not forget your charge to me, two years ago, dear Mary, to try to work in some way or other, small as the hope of doing so often seems. I enclose one of the papers of the Advent Mission Services, about which I told you. I was only able to go once in the week, but I heard Mr. Ashwell's sermons on the two Sunday evenings, and most powerful they were,—beyond even what I expected from him, and that was a great deal, for his conversation, when he goes under the surface, is full of vigour and unusual thought. I believe he was much satisfied with the attempt, and the Church was fairly filled, even on week days—on Sundays, crowded. The other preachers were:—Mr. Grey, of Morpeth, a Mr. Grafton, and a Mr. Cooper, and Dr. Dykes, of Durham. It was a great disappointment to me not to hear the latter, from what Miss Greenwell says of him. I have been reading the recollections of D'Azeglio, but for the sake of bearing away a very dignified impression of him, from his correspondence, I rather wish I had not. The picture of his father and mother is admirable—so is his own perseverance in painting, and his charming humour,—but the wickedness of his youth is spoken of in a serio-comic style, very unlike hearty repentance, and is, besides, far too elaborately told, for one cannot but feel, that to draw a veil over the details of vice, is more or less a testimony to the purity of public taste. Purity, however, seems to have been an almost unknown condition in Italian society, and one trembles to think that wealth and luxury can bring nations into such gulfs of depravity.

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If you should read Mr. Church's book, on the Relations of Christianity to Civilisation (which bears upon this topic, I believe), will you tell me what you think of it?

"I hope you liked the papers by E. Garrett and Emily Davies. I have not had time to read them, with the attention which, I think, they deserve. This weather suits you, you said. I hope you will both have a very successful winter at the museum, and enjoy it as much as you have hitherto done. I mean to write to you and bore your eyes with foreign paper, as freely as you gave me leave to do. With the best wishes of the day.

Your most affectionate,

A. D. R."

"D'Azeglio married Manzoni's daughter."

From A. D. R. to her Mother.

"RHEIMS, *Sunday Morning.*

DEAREST MOTHER,

"Before the post goes out, I have just time to add that we are all well this morning. Caro went into the Cathedral and heard an eloquent sermon on the keeping of the Sabbath, praising England, and enlarging on the spectacle of the immense activity of that little island regularly stopping once a-week, "like a ship brought to anchor to rest." No words can describe the glory of that Cathedral. Thou wilt remember how Joan of Arc stood in it at the altar, her banner in her hand, while Charles VII. was crowned. Indeed, the splendour of the events that must have passed within it must have been unequalled in any other building. I have not been able to find the house where Colbert was born.

"I copy the graceful words that accompanied a gift for providing these charming wood fires of France, from one who calls himself *Purveyor of faggots to South Ashfield.*

"Ton âtre aimé est bien loin
"Qu' étincelle le feu!
"La saison triste,—les bûches au moins
"T'égayeront un peu:
"Et crois toujours à mon amour,
"Ah! que je pense à ton retour."

We have, indeed, reason to trust his affection and his judgment too. We do not forget, dear Alice, especially to-day. I hope it is bright and sunny with you. Very cold, however, here.

"MENTONE, 22*nd January*, 1869.

"I have not written till now, lest the green and yellow of my face caused by the vibration of the train, day after day, should affect the tone of the letter; but while we are resting for a few days in the brilliant sunshine, it is most pleasant to thank thee, dear George, and Alice, for yours, and to try to describe the sort of life we lead. We are here in the Hotel d' Angleterre, in the middle of the town, as the

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Pensions are full, and have a charming view directly upon the beach and over the sea, which here is of the colour of the Lake of Geneva, deep blue in shadow, and the most lovely opal in light. The rocks of the overhanging hills are fine, and are covered with orange and olive trees, but to my taste they are a little harsh, the white lines coming inharmoniously upon the dark evergreen, without that perfect blending of colours—the office of the ferns and mosses, which we have in Scotland and in Westmoreland. But against the stare of the landscape we have a huge dome of heat and brightness over our heads, and a merry race of people to watch. They, however, think it very cold. The wind is indeed sharp, and a hoar frost made the ground white yesterday morning between Marseilles and Nice, while at Arles, every wettish place was covered with ice. We were all much interested in Arles, and in crossing the "Camargue," and, I suppose, a bit of the "Crall," great stony plains, with scanty vegetation upon them. Marseilles is a gay, bustling port, with Parisian-like shops. The "Chateau d' If" looked very fine in the morning mist, as we came away by an early train. As we are unprotected females we have the advantage of travelling in the compartments for ladies only, which we can make into a very comfortable parlour with all our conveniences, and every now and then we have a pleasant French lady for a few stages, of whom we can ask questions about the country. Yesterday, our companion was a very sweet little sister of charity in one of their becoming white linen hoods. I do not think either of us has told you what a pleasant afternoon we had at Rheims, on Sunday. We went to the great church of St. Remy, and, as it was a fête day, it was crowded. There was something very impressive in the singing of the vesper psalms in Latin, which, with the aid of a book, we followed quite easily. The books have the Latin and French in parallel columns, so the people know what they are saying, and all about us, even servants in their white caps, sang the Latin most musically. The whole congregation (and it must have been as large as that of Durham Cathedral would be, filled in every part) joined in these psalms, the 110th to the 115th,* and in the Magnificat which followed; and then the choir sang a long Latin hymn, recounting the great deeds of St. Remy. He was the son of the Count and Countess of Laon, who gave him an excellent education, and he then became the apostle of all those barbarous parts. He brought Clovis to Christianity. (I think the previous half-conversion of this king, through his wife Clotilda's influence, is told in dear old Mrs. Markham). A very characteristic story is told of Clovis. St. Remy was one day reading to him the Gospel, by which he was much touched, but when he came to the sufferings inflicted by Pilate and the Jews on our Lord, he started up and exclaimed: "If I had only been there with my Franks!" After this curious and interesting historical part of the service, came a sermon on the duty of caring for the poor, by the Emperor's Almoner, in the midst of which we were obliged to leave for the train. I was very sorry to miss the hymn they were about to sing. It was an old favourite;

* 110th. Dixit Dominus Domino meo 115th, Non nobis Domine.

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"Jesu dulcis memoria, Dans vera cordi gaudia." † I think Alice would find it in Trench's collection, and read it to thee. The next day we came over a high, bleak, but very unromantic country, except that Joinville, where the old Sire's castle stood is pretty; a country which forms the watershed of three great rivers, running different ways, the Meuse, the Seine, and the Saône. It must have been most desolate when St. Bernard came to it on his missionary enterprise from Citeaux. If we stay at Dijon again, I think we must try to see what is left of this great abbey, about fourteen miles from the town. Clairveaux, St. Bernard's off-shoot further north, and Cluny, where his friend Peter the Venerable lived, were both totally destroyed at the Revolution, magnificent as they were. I should not omit to say, in response to Robert's kind wish, that we tried to get the generosity of the vines into our blood by having half-a-bottle of "Ay Champagne" to dinner on Sunday evening, and certainly a more exquisite beverage could scarcely be imagined. We had just passed the village of "Ay," where the huge caverns are, in which the wine is stored."

"ONEGLIA, *27th January*, 1869.

"We left Mentone this morning in a nice carriage and a pair of horses, and had a meat breakfast at San Remo, getting in here at five, a mal-odorous, dirty, ugly, little Italian town, where it is rather provoking to have to stay at all. We admired the palms at Bordighera, and did not know till we came to these parts that the famous story of the sailor's calling out to wet the ropes while they were raising the obelisk at the Vatican belongs to Bodighera. The then Pope was so much pleased that he granted to Bordighera—the sailor's native place—the privilege of supplying Rome with palms for Palm Sunday, and it is for this purpose they are chiefly grown. We stayed ten minutes at Ventimiglia to see a very curious octagonal baptistery, in which the laver is made for immersion, with a recess for the officiating bishop on one side, and for the deaconess assisting at the other. It is very old, indeed, and the church to which it is now attached is built on the site of a temple of Juno, the ancient inscriptions of which are built into its walls. St. Barnabas is said to have founded it. Soon after we left San Remo, a sort of sea fret came on every now and then, and we have had a very grey, sunless day, though there was a gleam towards evening which shewed us Corsica very distinctly. In such weather it is hardly fair to judge of the scenery, in which I confess I am very much disappointed. It is more like the poorest parts of Dublin Bay, than anything I have seen. The same dirt everywhere and want of finish, and atrocious taste in the modern building; also, a look of poverty and low feeding in the people. But I dare say, later in the year, the resemblance may change to that of the charming coast of Kerry, with its deep recesses of the sea among wooded hills and promontories. The cities we have seen have interested us extremely, and will, of course, continue to do so more

† By St. Bernard.

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and more. In the meanwhile let us be thankful that our tidy little island at home is so frequently washed by nice, clean rains. We have a fine wood fire to-night, which is very inspiriting, and, to-morrow, we mean to be off early, and I hope shall have a better day for seeing the still more highly praised part of the Riviera which is to come. We are all quite well and very happy together."

GENOA, *30th January*, 1869.

"The next day proved still worse, heavy rain and bitter east wind. But we got along steadily, and could believe that on a fine day we should have had beautiful views, especially in one place where an old aqueduct carried the picturesque perspective of its arches up towards a lovely looking mountain valley, and the stubborn belt of leaden cloud lifted for a moment or two and shewed us the snowy hills behind. Still Italy is not Italy without the sun, and the view we have before us now is exactly like South Shields on a very bad day, a most persistent grey everywhere. Yesterday we trudged about in the heavy rain and saw what we could of the heavy, tasteless renaissance style of the buildings here. We have the most obliging of landlords, and a very comfortable hotel, and I am truly glad that, as we could not hope for fine weather always, we are having it bad now, rather than later. This morning (Saturday) is fair, and may brighten. We had dear John's letter yesterday, and his cheery fire in the evening, and began to read "Romola" again aloud to each other."

"LA SPEZIA, *2nd February*, 1869.

"Yesterday, we left Genoa at seven, and came to Chiavari, along the first part of the Eastern Riviera, by rail. At Chiaviari, we took the seat by the driver, on the diligence, and much enjoyed a splendid mountain ride, over the Velva Pass, to this place. The day was not bright, but there was an occasional gleam on the hill tops, and several of wonderful beauty upon the sea. The road—engineered admirably—rises to a height of 2,100 feet above the shore, commanding extensive views of the Carrara Mountains, and of the other parts of this northern range of the Appenines, which twist round through Savoy, and become the Alps of South Switzerland. The white limetone streams, just the colour of the Aar, are not so beautiful as ours, otherwise the scenery is very like the finest parts of Scotland, with evergreen oak, arbutus, myrtle, Mediterranean heath, and the little brilliant red early heath, we have at Heugh Folds, already out, in great profusion. Fine veins of green serpentine broke through the rock every here and there; and the colour of the whole, in sunshine, must be very fine. I always feel invigorated by mountains, and extremely enjoyed the grandeur and mildness of the drive. We came with five horses, four times changed, at their utmost pace, down the hills, swinging round the sharp curves, and over the narrow twisted bridges in a way that was rather trying even to British nerves, though, I assured the driver, when he advised us not to be

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alarmed, that being English, we had no fear. He was a good driver, and I told him so, at which he went off with a joyous chuckle, that lasted several minutes. They are a merry people these Italians; but, as C. remarked, our dignified English horses would be rather bored by the perpetual hootings, hurrahs, and crackings of the whip with which they ornament the route. It was nearly dark when we descended on Spezia, and the dusky olives looked really lovely against the carriage lamp, like frosted silver. We went to bed a good deal tired, but are all well this morning. It is, again, alas, pouring rain, though not quite so cold, and as the weather seems persistently unsettled, we think we must abandon our plan of staying two days here to sketch, and go on to Pisa, where there is interest in the town itself.

"FLORENCE.

I was so busy at beautiful Pisa, that I did not find time to tell thee how exceedingly I enjoyed the sunshine, the snowy Appenines, and the delicately cut white marble, against the pure blue sky, nor how well and strong I feel. We got dear G. W.'s welcome letter—many thanks for it—before leaving, and a truly kind one from Miss Broadley, enclosing an introduction for us to the Contessa Finochietti, whose sister married a member of the Italian Government. Both ladies are very accomplished—speak English well, and visited Mrs. Sykes, at Allan Bank, so I think we shall enjoy using our privilege. I used Dr. Griscom's name in writing to Miss Earle, for rooms, and found it potent. He has been four times in Italy, and has staid with her. She seems a very nice woman, and sits at the head of her table, at which a pleasant looking English party meet. There is a charming drawing-room—the bed-rooms are spacious and most comfortable—nice warm carpets, &c., &c., and I think we have done well to come at 9 francs a day each. I think you will not have time to write to us here, after receiving this. We see the great dome of the Cathedral and the Campanile, whose musical bells are now ringing, both very near, and beyond a stretch of hills, to Fiesole. It was a frosty fog as we came along from Pisa—two hours by rail, and we could see little of the country. Please tell Alice Mr. Kennedy is now chaplain, at Pisa. A Sunday did not fall there, or I should have been able to give her news of him. I am much grieved to hear of the first break in J. R. Wigham's household. How anxious H. M. will be about Mabel and Leonard. I hope the fever will not spread further,—and in our own more immediate interest, that dear Robert will soon regain his strength. I fear he has been worse than we thought at first.

From A. D. R. to Miss Broadley.

"MISS EARLE'S, PALLAZZO CORSI, VIA DEGLI STROZZI,
FLORENCE, *February 17th. Wednesday.*

MY DEAR MISS BROADLEY,

"I received your too kind letter at Pisa. "Friends" would think such letters dangerous even to advanced Christians, as tending

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to set up creaturely vanity. However, I have many things to take me down, and can most warmly thank you for your encouraging words. I posted Mrs. Syke's letter on arriving here, and it has indeed been a potent one. We had an immediate reply from Madame Finochietti, desiring us to call, as she was kept to her room by a cold. We went and found her very pale and worn-looking, for her chest is delicate, but we had a charming conversation with her about you, and her visit to England, and about her tour of Mont Blanc "alone, with a guide," and her acquaintance with Alpine club men, to whom she seems to have a strong attraction. Mr. Ball, who has written the best handbook to Switzerland that exists, and who now resides in Venice, since he lost his wife, is a great friend of hers. It was the carnival time when we called, and the show of carriages was very great indeed, and very amusing, though it is a kind of fun rather foreign to the taste of grave, English people. The two girls were very anxious to go out and drive with their father, but alas, it rained, and a lady, a friend of theirs, who had come to go with them, did not wish to risk her beautiful satin dress. So the two young ladies were obliged to give it up, which they did with the utmost good humour. The younger one, Emilia, is a lovely child of about twelve, with soft dimples and the finest temper expressed on her face. The elder, Nerina, who left school last summer, is tall, and extremely handsome. She has fine Roman features, a clear complexion, dark eyes and hair, and such a flush of colour! One never sees that intense glorious crimson, mounting to the temples, and then fading away again, except in southern races. She has also a frank, easy manner, which becomes her face very well. Both sisters speak French and German very nicely, though not much English yet, and their love for their mother is delightful to see. All seem to enjoy their spacious and comfortable house, which is beautifully situated at the very end of the Lung' Arno, looking upon the Cascine from one side, and upon the river and a fine hill crowned with cypresses and an old convent on the other. There are also peeps of the purple distant hills to be seen through the trees.

"The next day Madame Finochietti sent her sister Madame Peruzzi to us, who came in the afternoon to take us a drive. Our cousin S. and Caro were out, but I went, and was shown the Cascine and all the new parts of the town, enjoying by the way Madame Peruzzi's most lively and interesting conversation. She is admirably up in English literature and politics, and, of course, in her own, and is now in the centre of what I should think is the best current of life in Italy, anxious for steady reform, for economy in finance, for the higher education of all classes, and for a more enlightened priesthood, and the overthrow of the Pope's temporal power. This, she hopes would lead to a reform of the whole church, without the process of splitting up into sects, which seems the other lamentable alternative. Her husband is member for Florence, and at the head of the municipality, and she says she is often rather fatigued by the great number of people she has to see. Among them are all the men whose names one hails with delight, even in an English newspaper. I alluded to

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the old story of the Peruzzis having lent our Edward III. 1,650,000 gold florins for his French wars, which sum he basely repudiated, and brought temporary ruin on their house in consequence. "Oh yes," said Madame Peruzzi, "you owe us a vast debt, and we have the parchment bond, but we cannot reclaim it, because *then you* had not a constitution;" this was said with a merry laugh, as though English people, who despond of the future of Italy, might take a lesson from their own humiliating annals. Next day, she came again to take us all another drive, but, unfortunately, I had taken cold in the tomb-like galleries, and was obliged to nurse my rebellious lung in my own room for three days. The other two extremely enjoyed it, and were shown a great deal. The following day came the Count Finochietti's open carriage for our use, with Nerina in it, and a delightful drive was taken. I missed this and also a very pleasant evening visit to Madame Finochietti which I was most reluctant to give up. On Monday, Madame Peruzzi came again, and took us to her uncle the Marquis Torregiani's splendid gardens, which are one of the sights of Florence. The hot-house was delicious; such cinerarias, ipomias, and thunbergias, all bigger and more brilliant than any we have under our paler sky. We ascended the tower (which "Torre" is a sort of standing coat of arms) and had a magnificent view over the great valley of the Arno. In one of the ornamented rooms of the tower were the shields of the houses into which the old Marquis's daughters had married, and among them that of the Peruzzis, whose "pears" were twisted in with the bearings (pills) of the Medicis. The last Medici married a Peruzzi. All this was highly interesting to us, for we have been reading, over again, on the spot, with fresh wonder at its marvellous artistic excellence that most impressive of all historical romances—"Romola." Then Madame Peruzzi took us to see an admirable infant school, and we heard the little toddling things sing their sweet Italian, and saw their neat sewing, writing, &c. She is inspectress of charity schools at present—an office for which our college will, I hope, in due time provide office-bearers. From this same lady, overflowing in kind attentions, we received tickets for the opening of the Chambers, yesterday. The hall in which the deputies sit, is the vast old hall of the Palazzo Vecchio, in which so much of the finest history of Florence has passed—now reduced by screening off, but still much bigger than our English house. In fact, to us above, the echo of the voices made it impossible to follow the speeches. Mari, the president of the assembly, is a fine-looking man, and we also had Menabrea and Rattazzi pointed out to us. The latter, I am glad to say, has a hateful face. Cambray Digny, the young minister of finance, is very clever looking, and your friends hope a great deal from him. They know him well, and value him. We were to have gone again to Madame Finochietti's this afternoon, but I had a note to say she is in bed with a return of her cold, so we shall only enquire at the door, to our great regret.

"We all feel how very much of added interest and knowledge we have gained by means of your kindness. Indeed, we should have felt ashamed of receiving so much, if we had not known it was

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given to you, in our humble persons, and so it has been doubly pleasant. The Florentines seem thoroughly glad of the prosperity of their city, and point with pride to the number and richness of their shops, equipages, &c. I have never ridden in carriages so well lined with silk, nor behind footmen and coachmen in such tasteful liveries before, except when staying in the houses of *very* rich members of our society, where such things are too great an anomaly to be admired. But with the animated gestures and handsome faces of these Italian ladies, they are quite in keeping, and I hope they will soon be with the national, as well as with each private, budget.

"We have enjoyed the pictures very much, particularly Fra Angelico's. Pisa charmed us exceedingly, and there we had good weather, but, on the whole, it has been often wet or foggy, and, when bright, extremely cold. People, by cosy firesides in England, may be glad not to be in Italy this winter, for as Professor Tyndall says, our little island has a special warming apparatus to itself, in the shape of the gulf stream. I am fairly well, thank you, and shall be very well when the warmth comes. C. has been remarkably free from neuralgic pains. I hope that you are now cured of yours, and that dear Miss Charlotte and Mrs. Sykes are well. I was very glad indeed to hear of Lady Richardson, who, at all times, but especially now, is so much in our thoughts. When I think the tide of letters and occupations may have a little ceased for her, I mean to write. We hope to go for two days to Perugia to-morrow, spend Sunday in Rome, and then go straight to Sorrento in pursuit of warmth. Should it come, we may return to Rome after Easter for a short visit, but we depend partly on weather and home news. Robert was so pulled down by the fever that, when we heard on Sunday, he still could only go out into the garden on crutches, but the rest, I am thankful to say, are well."

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From Emilia Peruzzi to A. D. R.

"MERCREDI SOIR.

"Je vous remercie bien vivement pour votre *kind* lettre et je serai heureuse de lire Romola en pensant à vous. Bon voyage, et que Dieu soit avec vous et vous preserve de tout danger. Ne m'oubliez pas et si vous voudrez des nouvelles d' Italie c'est à moi que vous devrez les demander. Notre ami Giordano sera un lieu entre nous.

"Adieu et au revoir un jour; c'est trop triste de croire qu on se rencoutre dans la vie et que tout est fini.

"Après 25 ans nous n'avous pas oublié nos bonnes amies Broadley et vous leur direz qu'elles vivent dans notre souvenir.

"Je vous serre la main et encore au revoir.

EMILIA PERUZZI."

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A Card from Emilia Peruzzi to A. D. R.

"Pourquoi *one?* Venez toutes les trois—nous aurons peu de *crinoline*—pour moi ce sera un plaisir de vous connaître toutes les trois."

From A. D. R. to her Mother.

"*February 9th*, 1869.

"Yesterday, we had a most interesting though most chilling morning, at the Convent of St. Mark's, in which Fra Angelico was a brother, and where many of his divine frescoes yet remain. I have never seen any pictures which impressed me so much. The faces of our Lord, of the Virgin, and of the Saints, can only have come from a well of the deepest inspiration. Indeed, he never painted without long and fervent prayer first, and when once a design had been, as he said, revealed to him, nothing would induce him to alter it by a hair's-breadth. C. will get photographs to shew you of some, but unfortunately these cannot convey the lightness and purity of colour which shines even through the much damaged plaister. I think every type of human beauty has been present to this painter's mind, and each is spiritualised and glorified by its relation to Christ. No two faces of the same person were alike, yet one felt the identity, and that the artist was trying to draw *all round* a character, as it were, to bring out each side completely. In his own cell was a touching picture of the agony in Gethsemane, and the sleeping disciples, struggling against their drowsiness—a proof of the humility of Fra Angelico, who would not give himself any but a lesson of watchfulness, though he gave his brother monks scenes full of exaltation. Over the door of the Convent, at which the poor used to be relieved, is an exquisite fresco of two of the brethren receiving our Lord, whose countenance wears a grateful and benignant expression. I thought of Keble's line (conversion of St. Paul): "Christ is in those who round you wait, make much of your dear Lord." Indeed, all these frescoes are in painting, what Keble's hymns are in poetry—immensely imaginative and full of pure passion, firmly controlled. I wish Lizzie could come here to copy them. She would do it so very well, and copies in colour would be invaluable. Perhaps if she and R. should ever take their holiday at a cooler time of year than usual, she will. Such paintings are, in themselves, worth a journey from England, with all its discomforts and abandonment of keen home interests. In the afternoon we went into the mad roar of the carnival—masquerades, and comfit-flinging, and gay dresses—a kind of Babylon after the morning's pleasure. We are to go this afternoon to watch it from the Contessa Finochietti's windows, and I will keep this open to describe our visit. She wrote a most kind note immediately on

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receiving mine, saying she hoped we would avail ourselves while here of anything she could do for us.

* * *

"I forgot to say how deeply interesting it was to see Savonarola's cell, his well-used exquisite M.S. Bible and Breviary, and his notes on the Apostles at San Marco; also the clothes taken from him before his execution, neatly folded so as to shew the hair-cloth, not disgustingly spread out, as Sir W. Scott's, at Abbotsford.

"HOTEL COSTANZI, ROME, 22*nd February*, 1869.

"I mean to write to John and thank him for his long, kind, welcome letter when we have seen the Kopfs. Tell George the photographs seem beautiful here, and the bronzes most tempting; as for the jewellery, I, who am not usually tempted in that way, shut my eyes in passing the shops. We went to St. Peter's this morning just for a glance round the vast building, which is very grand in its size, more than in its beauty to our taste, at least I cannot admire the style of the architecture and the decorations as I do our aspiring Gothic. There we happily fell in with our most pleasant acquaintance of Florence, Miss Gunning, who told us this, the second Monday in Lent, was one of the three days in the year on which the subterranean Church of St. Clement is lighted up, so, after our mid-day dinner, we took a cab and drove to it. It lies between the Coliseum and St. John Lateran. We found a crowd of English, as there was to be a sermon from Father Burke in the superterranean Church for their benefit. As I do not know when I have been more deeply interested than in this place, you must excuse me if I am tedious in describing it. The church is attached to the convent of the Irish Dominicans, who, in their serge dresses and black hoods, looked very tall and gaunt as they moved about. Their superior, Father Mallooly, who must be a very clever and spirited man, has conducted the greater part of the excavations, and which are not yet finished, and which were in vigorous process when Sir John Richardson was in Rome. It was from him I first heard of them. Under the upper church, which dates from the twelfth century, has been found an ancient Basilican Church, with beautiful porphyry pillars, and most interesting frescoes—dating from the 5th to the 9th and 10th centuries—the earliest specimens of Christian art outside the Catacombs. Lower down still, a staircase has been found leading across a piece of Servius Tullius' wall, with a travertine wall of huge stones, belonging to the Republican period, on one side, and, on the other, the wall of Flavius Clement's house. From this passage we enter the oratory of Clement's house, which he dedicated to the service of the church. It is thus probably one of the earliest places of Christian worship known, and in it there is every probability that both St. Peter and St. Paul preached to their converts. On the arched roof are carvings of nymphs and satyrs, showing the sort of ornament it had while Flavius Clement was yet a

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heathen. Under this oratory has been found a temple of Mithra, and an altar to that Persian god, one out of four only which have been met with in Rome, and a streamlet of pure water beside it. Temples of Mithra were always placed near water on account of the numerous ablutions required in the worship. It is supposed that the great patrician family of Flavius Clemens adopted this temple as their own place. Flavius Clemens, who had held consular dignity and wielded vast power in Rome, holding immense wealth, and very near the Emperor in station, was converted to Christianity on one of the earliest missionary journeys made from Asia Minor. He promoted the spread of the faith in his own house, as I have said. But he was denounced to the Emperor, and was torn to pieces, in the Coliseum, by wild beasts. His remains are now in this ancient church. His nephew, Clement, inherited his place and his wealth. But he, too, became a Christian. He is the Clement who was St. Paul's friend and fellow-labourer, and of whom it is said, "his name is written in the book of life." He became the third Bishop of Rome. Then he, too, was denounced to the Emperor, and was sent as a slave to the Crimea; but he converted his fellow-slaves, and was, therefore, taken out to sea, an anchor fastened to him, and was thrown overboard. St. Ignatius, of Antioch, of whom Nellie will have been reading, in the "Disciples of St. John," was torn to pieces in the Coliseum; and the few large bones that were left from the beasts, were carefully gathered up by his fellow-Christians, and buried with those of Flavius Clemens, in this ancient church. All this is strictly historical. I will not enter on the legends, beautiful as some of them are. We were well off in getting with a party, to whom Father Burke was acting as cicerone, and in hearing his explanations of the frescoes, which otherwise would have taken a long time to make out. His Irish nature made him a humorous guide, and did not make him a very logical preacher. He wore the strict dress of a Dominican Monk. A cross has been erected in the Coliseum, to the army of Martyrs, by whose blood its floor is soaked, and since that was done,—some 120 years ago,—the shameful destruction of the noble building has been stopped. It was actually used as a *quarry*, from which a number of Roman palaces have been built. The staircases and seats are all gone, but the tiers of arches are magnificent, and the deep maroon colour, touched all about with lovely green, ferns, mosses, and yellow wall-flowers is very fine indeed. Rome grows fast upon one. It seems brim full of interest, belonging not to one, but to very many epochs of human history, which have, as it were, turned the course of the world; and I cannot say how grateful I feel, dearest Mother, for thy liberality—and for dear Father's personal frugality which made it possible,—in giving us so large an addition to our education, as a visit to Rome. A. M. and Nellie will like to hear that Longfellow is staying in this hotel, and appears at the table d'hôte, which, however, we think too elaborate for us to go to. I was glad to hear a good account of you from Aunt Sarah's graphic letter, which S. kindly read to us."

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2nd March, 1869.

"We have been taking our last walk in Rome this evening, and a grand one it was—down to the great Claudian Aqueduct and back by the Coliseum—a yellow sunset and rainy looking clouds set off the fine outlines in bold relief. I forgot to say in the right place that we were much interested soon after leaving Florence in crossing the great plain of the Chiana, which was long an obstinate malaria-smitten morass. It defied all attempts to drain it, until, in the last century I believe, or early in this, Count Fossombroni, one of the most enlightened statesmen Tuscany has ever had, determined on a fresh and simple plan. He constructed numberless small channels, in such a manner, that the sand and débris, brought down in rains, should, through them, be distributed over the surface of the moss. There it dried, kept in the vapours, and, in a short time, became fit for light tillage. It was delightful to see this once pestilential country now in full cultivation, yielding rich and varied harvests every year. It was in the same district that we saw many pairs of beautiful milk white oxen, of a very large size—their benignant heads decorated with crimson velvet trappings, as though their owners were very proud of their beauty and service at the plough. I never so well understood before what a grand sacrifice a spotless white ox was to the gods. The horses of Italy are, for the most part, small and short-legged,—very strong,—and white dogs abound. We see them washed in the fountains, and then carefully combed and clipped, according to fashion. Thanks for the hint about wine—we have had some Orvieto, which is most delicious—pure juice of the grape. It is too light to carry out of the country; but it tastes of sunshine and flowers. Mrs. Kopf does not look at all strong, wines and sun notwithstanding; and little Olga, who is one of the most exquisite and "spiritual" children I ever saw—with golden hair, and brilliant dark blue, almost purple, eyes,—evidently droops very much; and her poor mother thinks she will have to leave her with her grandmother, in Leipsic, next winter. Rome has done me a great deal of good. It has been so much milder than anything we have yet had. C. and S. A. are also both very well. Nothing could exceed S. A.'s kindness and forbearance in our changes of plan, and other *pros.* and *cons.* connected with health. I think she has been extremely interested in the journey; though, I fear, she has greatly felt the want of Jeannie's lively companionship. I hope thy dinner party will go off well. Thanks for the courtesy of including Mr. Giordano."

From A. D. R. to Miss M. G. Taylor.

"Hotel Costanzi, Rome, *23rd February*, 1869.

My dear Mary,

"When I heard at Arles, of Mrs. Davy's death, I felt I could not write the common places of travel, and I did not know enough about the circumstances of it,—nor whether you were there,—to

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attempt to enter upon the loss it is to you, even in her very feeble state, and to many others. I have not heard whether you are still going down to Grasmere this month, as you intended. I hope, at all events, you are well, though I fear the very mild winter you have had in England is not so good for you as a more bracing one. England and Italy seem to have changed climates this year. We have had bitter cold. Snow and ice on the Riviera, followed by wet and fog; except that, happily, now and then, came fine bright days between the cold ones. We could not see the Western Riviera, on our two days' drive through the rain, but on the road, between Genoa and Spezia, it was dry, though grey, and we thoroughly enjoyed the grand mountain drive, among myrtle, evergreen, oak, Mediterranean heath, and that charming crimson heath, already fully out, of which, I remember, one year, you had a little bed full, at Eller Close. The road winds to a height of more than 2,000 feet, the sea on one side, very fine valleys, with each lesser hills, crowned by a village and a church on the other; and in front, the peaked outline of the Carrara mountains. The railway ride, from Spezia to Pisa, along the base of the same mountain, was also very fine, indeed; and, at Pisa, we had beautiful weather, and enjoyed the sight of the exultant white marble saints, on the top of the Duomo, against a bright blue sky. Florence was very full of interest, partly through a very kind note of introduction from Mrs. Sykes to her accomplished and most hospitable friends there, about whose courtesies I must tell you at length when I see you,—partly from the careful reading of "Romola" over again, on the spot, and also from the grand position of the city. But, most of all, for the sake of Fra Angelico's pictures and frescoes. I had not at all realised what a wonderful delight these would be. I think those at St. Mark's, are, on the whole, the most impressive. They are, in the best of senses, a Paradise regained. Do you know whether Keble ever saw them? They are more like his poems than anything else I could compare them to—the "beauty of holiness. The galleries were, of course, admirable, but they were colder than I should think our graves will be, and I was not very happy in them. When we left Florence, we went by rail up the beautiful valley of the Arno, near Vallombrosa, and past Arezzo and Cortona, over the high ground between the Arno and the Tiber, to Perugia. I was disappointed in Perugia's paintings, but the city is splendidly set on the top of a hill, and is full of noble old Gothic buildings. From Perugia, we travelled down the valley of the Tiber, to Assisi, which we had set our hearts on seeing. However, St. Francis himself got so completely lost to our conceptions, amid the blaze of gilt and grandeur about his shrine,—wonderful as it is, both in point of architecture and of Giotto's clever frescoes,—that, I think, we wish him back again, in the sense of "once more that wayside painter, &c." I do hate what the Italians call decoration more than I can say, and I cannot imagine where there is a trace of meaning in it. St. Peter's seems to me quite barbaric, except in the nobleness of its size,—which, indeed, need not be an exception. But, so far as it is part and parcel of the splendid Vatican Museum, we ought to be very

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grateful for it. It was most touching this morning to read many among the vast collection of inscriptions from the Catacombs, which are ranged along one of the galleries. Yesterday, also, we had a rare pleasure. It was the second Monday in Lent, on which day, from very early times, "a station" has been held, at St. Clements, and the subterranean church is lighted up. We heard a sermon from Father Burke, not at all logical, but with a certain rough eloquence,—and afterwards were fortunate in getting into a party of English, to whom he was acting as guide. In this capacity he was excellent, and very humourous. The Irish Dominicans, dressed happily in fair and well-starched linen shirts, beneath their white serge, and quite unlike the filthy Franciscans, whom one has to shun as nests of vermin,—streamed out from their convent in full force, and did the honours of the place admirably. At the risk of your knowing every turn of it from books, and from Sir John's description, I think I must tell you what we saw.

* * * *

"Upon the walls of the Narthex of the old Basilican Church are some of the best preserved of the early frescoes—a most dignified head of our Lord, with figures round it, among whom is Clement, whose fine patrician face is well rendered in all these frescoes. The bringing of his remains from the Vatican Hill, which is curious as shewing the ancient ecclesiastical dress (I dare say there may be a careful copy of this fresco in Mr. Wharton Marriott's book?) and a very elaborate one of a miracle performed by St. Clement, with a border, on which are drawn fishes and an anchor, to shew the manner of his martyrdom. Within the nave there are other frescoes, which I will tell thee about when we meet. Father Burke rejoiced over them extremely as refuting Mosheim's statements, and proving many customs of which there is no other evidence existing. The building has noble porphyry and marble pillars, one of which is so beautiful that Pio Nono wished to remove it to the Vatican Museum. Father Mallooly, the spirited superior of the convent, whose energy and ability have achieved these excavations, remonstrated, "St. Clement will have a very poor welcome in heaven for your holiness if you do!" So he gained his point and the pillar remains. Under the altar of this building Flavius Clemens and St. Ignatius are buried,—that is their bones brought from the wild beasts of the Coliseum, and, traditionally St. Clement; and behind the altar is distinctly seen the old apse. From the side of this church, a narrow stair leads down to a very narrow passage, which lies upon the wall of Servius Tullius; on one side of it is a travertine wall, belonging to the Republican period, and, on the other, the brick wall of Flavius Clemens. From the passage we enter, what was to me, the most solemn place of all, the oratory of Flavius Clemens. It is, perhaps, one of the very earliest places of Christian worship known, and in it, almost certainly, St. Peter and St. Paul must have preached to their converts. On the arched roof are still traceable satyrs and nymphs, which had been its adornment while still pagan, and four feet underneath has been found one of the four altars to Mithra, which have been discovered in Rome, and a little

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stream of pure water which was no doubt used in the ablutions of the Mithraic worship. It seems to be thought that the great house of Flavius adopted a temple of Mithra to their private use. It is impossible to say how vivid the interest of this visit was. I scarcely know when I have enjoyed anything like it.

"This evening we have been watching a glorious sunset shining across the Campagna to the Alban Hills, from the top of the gigantic walls of Caracalla's Baths. We strolled back through the arch of Titus and the Forum in the rapid twilight, in which, I think, Rome almost looks her best, for her untidyness is hid, and her great monuments are seen in their vast outline only, and not in their rather poor details. We are in a capital hotel, too good, only it is still cheaper than the ruinous lodgings which are offered, and our rooms look into Sallust's garden, which sends out a delicious scent of early flowers, and of birds' songs at daybreak. The grass is now as green as our dear English grass, and the weather has become mild and light. We do not mean to stay more than ten or twelve days, and then hope to rest a little at Sorrento, before getting back to Grasmere and Newcastle, at the end of April.

* * * * *

"My mother tells us, to-day, she heard George Macdonald the other night give a lecture on Tennyson, and she is quite delighted; she happened to hear the line "Beyond lay uplands prodigal of oil and hoary to the wind." We had just told her how beautiful the under silver side of the olive is blown up against the sky, otherwise, it is but an ugly tree, and I cannot think Italy's beauty so much upon her face as I expected. I suppose Grasmere people are spoilt."

From A. D. R. to her Mother.

"ATHANASIAN VILLA! SORRENTO, NAPLES,

9th March, 1869. *Tuesday.*

DEAREST MOTHER,

* * * * *

"You will all feel the frost and cold winds after your mild winter, perhaps even more than we do, who have braved the rigours of the Italian climate! However, in justice to general traditions, I ought to say that we hear they have not had so cold a season for 50 years. Two poor fellows, who, as sentinels at the Coliseum, in Rome, had spent one of the worst night's out, were taken to the guard-house, in the morning, and both died. Your change of weather reached us about 30 hours later, in Rome; and at Albano, the wind was fearful, like a many edged razor. I never felt anything like its coldness, and the sun blazing down upon us all the time. In warmer weather, the country of the Albano hills must be most delightful. Such sweet woods and flowers, and such views! We longed for thee and thy quotations from Horace, on the spot, and thought how thou would'st have enjoyed the ring of the ancient names. The places and ruins

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too, were connected with the grander times of Roman history, and not like the buildings in Rome itself, almost exclusively with those of the Empire. Indeed, if it had not been for the early Christian links, I think the sense of the excessive wickedness and cruelty of Imperial Rome would be almost unbearable amid its colossal monuments.

* * * *

"S. A. and C. kindly undertook the search for lodgings, and found these, very spacious and comfortable ones, in which we enjoy quiet, leisure, and a good deal of homeishness. When it becomes warm, it will be very pleasant indeed. At present, the wind is piercing—Vesuvius and all the other hills covered with snow, down to their waists, as Mabel would say. We are very homesick, and *very very* cold; but think we ought, perhaps, to try this deceptive climate a while longer; and, no doubt, the benefit of so much fresh air and sun will appear fully when we are fairly warmed through again in our own delicious air. Our muscular strength has certainly increased by the amount of vigorous exercise we have had, and the interest and instruction of the journey will be a "joy of our heart, and an heritage for ever," as the Psalmist says."

"*Good Friday.*

"Caro is giving thee a full account of our most delightful excursion to Paestum. It was one of the very finest we have had in all respects, and the scenery is truly grand. We have been much pleased with this place. The hill air is delightful, and suits me far better than the heavy, head-achy sea-stuff one gets at Sorrento, especially as it is there, mixed with the odours of a dirty population. The spring, too, is more advanced than we have seen it. The hazels beginning to shew a decided green, and the top fig leaves opening."

"ROME, *2nd April*, 1869.

"As there is room in C.'s letter, I put in this small addition, because I felt so very unwell and exhausted when I last wrote that I fear my letter had a dismal tone. Naples has often the air of an Infirmary ward, and seemed to me a most unpleasant place. C. has explained how we searched for the buscarlets and appias. She had three teeth drawn at once, which was as much as she could stand, and has been much relieved since, though there is another doomed, I fear. Rome delights us more than ever, and we cannot help wishing we had not wasted our time at Sorrento and Naples, but had staid here instead. The flowering shrubs are coming out. The walls of the Capitol are covered with the white banksia rose, in bloom. The air is sweet and fresh, and we do at last seem to have met the spring. We have had a charming afternoon at the Pamfili Doria Gardens—a park rather—the Hyde Park of Rome—nobly planted with trees and very stately stone pines on the summit of the Janiculum. The view, in all directions, is of course, superb, from Mount Soracte on the north, to the Alban Hills on the south. Before going into the gardens we went to

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see the church two-thirds of the way up the hill, which was built by Constantine, on the believed site of St. Peter's martyrdom, an interesting place. The Pamfili family are buried there, and I was struck by the simplicity and beauty of the inscription on their tomb—

PAMPHILI

AD DIEM NOVISSIMAM

"I felt the force of the superlative very strongly, on a day in which we had been so keenly enjoying the new leaves and delicate odorous colour of the Easter season—our earthly "positive" so very good."

* * * *

TURIN, *8th March*, 1869.

"Caro wrote to Robert and Lizzie from Ravenna, and probably explained how we should have had to wait at Rome for a steamer. So, of course, it fitted in with the taste of all three to avoid the sea for some, and to see Ravenna for others. Ravenna is a place quite crowded with interest, the mosaics and churches being very ancient, and untouched by any restorer's or "improver's" hand since the 4th to the 6th centuries. Dante's tomb was the chief attraction. It has had a crowd of visitors, whose names are recorded in a book. Among them, I saw the well-known hand of John Addington Symonds, in 1866; and, I think, the same year, the signature of the Marquis d'Azeglio. We had a most charming afternoon, in the solemn and beautiful pine forest, which stretches for 20 miles along the coast. It was in it that Lord Byron used to ride. I presume, without his greatcoat buckled up in front—and that Dante used to walk in his exile. We were delighted with our whole visit, and with the ride along the shore of the Adriatic the day before, watching the interesting process of reclaiming the new alluvial tract which is added to that side of Italy year by year. It seems much the same as one reads of in Holland. We crossed the Rubicon, the reverse way, to Cæsar's, and travelled over miles upon miles of vineyards, with maize growing between the vines. Yesterday, we came to Turin—a glorious journey—the dim and distant Alps on one side, and the glowing Apennines on the other—quite our dearly beloved friends by this time, for we have crossed and recrossed them, and seen them on each flank, and in almost every variety of beautiful light. Turin is a pleasant, bright city. We are just going on to Susa, and then to-morrow over Mont Cenis. It is impossible to say how much we have enjoyed Italy. We have had often bad weather, great discomfort, and even suffering; but, in spite of all, it has been a marvellous time for us. I feel as though I had been presented with a rich casket of jewels, so great is the increase of interest in almost everything in which I had already been interested before. We have had warm, delightful weather the last few days, and have been favoured in our journey in every way. We are all very well and strong, and shall do credit to the climate at last, by the time you very dear people see us. I forgot to say, that at Ravenna, we did not find so many flowers as we expected. They

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told us the spring was a month later than usual, on account of the severe winter. I have been very sorry Caro has not found more. However, her little book of drawing is charming, and will please you all very much. We *think* we found the bee orchis, but are not quite sure. The flowers are very gay in the market here, and the shops adorned with the novelties of the season, and very pretty, tempting novelties they are, especially to persons who are in a be-travelled condition."

"LYONS, *Saturday.*

"We slept at Susa, a little place of very great Alpine beauty, and early yesterday morning got into the crowded mountain train. We had second-class tickets, but were put by the guard into first for want of room. The carriages are long, holding twenty, and the seats side ways. The windows do not open, and there is no ventilation, except from small holes and the door. Thus, eighteen people, six hot tins, and a minimum of air, made the atmosphere of a most suffocating description, and brought many of the travellers upon the very verge of the bilious abyss. One pleasant French lady said, in a tone of despair: "Nous avons beaucoup voyagé et nous n' avons pu trouver ni la chaleur en Italie ni le froid sur le mont Cenis." The day was splendid, and the scenery very fine. The two plucky engines went to their work like the very personification of John Bull—a little asthmatical perhaps on the steepest slopes and the sharpest curves. The latter are so sudden that we often had the engine, as it were, almost parallel to us in the hinder carriages until they divided the train. The railway is a gallant feat of engineering, and I could not help feeling very proud of the combined genius of Stephenson and Mr. Fell, both north country men. The valley, on the French side, is not so beautiful as on the other, and we were a little disappointed in the views about Chambéry.

"We crossed our old friend the Rhone, coming down from Geneva, and then again came on him just as we entered this city, the long line of lights, reflected in the water, very fine indeed. We have had a good night, and are no worse for the long journey, and are just now, before breakfast, waiting for your letters. I feel particularly strong now, and am looking forward with the greatest delight to seeing you all at home so soon. A little proud, also, of some addition to weight, which I believe to have taken place. I hope, dear Mother, I shall do justice to thy extreme kindness and liberality on this tour, for a long time to come. The warmth is most invigorating, and though we have been by no means yet roasted, as Robert hoped, we have been able to do without *some* of our copious vestments. Caro is drawing hepaticas, which she found close to the snow, and is also very well. We hope to go on to Paris to-night, and perhaps cross the Channel on Monday evening, the 14th."

"*Afternoon.*

"We are now preparing for our night journey to Paris, where we hope to find more letters. The weather is fine and warm. S. A. and

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C. are going up to Fourvières, where dear Father, Aunt Anne, and I saw Mount Blanc through the telescope of the observatory, so many years ago, and to see also the curious church built over the site of the prison, into which the martyrs were thrown before their execution."

The summer of 1869 was so fine, that Anna seemed to be better in health than perhaps she really was. At any rate, her family's apprehensions were allayed. In September, she payed a visit to her dearest friend, Mrs. Wigham. Her remarks in the following letter about agriculture, in Northumberland, are a striking commentary on the observations of Mrs. Fletcher, as noted in her autobiography half a century before, where she contrasts, to the great disadvantage of the former, the status of the Northumbrian hind and the Westmoreland *statesman*, who is, or was, partly what used to be called, a yeoman, and partly a sharer in the commune or common land. It is very interesting to observe the practical working out, in our country, of a system which, notwithstanding, has received the approval of theoretical writers, such as John Stuart Mill and Professor Fawcett. Those writers, however, like many of their class, seem to have thought that a solution of a problem of their own stating, is the solution of the infinitely more varied and complex relations which actually exist between land, its owners, and its cultivators.

From A. D. R. to Miss Charlotte Broadley.

"KILLINEY, DUBLIN, *September 25th*, 1869.

MY DEAR MISS CHARLOTTE,

"Caro sent me your very kind letter, and, as I feel so large a sharer in the pleasure of it, I have a sort of right to thank you for it too. If you had seen Miss Greenwell's note about the visits of the Grasmere ladies, you would have felt the toil of the hill amply repaid, I believe. She seemed cheered and pleased to receive, as she said, such frank and unexpected kindness from strangers, and I think it has done her health and spirits real good. Caro and I feel very grateful to you all. I hope C. has sent you one or other of the many excellent reviews of the "Carmina Crucis," which have appeared in the leading literary papers. But I almost think you would like her little volume of essays the best of her writings. There is one called *Hardened in Good*, which I think is excellent and striking.

"I am much grieved to hear Miss Broadley has not responded better to Dr. Burrow's treatment. Her own kind letter to me a few weeks ago was very cheerful, I thought, and gave a more hopeful account of her bodily strength. I trust she will take great care not

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to tax it before the winter begins, for weakness of any kind is so hard to make up in cold and depressing weather. We have warmth here again after a very tempestuous fit, most destructive to shipping round the coast. The wind beat us about so that I could not help wishing it were a person that one might return it a few unchristian cuffs on the face. Our friends here wisely live in very high situations, where they are exposed to the four quarters of the heavens.

"I have left my dear mother for a few days to come to visit a very dear old friend of mine, by whom, when a child, I was introduced to the spell of Westmoreland scenery. She had a lonely life when young, and very little sympathy, but she got hold of Wordsworth's poems, and was entirely nourished upon them so to speak, and the result is, as one would expect, unusual beauty and purity of spiritual impressions in her character, and a very wide interest in every thing that concerns the elevation of human life. Her two dear little children are a great pleasure in the absence of our own pets.

"As you suppose, we have had political discussions, though not any which throw much light upon the problems of this unhappy country (Ireland). No doubt you have read some, at any rate, of the letters of the *Times* Commissioner, Mr. O'Connor Morris. He is a very accomplished barrister in Dublin, and is thought to be doing his work well. If you want evidence of the advantage of secure and lengthened leases, I think you would find it in a little book which has charmed me very much—the memoir of John Grey, of Dilston. He accomplished marvels of Northumbrian agriculture, and was held by all of us in very high esteem. I think you would forgive his politics for the sake of his noble, honest nature, his devotion to a country life, and, above all, to me I fear, his passion for horses. You should really read the book, if it were only to please and soothe, "Wonder" in his grave!

"I hope your beautiful young animal is well, and has done Miss Broadley and yourself good service through the summer.

"Caro is to come to Grasmere when Alice returns from Dresden and Nuremburg, and I hope to reach the beloved and restful valley at the beginning of October, Friday next, perhaps. I have to attend a "Quarterly Meeting," if you know what that is, with my dear Mother, at Kendal, and then she goes north, and I branch off to Windermere.

"With much very grateful love to both ladies,

Your truly affectionate,

A. D. RICHARDSON."

From A. D. R. to H. M. Wigham.

"HEUGH FOLDS, 1*st November*, 1869.

MY VERY DEAR H. M.,

"I have waited till our heavy anxiety was a little past before writing, and now I am thankful to give a continued good report of

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John.* He is very weak indeed, but likely to recover nicely; and the other six patients, in his house, whom Caro nursed, are well again. Cousin Eliza was, as always, an inestimable comfort and blessing to our people while in N. C. We had a charming, but far too short, visit from her and S. Smiley here. The latter I admire exceedingly, in private. She is the most highly cultivated American I have yet met. I fear I am not likely to have a chance of hearing her in public. I sent back "Gates Ajar," which, I hope, arrived. It is a pretty little book, but, except to benighted calvinists, I should think it contained little that is new. The same things—and more reverently said—are scattered all through the old writers and poets, are they not? Since I came here, I have read, with very great interest, Miss Cornwallis; but, however great our sympathies with that entire school of thinkers and their problems, their solutions seem to me utterly inadequate to account for the crookedness of things in this life, much less to have any hope of setting them straight. There is an interesting notice of Professor Conington, in Saturday's *Spectator*, which contains remarks of his, on prayer. They struck me as a contrast to Lecky's—not that the reflex effect is to be despised; but, indeed, highly valued; only, I think, we *cannot tell* what the effect on events is—and it is reasonable to suppose, as we are assured in the Bible, that there is some effect,—because the whole region of the will, the will of God and the will of man, is still so inscrutable to us. It is as with the majesty of the atonement we do not know the laws, or the conditions, by which it is possible for perfect sinlessness to live within a sinful being, nor how far the great sacrifice might be needful on *God's* part to the Holy Spirit's indwelling. The horrible caricature of that awful Doctrine of the Cross, in popular theology, is as painful, I think, as the neglect of it, in what is called the Broad Church School. However, the latter has a species of mediatorial function of its own, and I am extremely grieved at Dr. Pusey's action against it. What a pity, what a scandal, these biblical fights are; and how one sympathises with the attacked party, no doubt, to the damage of one's creed! Rugby boys will, of course,

* I may say here in a note that, after my recovery from the scarlet fever, I went with my wife and little Maurice to be nursed up at Heugh Folds, and the days I spent there were such as I never expect to pass again, so full were they of interest and enjoyment. On my return home I sent my sister some verses, which she said, almost verged upon the satirical; but, as they exactly expressed my feelings, that will perhaps be sufficient apology for inserting them here:—

In that delightful home which looks over the waters of Rydal;
In that secure retreat watched o'er by the hills everlasting;
In that serene abode where the christian Muse of my sister
Turns to account each charm, and in every inanimate object
Finds still the wondrous hand of a great and loving Creator,—
Late t'was my lot for a while, for an interval blessed to tarry,
There to repose my limbs which were weakened with sickness and fever,
There to refresh my soul with words of sweet counsel and comfort.
Even so Sheba's queen as we read in the biblical story,
Hearing of Solomon's fame, of his greatness, his goodness, his wisdom,
Came from her land in the south, though tedious the way was and weary,
Came and communed with the King in his house, in the city of David:
——And, like me, she returned to her home with the fulness of blessing.

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find it impossible to believe that there can be any good henceforth in any part of Dr. Pusey's belief. Such is the logic of Englishmen. While Dora Greenwell was here, I looked over one of her books, the Life and Writings of St. John of the Cross, a Spanish mystic who, with St. Teresa, was (about) a contemporary of our early Friends. I wonder if they ever heard of each other, or whether the *same* "wave of inspiration" touched them all. There is a remarkable similarity in many of their effusions. We have a rather stormy autumn, much less rich colour than usual, though few of the leaves have yet fallen. I am very fond of the mournful, solemn season, with all its rough winds, and bracing lessons for the life to come; the little birds drawing nearer and nearer each day for human companionship and food. It is astonishing how plucky they are in coming round the window. Please tell my dear little knight, Leonard, that I very often think of him and his friendly "How art 'ou Anna?" I hope he will soon have, *quite* safely and as painlessly as may be, a little brother or sister to make him glad. We shall watch the post for the next few weeks with keen interest. Wilt thou also say to dear Mabel that the book Mother wished her to have, was "The Heroes of Asgard," one which we thought would delight her very much? But it is, alas, out of print. I wonder whether she would rather wait for it, or have Dr. Landsborough's book on Sea-weeds? One cannot quite calculate the scientific tastes of a child *versus* the literary! I hated science when I was young, but would now give anything to have learnt it. The College, at Hitchin, is fairly started, apparently in immense enthusiasm and glee. Two of the eight students are Friends, and go to meeting. I hope they and the rest will mutually leaven each other with good.

"Farewell, my most dear friend! What a good it has done me to see thee again, and to find thee the same old precious person, and yet grown—as we all ought, no doubt, to grow!

"Dear love to Cousin H., please.

Thy very affectionate,

A. D. R."

Anna, as I said before, retained the warmest feelings of regard and affection for the mistresses, under whom she had been, at the Lewes School, and she thus writes to Mrs. Wilkey (née Dymond.)

"South Ashfield, Newcastle-on-Tyne,

17*th December*, 1869.

My Dear Friend, J. S. Wilkey,

"I received the book and note from thee to-day, and it is not easy to say how vivid a pleasure this kind remembrance has given me. I do not know either this little work or its author, but I shall read it very carefully, and so will Lizzie; and, no doubt, we shall both find a great deal of interest in doing so. Its being thy gift, will create a very pleasant mental atmosphere for its perusal; and whether one is

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able entirely to agree with any Christian book or no, it is rare to read any which does not throw some fresh light upon our thoughts; and, in this age, when so much current literature is infected with doubt and unbelief, it is a comfort to come across any steady and loyal disciple of our Lord. I was out when M. J. Fry called, but I hope to learn from her more particulars of thyself and Miriam Dymond, than thy note gives. We live a most bustling life here, for our own circle is now very large, from the many marriages, and is ornamented by a large flock of precious little children,—our six nephews and nieces being dearer to us than I ever thought it possible these tiny relatives could become. Lizzie is very well. Her husband takes an active part in the public efforts of the town for good, and is very much beloved by all who know him. I sometimes think he works his wife too hard, for she has not so good a constitution as he, especially in their ridiculous Alpine and Norwegian pranks; where, for example, they will walk 40 miles over ice one day, and drive 70, in a rattling "carriole," the next; but, so far, the paralysis which I expect for them both some day, is happily warded off. My dear Mother is now quite blind, but enjoys life very much, and we have many nice quiet evenings in reading aloud to her. My youngest brother is in Algeria this winter, on account of his health; and my youngest sister, in Weimar, studying German. Caroline and I, with one of our cousins, had a most interesting journey of three months in Italy, during the early part of this year. The interest of the Catacombs, and the other Christian antiquities of Rome and Ravenna, it is impossible to describe; but in the beauty of the scenery, I was disappointed, except in the magnificent drive to Paestum, by the shores of the Gulf of Salerno. The season was fearfully cold—two of the sentinels at the Coliseum died from the effects of it—and Italy did not, I dare say, look her best self. We have a little cottage at Grasmere, which I enjoy far more than whirling about in travel, and if thou art ever in the north, with Miriam Dymond and T. Wilkey, I hope you will give us the great pleasure of a visit there, (of course here too, but Newcastle, I fear, is not attractive). I *could* not have more honoured guests, nor any with whom it would be more delightful to renew *actual* intercourse; for, as far as one's thoughts can do it, I believe a day very seldom passes without my thinking of thee, and all the help, in the best things of all, which I owe to thee. Perhaps I might seem to have drifted away to a mere on-looker, but I do not think thou wouldst find it so; and though I am a member of the English Church, it is partly because the full teaching there given seems to me so much more a development, according to one's years and strength, of what yours was and the old Friends', and so much richer and like *that* in substance, than the greater part of the ministry of modern Friends is, that I felt constrained to go. An offer to resign my membership in our Society was not accepted, and I do not think I shall be disowned, so I still enjoy many invaluable privileges among my "own people." I love them heartily, more even than I did when young. Please excuse these personal details—they are given chiefly because I should not like to seem to hide anything thou

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might'st not wholly approve of, from thee, and so stand on false ground.

"Eliza Wilson spoke to my mother at Meeting the other day, and seemed quite well. There have been conferences held on the proposal to read the Bible before Meeting. It is much wished for, I am told, among the younger members, but it is opposed by the elder, who, no doubt, feel that the old ideal of Friends' Meetings is adoration, and not merely instruction. I must not weary thee with too long a letter, but if thou knew the glow of strong feeling which thy note called up, thou would'st excuse the length to which this has already run.

"My mother and sisters unite in dear love to thyself and Miriam Dymond. I venture to send thee papers relating to the Women's College, at Hitchin, in which I take a strong interest, as it may amuse thee to look them over. It is for the present located in a house, which, I believe, was John Ransom's. A young Friend, S. J. Woodhead, daughter of Godfrey Woodhead, took one of the soholarships of £300. The public mind is densely obtuse on the subject, but we hope, by patient efforts, to let in a ray or two of light through some cranny or other. Nothing has been a greater pleasure to me than the little Greek and Latin I have, and I should like my nieces and their compeers to have a hundredfold as much. Besides, *comparative* philology is now becoming a subject of so high an importance, especially in its bearing on the Old Testament, and the scoffs of rationalists.

"Lizzie has just come in, and desires her "very, very dear love," with a host of epithets to thine and M. D's names, after her warm, outspoken fashion.

Always most gratefully and affectionately thine,

A. D. R."

From A. D. R. to H. M. Wigham.

"WINGROVE HOUSE, 16*th February*, 1870.

MY DEAR HANNAH MARIA,

"I sent thee yesterday a few odd numbers which I did not want, of Miss Yonge's monthly paper of Sunday teaching, thinking thou might like to know it. It is only a penny, and, for that sum, contains a great amount of really accurate information, much of it being written or corrected by first-rate scholars—one can always depend upon it, and I find it very useful, so does Alice in her Sunday class—also the touching story from the Annual Monitor, which A. H. K. has had reprinted. In the *Spectator*, of February 12th, thou wilt see a letter signed I. D., which means "Idle Dyspeptic," written by me; of course, it is crude enough, and the figures could be modified to any extent according to the circumstances of the population, but I do most earnestly wish to see the spread of pauperism checked, especially in towns where it is most contagious, and where also the artisans are, for the most part, abundantly able to be prudent. I was sorry to

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hear Mabel had not been quite well. It must have been very cold with you during this last storm. What terrible wrecks all around! The Malcolmsons' "Jacana," among others, a splendid vessel, built by Palmer. One of the last things John did, before setting off for Denmark, was to inspect it. Joe's* luggage and furniture was on board, but insured. He was coming from Cork to see if there were any salvage. He had a very fine collection of eggs, poor fellow, all gone. No lives were lost. I hope dear Leonard flourishes and little Arnold. Young Tom Arnold reports from Rugby that "Hayman" is turning out much better than they expected. He is an excellent Greek scholar, and, therefore, must have other good points!

"SOUTH ASHFIELD, 20*th December*, 1869.

MY DEAREST HANNAH MARIA,

"I do not like to let the New Year approach, without sending the warmest good wishes of this household to yours, and especially to the dear little boy who has enriched it. Mabel and Leonard must be very happy in their new treasure and plaything, and Leonard will now have his turn in that kindly patronage to a younger one which it is so delightful to watch in children, and which he, himself, has so enjoyed from Mabel's kindness. We have good news of our little Margaret and her mother, at Woodstock, and Douglas is so absorbed by his little sister, that Caro says he seems unable to think of anything else. Thy last letter was most gratefully received. Carter came safely back, and I sent off Browning, who may be kept *sine die*, as he belongs to Heugh Folds. It is doubtful whether thou wilt like him. Many excellent discriminators of true verse do not, and even I and others, who enjoy his vigour extremely, are constantly offended by his brusque and needless insults to one's ears. Saul, however, is truly splendid, and has little of Browning's peculiar faults. I read Lecky—the European Morals—with hot indignation, and have never come across a more radically immoral book. The compliments to Christianity are just so much salve smeared on the wounds he makes. If the normal standard is to be let down to the level which men like him think attainable, then the fight is not worth the labour it costs. I hope thou hast read J. S. Mill on Women. I am rather sorry *he*, scoffer as he sometimes is, should have written the very best thing hitherto done on the subject. The use of the sarcastic terms, master and slave, will, no doubt, offend happy husbands and wives, and they even grate rather harshly on the years of a spinster, but for all that the pith of the argument is very sound. We are reading Miss Mitford's chatty correspondence, and I, R. S. Watson's lectures given last year on English Literature, and a very charming life of a noble Breton lady, Maria de la Fruglaye, who behaved like a mother, a nurse, and a countess, all in one, to an entire district of Brittany, which was desolated by the cholera in 1832,—she, herself being, with all her weight of wisdom and efficiency, only twenty-four.

* Joseph H. Richardson.

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"The first College term has closed at Hitchin, and is considered highly successful. Oxford has followed Cambridge in opening the Local Examinations to girls, and this year there will be more than 500 candidates; a most rapid growth in the result of what E. Davies saw was a public need, and brought about by her sole labour (almost). I am very much gratified that some of these girls are subscribing a few shillings each, which is all most of them can give, to a fund for the endowment of a "Davies" Scholarship, at our College. It is rather private at present, but I hope it will succeed, for it is a compliment Emily most heartily deserves, and will be, I hope, of use too, to many a struggling girl. But the whole world is obtuse in the matter of women's education. I think, apropos of dear Mabel, that thou would'st be much interested in Brachet's French Grammar, translated by G. G. Kitching, Clarendon Press Series, 3s. 6d. If languages could be taught each as a part of that great, spiritual, mysterious thing language, they would be far more captivating to most children.

"Farewell, my very dear friends and cousins. I feel thankful, among the blessings of the past year, to have been with you.

Most affectionately,
A. D. R."

The operations which were performed on our Mother's eyes, during the year 1870, were a cause of great anxiety to Anna. She was present at the first performed by Dr. Philip Taylor, of Nottingham.

From A. D. R. to her Sister Caroline.

"NOTTINGHAM, *30th March*, 1870.

DEAREST CARO,

"Thy letter and note were extremely welcome at breakfast time this morning, when Mother seemed well rested after a very good night. Thou wilt share our deep thankfulness that the operation is safely over. Eleven o'clock was appointed, but patients came in from the country, and Dr. Taylor could not leave them, so we waited one hour and three-quarters. This was trying, but I went on reading "Miss Austen," who amuses Mother greatly, because her style is precisely like dear E. Caudler's conversation; and a quarter before one, Dr. Worth came, the assistant-operator, and then Dr. Taylor. Mother was so gentle and like herself, and glad the *poor* people had not been kept waiting. A table was arranged in her bed-room, on which she lay down, and the chloroform was given. The *chattering* stage of its administration is painful to an onlooker, but she soon became quiet and easy. Both eyes were done; the whole time being about forty minutes. She then went to bed; has taken soup since, then a nice sleep, and then tea; and, though feeling weary, and her eyes smarting, is *very* nicely, and sends dearest love to all of you.

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Each pupil is opened, but it has revealed cataract in at least *one* eye, but that will easily be removed when fit; and Dr. Taylor says the *general* condition of the eyes is very much better than he supposed. She has them, of course, bandaged up for a few days, and will stay in bed, and the room darkened for a while until the wound is healed; but kind faithful Sarah and I divide the attendance between us, read, chat, and work, and I trust she will not find it so very tedious. Read this morning's Psalms, and see how striking they are. We read them after breakfast, and dear Mother was cheered, and I know, felt the presence of our merciful Saviour in the room with her. She knew nothing of it till all was over, and was astonished to be told, and said the verse was in her mind of glorifying the Lord who has given such power unto men. If she sleeps well to-night, I think she will be much refreshed."

"*Sunday.*

"A fine day, but cold wind again—thank thee for thy most welcome letter. Mother has been down to dinner to my great delight, quite hearty and bright, and has been repeating hymns since. Sarah is gone for a walk while mother is resting, and she is coming down to tea again. If it were not for the pads on her eyes she could go out. I went to the vast old church of St. Mary's, where G. Fox thought the people all looked fallow and the priest a lump, and bade the latter leave his pulpit, though he was at the moment expressing his thankfulness for the Holy Scriptures. Poor G. F. was thereupon carried off to prison by the public—a wretched state of things! Better now. The church, a most noble specimen of perpendicular (though originally in old parts Norman), is free-seated throughout. There was a very large choir, some of the little fellows being no bigger than Philip, but all the people joined too in the beautiful singing, and the building was quite full in every part, an excellent sermon from the Vicar, Mr. Morse; I have seldom heard a better, on the atonement. There was a great fire in a warehouse near, last night, and such a rushing about in the streets; not very much loss I hope, and no lives gone. The town is so nicely planted with boulevards (all young) and the houses in the suburbs are particularly tasteful. The most delicious water! It comes through two natural beds of the finest *golden* sand I ever saw—no wonder it is pure and fresh. Then the great castle rock rises nobly from the valley of the Trent, though it has been too foggy and grey to see much of the views. The season is cold and base; there would not be much for thee to see dearest, and, if we are able to come home so soon, the journey would not be worth while. Dr. Taylor has not been here to-day. He told me yesterday that, during the operation on the pupils, he had cut away also the adhesion of the membranes, so that two, out of the three operations Dr. Walker, of Edinburgh, said would be necessary, and by far the most painful two, are already over, a reason for great hope, though, I fear, the cataract is going to prove, in the meantime, a serious hindrance to sight, so don't expect too much. We have had a pleasant call from L. Woods and

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her sister, nieces to Margaret Woods, of Lewes, and old friends of S. Rickman. They know of nice lodgings if we should ever come to Nottingham again. The hotel is quieter, main part of white-washing and colouring being over, and carpets down again. From ten to thirty barristers expected in to-night, however. Sarah went a walk with Amy, the landlady's little Indian grand-daughter, and brought back such a dishful of the beautiful purple saffron crocuses, wild. Dr. Worth said, when he was a boy, there were acres of them, now built upon, and, from a mile off, they were like a gorgeous purple carpet laid down on the earth."

There was one little charitable office performed by Anna during the winter evenings, at Heugh Folds, which called forth a great deal of gratitude. She used to get the son of Mr. Levy Hodgson, the builder, to come up to her and take lessons in architectural drawings. In a place like Grasmere, where so few opportunities for learning drawing existed, it will be seen that, to an intelligent youth, such tuition would be very valuable, while it was an instance of her ever thoughtful consideration.

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CHAPTER XI.

"Quid sum miser tum dicturus
Quem patronum rogaturus
Quum vix justus sit securus?

Recordare, Jesu pie,
Quod sum causa tuæ viæ."

DEATH OF HER BROTHER—DISTRESS IN FRANCE—DESIGN FOR WEST KNOLL AT BOURNEMOUTH—DEATH OF MISS BROADLEY—NEWBIGGIN—BEGINNING OF LAST ILLNESS.

1870-72. Æt. 38-40.

The illness of her brother George was a great distress to Anna. During the latter part of 1870, she writes:—

"Ever since the spring we have had so much distress and anxiety "that I feel completely "dazed" by it; and what with the savagery "round Paris, and the hunger of the people, the day-time is like a "nightmare, and the only peace is in one's dreams."

George's long illness reached a climax towards the close of the year, and for more than a fortnight he lost all power of utterance. On the morning of the 7th January, 1871, I called as usual, and found his attendant coming weeping down stairs. He told me that just before daybreak, he had been startled by George saying quite clearly and

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quietly: "Joseph, my Father has come, and I am going home."* I went up stairs and found him fast sinking, and it was almost incredible that he should have been able to articulate. Anna, with Uncle and Aunt Foster were in the room, and we stood and watched while the life was flickering away. It is the only death-bed I have ever seen, and when, at length, a kind of groan and convulsive movement shewed to the weeping bystanders that all was over, I could not but recall the closing lines of the Æneid, where Virgil, nearly two thousand years ago, described the indignant or offended soul flying from the cold body.

Anna advanced with streaming eyes, and closed the eyelids, and then, with almost a queenly gesture, motioned to us to leave the room.

And so the most beloved, the pet of the family, was released from a life of suffering, which had pursued him almost from his birth. So true a friend, so affectionate a nature, I shall hardly meet with during the remaining years of my pilgrimage. The years pass on, but the wound does not heal. And are the sweet bonds which joined us broken for ever? When once I so spoke to Anna, she replied: "Tunc nova gloria solvet enigmata."

The noble work of relief, in France, in which some of our friends and relatives were personally engaged, aroused Anna's warmest sympathy and interest. The sufferings of that bright and romantic country were in every way distressing to her.† In December, 1870, she writes to a friend:—

"I send you some account of what is being done by the *Daily News* Correspondent, as well as by the Society of Friends for the peasants. A good sum is now at the disposal of both, about £33,000 in all. It is very delightful to think of the seed-corn,—a "repair" of the "breach," so far as this is possible.

* About the same hour, that is, just before day-break, a lady, a friend of George's, living forty miles away, fancied or dreamt that she heard George saying, "I am better now." She was so much impressed that she rose and wrote by the early post to Newcastle, expressing the conviction that George was either better or gone to a better land.

† Once, in talking of the swoop of the Germans, she asked me for Virgil's description of the dove seized by the hawk. "Alas!" she sighed, "the torn plumage," and added, "But would we now speak of the hawk as the *sacred* bird?"

Our schoolboys will find the passage Æn. XI. 721.

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"Daniel Hack (J.'s brother) has taken Robert's place, and sends us most interesting letters. He, too, finds the utmost delicacy among the people of all classes, about accepting help—they always make the best instead of the worst of everything! Nearly 600 Nuns were burnt out of their Convent, and they sent a petition to D., supported by a letter from the good Bishop of Metz, that he would do something for them. D. was a little alarmed, fearing they would ask for what it would be quite impossible to give, but when he sent to enquire how he could serve them, it was only a few sacks of potatoes for their pressing needs that they wished for! The trouble is, that now those who are used to help the poor, are themselves robbed of everything, for even the body flannels have been *requisitioned* not of men only, but of women, and this at the beginning of winter."

Speaking of the Social Science Congress, in the autumn of 1870, she makes this note in a postscript:—

"I forgot to say that though I thought the meeting a failure, it was quite a minor social triumph to have our dear Miss Broadley seated in peace, at the same table with John Bright's sister. More charming and accommodating guests could not be. I am become a Tory by force of their example, content and gracious at all times, though they can never have been hustled by democracy to such an extent before. One Professor always enforced his arguments on Miss B. by a tap on her arm, and yet she bore it."

From A. D. R. to her Mother, from Heugh Folds, March, 1871.

"*Sunday Evening.*

DEAREST MOTHER,

"It was a very great pleasure to get thy beautifully written letter this morning, only I am still anxious thou should'st not tax thy eyes. I have not had a word from C., nor did she give me their London address that I might write, so I was particularly glad of her note. What a charming expedition it has been! The birds are indeed delightful, such a number and variety. I startled quite a *flock* of thrushes and blackbirds in the bright sun this afternoon, for it cleared after the morning's storm. Dost thou remember a lovely verse in Wordsworth's rendering of a poem of Chaucer's, written at Woodstock?

> "For now when they can hear the small birds' song,
> And see the budding leaves the branches throng,
> This unto their remembrance doth bring
> All kinds of pleasure mixed with sorrowing,
> And longing of sweet thoughts that ever long."

The Canada letter brought this strongly into my mind, and it is a great comfort to have the last line descriptive of what becomes more and more the settled recollection of our poor George and his tossed and

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wearied life, now indeed, in the better stage, and, we trust, under process of that gradually developed redemption and healing, which, I think, the Bible fully allows us to hope for as the mercy granted, until the fulness of all things. His many thoughtful kindnesses are much about me here, and the flowers and scenery he admired so much, bring him daily, indeed hourly, to me.

"The daily lessons are at this season in Deuteronomy, and thou wilt easily believe how keenly I enjoy their beautiful descriptions of a mountain country. "A land of hills and valleys that drinketh water of the rain of heaven—a land that the Lord thy God careth for,—the eyes of the Lord thy God are upon it continually, from the beginning of the year even unto the end of the year." I am sure, dearest mother, in this sense spiritually, of caring and being cared for, thou art a true mountaineer! I had a very pleasant call from Mr. Jefferies yesterday. I felt drawn towards him by his particular enquiries after thee. He desired his very kind regards and sympathy, and said he had often thought of thee and all thou wast going through, since hearing last spring of the operations in prospect. We then discussed the French peasantry, for whom there is to be an offertory next Sunday, and he praised the *manner* of the Friends' work highly. Then Mrs. Sykes came and kindly staid tea, an always welcome and lively visitor. She admired the closet immensely, and the carpets, and said they were so *heathery-looking*, which is just what one wants in upland floors. I am sitting in thy dressing gown, which has been such a comfort while my arm was swelled, and, as I told Mrs. S., feel I never can be sure I manage business affairs well since I have a mother who fills up all gaps and slack times. Mary Taylor is coming after the reading to-morrow, to stay the night, and is to have some of thy salmon to breakfast. We have a very great deal to compare, on books chiefly. She has been reading very diligently this winter, and her criticisms always seem to me better than, *e.g.*, the rabid "*Spectator's*." I hope, now the war is over, the editors will fall back on their old ways of greater dignity, to say nothing of fairness. I send back the very interesting notices of Dr. Symonds, thank thee very much for lending them to me. Mazzini I forward to Lady R., it is a pity he so confounds good and evil, and there is little in these extracts to remind one of the extraordinary eloquence of the "Last words to the young men of Italy," which Alice must some day read to see what glowing Italian is like. Couldst thou kindly remember, when thou seest Dora Curtius, to tell her that, excepting the word English spelt with a little e, there was not a single mistake in her pleasant letter, and I think Miss Spencer ought to be proud of her pupil? I wish she had more practice in speaking though, which she does not get at Wingrove. E. Barlow seems greatly to have enjoyed her little visit. I am very glad to hear Lucy Hodgkin has a little son—she will make a lovely mother to him."

"*8th March*, 1871.

"Thy kind letter and enclosures, with the *Literary Churchman* and *Spectator*, came yesterday. It is tiresome not to be able to depend on the *Sunday Post*. I have plenty to read, thanks; so don't

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trouble to hasten anything, and am very glad of Hervè Riel, with dearest C.'s letter. I hope she is a little better now, and enjoying Miss Greenwell's excellent society; I hope she would stay, so as to meet the Brownes. I will try to send the flowers, but to-day is rather too broken to gather them serenely,—bright sun and snow-showers intermixed. It was such a night as I scarcely ever remember. I had very little sleep from the bellowing and thundering of the wind. The window burst open. I suppose from the force of reverberation; and I almost thought this very solid house would give way. It had been a most royal day, and hot in the sun. I enjoyed it extremely with Mary Taylor, from whom I had a charming little visit; and in the afternoon, I set her home, part way, on the pony, and then had my first gallop up the Raise; the pony as happy as possible in its joyous paces, and I highly exhilarated by the keen exercise. I came round by Lancrigg, and had a very pleasant call there, and then taught Isabella in the evening, to prepare for her examination; so thou see'st, dear Mother, I am already in very brisk health and spirits, and am only afraid of getting rather too much stimulated. The reading was highly successful. Mr. Brown, who had most kindly lent his large coffee-room, was gratified, I think, to see it crowded. Mr. Jefferies made a very nice little speech about the work, and the need there was for every one to watch against the after moral evils of war, which, he thought, even worse than the physical sufferings, and hoped the latter might be lessened by English help. I was dragged up to sit among what Levi calls the "quality," and so had a capital position, but grew so hot, with uncontrollable laughter at the Yorkshire stories Mr. Carr tells, and coughing thereon, that I thought I should have had to go out. The people roared and roared with laughing, till Mr. Carr was himself almost too much affected to go on. He read Ginevra (Rogers), Byron's scene at Brussels, Lord of Burleigh, The Ride from Ghent, &c., &c. The spirited and comic parts he renders *splendidly*, the pathetic not quite so much to my taste; but then, no *one* reading, can ever unite all the shades of feeling in real pathos. He is far more refined that Bellew; and though slight and delicate looking, rises to great power in the recitation. I think, dear Mother, thou might'st go to Sunderland, on the 27th, to hear him, and sleep at one of thy many friend's houses. He is also going to read at Durham. His accent is not altogether pleasant, perhaps,—being a little the "narrow English," and wanting the full bodied resonance of our dear tongue at its best. At the end, charming Mrs. Wollaston went to the piano, and played, while everybody stood up and sang "The National Anthem. One felt very patriotic, and I was deeply gratified when Mrs. Sykes handed Mr. Carr, Ernest Beck's name, that the proceeds might go to him at once. Everybody entered into it with the most hearty good will, and there was a current of true, kind, neighbourly feeling through the whole meeting, rich and poor alike. The singers did very nicely, and Mr. and Mrs. Bradley were loudly encored; so the whole thing was, perhaps, a little too long. I think the ladies are much pleased with J. Bellew's book, although they regret, as we did, so much tiresome

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and tasteless detailment, meals, lodging, and travelling. Surely *that* might have been expunged before printing. Lady R. says her Elizabeth's mind is quite expanded by these readings, to an altogether new intellectual tone! and the grave Westmoreland people have never been known in their lives to laugh so much. I understand Mr. Carr is coming to call on me to-day, and I hope I shall not miss him, as I intend to take an early tea with the Broadleys. Dear Miss B. is still very poorly. Miss Smith and Miss Morse paid me a very pleasant call yesterday, using Miss Napier's carriage to come. *She* is away nursing Mrs. Bruce, who is very ill, partly from feeling so keenly the parliamentary attacks on her husband. I hear M. A. Satterthwaite is returned to Rothay Bank, so I mean to see her next week, and accept the invitation these ladies gave me to luncheon,—they had their arm stiff—being under vaccination. By the way, W. E. Forster went to the public compulsory vaccination room to be done, and to shew his belief that the lymph there was of the best—his coachman also, who said what was good enough for his master would do for him, but the footman insisted on being "done at home, with Mrs. Forster!" Please tell Janet this, if still rebellious. I am so glad dear Lizzie has my delightful room, and hope she enjoys it. She will hear from R., surely, in good time. He must be very busy at the first. I am having the scullery plastered—it is such a dark hole—and the men are here doing it. The house is very comfortable, and I trust my dearest Caro will find it so when she comes. Please thank her for her most welcome letters. I only grieve over her great fatigue. The more I enjoy the air here, the more impatiently I long for her coming; though, I admit, it is still broken and stormy weather. But the fine days, when they do come, are superb. I forgot to say I was glad to find Lady R. as much discontented with the *Spectator's* war tone, as we have been. All readers of "Casimir Maremma," will like to hear that Mr. Henry Fletcher is going to take out 65 Wiltshire families, babies, and all, in April, and settle them in Ontario, poor Miles going to help. I am so glad the heroic vein of the Fletchers can find an outlet, even in the commercial 19th century. He will be away two months, and will take that as his holiday, trying to let his new house here. Please tell John this, and kindly ask him to give you for me, exact meaning and derivation of "Chauvinism?" I find my notion of its being military arrogance and fanaticism, and a French translation of Roundheadedness (callous) won't precisely fit the use of the word in the papers, and it is not in the dictionary. Perhaps M. des Noyers would kindly throw light, if not emitted from Jack himself?

"I was truly thankful to hear E. Barclay was in England again; also to have news of dear old noble hearted Rachel Tylor, but I mean to write to C. very soon.

Thy most affectionate,

A. D. R."

"I have just had a most pleasant call from Mr. Carr and his magnificent deerhound, "Oscar." The Town Hall is taken for him at

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Durham for the 29th, and he is going to give another reading here on the 23rd. He asked me how I liked his reading of Dora, and I told him I thought it admirable, except in Dora's own speeches. We then had a *very interesting* discussion on manner of shewing feeling in different characters, and the modulation of the voice accordingly. £7 9s. were made the other night, Very well for little Grasmere. A few expenses to come off."

In May, Anna went to Bournemouth to consult about building a house for Dr. White's family, and this meant, in her case, that she designed it. As at Heugh Folds, the site seemed very unpromising—the very knoll of the hill above Cranbourne Gardens—but, by skilfully availing herself of the lower part for the kitchens, she, succeeding, in making, perhaps, the most charming house of its size in Bournemouth. As ever there were marks of great originality, and the way in which the verandah is managed, so as not to darken the rooms, seems to me to be in every way admirable.

It was at Bournemouth that she heard first of the death of her dear and kind friend Miss Broadley, and she thus writes to the sorrowful surviving sister:—

"BOURNEMOUTH, *Friday, May 5th.*

MY DEAR MISS CHARLOTTE,

"I did not hear that the release had been given until I reached this place last Saturday Evening, for my letters missed me on the journey.

"It made Sunday a very solemn day to know that one so deeply beloved was sharing in our universal worship, no longer suffering, but triumphant. I do not think I ever before fully realised the *oneness* of the Christian religion, nor the power of the services, to raise one's sorrowing and laggard spirits to the tone which they ought to have, if, in everything, we ought to give thanks.

"I was truly glad of your most kind note on Monday morning, and went across to the church which Keble used to frequent when here, and which is always open, that I might be with you word by word, in the sacred office; I need not say with what deep feelings of love and sympathy. It came very strongly into my mind that in such a case as this, where the earthly dross has been long ago, if there ever was any, burnt away, suffering is a sign of honour, just as martyrdom used to be, a gracious permission, literally to share the cross of our Lord, and thus, His glory. If it is not thus, how could we bear to watch the pain? But, with this thought, I think the strength of our attachment to those that are taken, becomes stronger and stronger,

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and, when they are gone, they seem to have a power of sympathy with us, especially in all those very inward troubles which never will shape themselves in words, that perhaps we might not be so keenly aware of, if we had not watched through what depths of anguish they were, themselves, borne by the heavenly hand.

"I know, in one sense, that you never will be alone, but will often have a most close fellowship still, although I fear, indeed, there will be also many times when the sense of desolation, for want of the dear living voice and look, will be terribly heavy upon you. I can partly guess, because I know how all life would be in danger of growing into a valley of the shadow of death if Caro were taken from me, but you must not let it, dear Miss Charlotte, for the sake of the other people who love you so dearly. Your flowers, and the sunshine, and the pure sweet air, will, at this season, I am thankful to think, win you day by day to the glorious thought of the meeting again, and you will regain your strength by the power of hope.

"It is grievous to think how you and dear Mrs. Sykes must be worn down. I hope to hear, indirectly, how you are, for you will feel far too weary to send me a line. Thank you; I find my people very well here, and the children much grown and improved. Lizzie has another little girl safely, and Caro gives a tolerable account of herself, and a very good one of my dear mother. We hope to meet in London in a fortnight. Before going there, I intend to stay a few days in the New Forest. I wound down through beautiful England by Worcester, Hereford, and Tintern, and as far as sad thoughts of you and our poor Nellie allowed enjoyment, I did exceedingly enjoy the beauty. Indeed, one's heart never ought to repel the beauty of this earth, it is such a ministering thing in its way. I am so glad to think you have dear England's best about you.

In most affectionate sympathy yours,

A. D. R."

From A. D. R. to her Sister Caroline.

"LYNDHURST, 19*th May*, 1871.

DEAREST C.,

"Thy letter proved a very strong temptation, and if I had not had a heavy headache to-day, hindering me from what I wished to do, I think I should have come to you.

* * * * * * *

"I had a very beautiful drive in a little donkey gig to Stoney Cross, yesterday, but it was very cold on the high ground, and I think a chill is the cause of this discomfort to-day. It is much warmer, and the needed rain seems drawing near. I am thinking of you at Haddon, in the bounteous, softer wind. I have been carefully looking at the pictures in the church, and at the lovely capitals; fern, lily of the valley, pyrola, foxgloves, all wonderfully done—from the actual

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flowers fresh gathered from the forest and laid before the men. One series also struck me very much. They were corbels in the south aisle, and all put up by a gentleman near, to his brother's memory. The first was a weary, anxious figure: "Every man shall bear his own burden," on a scroll beneath; the second, a hopeful, but still *thin* figure with a cross, toiling on,—the scroll, "My burden is light;" the third, two figures, with interlaced arms full of joy,—the scroll, "Bear ye one another's burdens;" and the fourth, two angels carrying the triumphant Christian to Heaven, and the scroll, "They shall bear thee up upon their hands." It seemed to tell so much of the two brothers, their friendship, and their parting. Thou wilt be greatly delighted with the ornamentation of the chancel. The porch is also very beautiful, and a great deal of it actually cut by the curate. If only our imitation of our Divine Pattern in the spiritual life might approach the excellence of these stone copies of His lovely workmanship! Surely, surely it is most fit, and most full of high teaching, that the place of God's worship should be as beautiful as human hands can make it. We had two very nice services yesterday (Ascension) and again a good sermon. I have not prospered much in my sketching, but have enjoyed it to the utmost, and hope I shall have something similar to do in the eternal life. I am sorry to say I like it so very much better than philanthropy, though the result is equally obscure.

"Dearest love to Mother.

Thy very affectionate,

A. D. R."

From A. D. R. to Miss M. G. Taylor.

"*Thursday Evening, 7th April,* 1871.

MY DEAR MARY,

* * * * *

"Thank you very much for the hymn and extract. I have been reading your translations several times, and also several in Hymns Ancient and Modern. All the hymns for this week, except Sir R. Grant's, and No. 100 seem very inadequate. The most beautiful part of St. Bernard's (97) is missed altogether—

"Cum me jubes emigrare,
Jesu care, tunc appare;
O amator amplectende,
Temetipsum tunc ostende,
In cruce salutiferâ."

And there is not one which has any approach to the fullness of Keble's poems for yesterday and to-morrow. Do you not think there is apt, if we may say it without irreverance, to be some re-action of feeling, from a repetition of the details of bodily pain? There is none in the gospels, and the best *human* nature shrinks from it. Besides, hundreds of Roman slaves suffered, and martyrs afterwards, while, I believe, many people would now, if they could carry away for ever the tortures

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of animals. Keble seems to take one's thoughts in the right direction, to the appalling mystery of the spiritual suffering from sin. Also in the sacred words, "Greater love hath no man than this, &c.;" it seems to be implied that though it was the ultimate act, under the limitations of our powers of comprehension, even that only very partially told the love. Would you not, some day, write a new hymn that would be a national gift? Perhaps when you are quietly in Brittany? Caro came safely, thank you, and is already better, though still very thin and weak. So many more flowers are come out that we can have a fine scented bowl of them every day at dinner, and that assists her in the meal and makes her eat more. I have had a cold, and have not been down the hill since I saw you, so have no news to report."

"NEWBIGGIN-BY-THE-SEA,
10*th June*, 1871.

* * * * *

"I did not write to tell you how pleasant my visit to Hereford, Tintern, and Salisbury had been, and afterwards Bournemouth and the New Forest. But, all the while, there was the great sorrow of Miss Broadley's death; a closely personal one to me. I suppose it was her naturally fine temper,—which made both herself and others aware that there was no personal irritation mixed up with them—that always lent such wholesome, harmless vigour to her denunciations. It was excellent to hear her hatred of Radicals and of individual radicals—so far as their faults went—as I know to my profit. Then the ground she travelled over—though not so wide as some people's—was surveyed and remarked upon with such sobriety of judgment, that I always felt her conversation to be full of enjoyment and instruction also. Her absence will be, indeed, a great blank to Grasmere. I have had two notes from Miss Charlotte, this week. She seems rallying to her ordinary life better than we could have hoped. Alice Shepherd is just dead; so Mrs. Sykes is released from her close attendance upon a second death-bed. I did not come to see you during the nine days I was in London, because you had never—even casually—said I might, and I did not like to ask for that great pleasure again; nor did I ask whether you would come to us, because I was not sure whether you might not object to do so! But you must not think it was from any distrust of your kindness—even in the most desolate times it was never this—only it was right I should bear in mind, what, in your real charity, you had much oftener than once said or shewn that I was too eager in seeking such a pleasure for myself, and though I turned the subject over many times every day, pleading to get a verdict for my strong wishes, I could not reach any other conclusion than that it was better to let well alone.* You see, supposing you had not altogether opposed it, then I should have had a painful recollection to serve me until my next meeting you; while, now, I have a most delightful one from

* Alas! her shyness.

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Grasmere, flowing with its richness into every duty of each hour, and I try not to think of the good I have missed. However, *now* I think I may safely conclude, you will not take it as an interruption if, when I am next in London, I spend part of an afternoon with you. Caro was at Kew, a few days, with the Olivers, and she said she looked out many times for you, at the Acton Station, but saw nothing of you. I went *at* the pictures after the rather infuriate manner of provincials, but did not see anything of a nature to fill one's soul to the brim, except the Turners, in the National Gallery; and it was lamentable to find that there was nothing in the least to approach them in the modern exhibitions. I heard Drs. French, Vaughan, Lightfoot, and Stanley preach; also Mr. Maconochie; and attended one of Dr. Vaughan's Greek readings, in the Temple, with much delight; but I also, I fear, a little envy that I could not hear them every week. I also saw—the greatest pleasure I had, next to being with my mother and sisters again,—the lady who taught us Latin, at Lewes. I had once seen her during the quarter century, but many years ago. I was rather afraid she might have changed the antique Quaker dress, so stately in its cleanliness and precision, but she was exactly as she was in the delightful days of "Beatus ille qui procul negotiis, ut prisca gens mortalium," a most deeply beloved woman, too good, I think, to have married a rather stout gentleman—however, he was quite endurable. By the way, speaking of Latin, that the coming generation is no longer to say veni, vidi, vici, but "wehnee, weedee, weekee," for philosophy's sake. It certainly makes me think of Otaheitans more than Romans. I learned this at Hitchin, when I staid one night in coming down, and heard a lesson in the Ajax and in Cicero's letters—most admirable teaching it seemed to me. Indeed, the whole life of the students looked only *too* intellectually luxurious; but they are a remarkably interesting set of young women, about whom, I think, you will like to hear when I see you. I am beginning to dread a little, lest that should not be till next year; for, I think, seeing your French plans are thrown out, you will be strongly tempted to go to Grasmere in the summer, instead of the autumn. Should you, however, be arranging for Scotland, could you not, one way, take the Eastern route, and reconsider your old decision as to Durham? If this should be before the end of the month, there is a nice little room for you here, and you would get through and through blown with sea air. If I could arrange to leave the children during the day, you could, perhaps, see the incised rocks in the north of the county, and Hebburn, which, I think, would please Lady Richardson —and these things need not take more than three days off the other claims on your time. However, I am not going to be silly enough to build up any little castle about it. I have had very pleasant work lately, in finding out the authors of the Hymns, Ancient and Modern, and have been more successful than I expected. "Art thou weary art thou languid," is a translation of Dr. Neale's, but from what, I have not found out. I meant to try to get the originals, and then put the first lines as a heading, but this will be much more difficult. The Greenwells will help me, I hope. Dr. Neale used to stay with

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them, when in the north. If I succeed, even partly, I should like to mark a copy in this way for you, and then you could see at a glance, when abroad, and they were singing whether you could not improve upon the translation; because it is always a consolation, to my sense of debt, to do any little thing I could contrive, which, at the same time, shall not bother you, dear Mary.

"I send you a common newspaper, with extract from an article by Mazzini, which pleased and interested me very much indeed. I am thankful to hear Mr. Fletcher is better, and will be able to see his friends. I think there is a remarkable insight into spiritual things in persons who have been ill in that way. They have a kind of experience of mercy which is not possible to ordinary people.

Your very affectionate,

A. D. R."

In June, of 1871, Anna kindly undertook the charge of my children, by the seaside, while their parents were enjoying a tour in Germany. The weather on the north-east coast was very inclement during the early part of that summer, and I fear that Anna suffered very much from the cold. She also began to complain of a stiffness in her right arm, which was a cause of great alarm to all of us. I give here some extracts from the letters which she wrote to Germany, which, the reader may imagine, were very welcome to fond and anxious parents, and more than grateful to their feelings.

"11*th June*, 1871.

"Robert was kind enough to send me a note saying that a telegram had been received of the safe arrival of your boat, for which I felt very thankful. The storm raged here, and the cold has been much more like January than June. The children are no worse for it, and are full of health and spirits—their faces quite a rich brown now. They are very good indeed, and I enjoy them more and more. Phil. with his amplifications of the diet of the Israelites in Egypt, "Pots of cold meat and plain pudding, while Moses had everything he liked at the court," is very amusing, and ambitious to convey hints to the housekeeper of what *he* thinks the ordering of a table should be. He still reads very badly. He does not seem to remember easily the look of words, and this also makes him slow in spelling. They are out so much that it seems hardly worth while to try much settlement, or else I think Ernestine might now learn to knit, and would find pleasure in it. Maurice learns to say new words every day, and is a most cheering companion with his lovely face and temper, and he seems likely to grow up a broad and long Teuton. His shoulders are quite extraordinary to me. Philip wishes to know whether he may go out with Ellen in a boat? I told him I could not undertake the responsibility without asking his Father and Mother."

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"17*th June*, 1871.

"I write sooner than I intended to say how glad I am that John is better, and to thank him for his letter and highly entertaining story of Mr. Lowe. The first part of answer to rainbow query I had arrived at by common sense; the second is new to me and very interesting indeed. I hope the Hitchin students will all have their common sense developed into careful knowledge. Also, please thank him for his kindly elaborate explanation over the mistake about the servants; as it arose from your simple "forget," it was hardly necessary. I did not know misunderstandings were so frequent between us! But if they are, then dear Marian you must suppose they arise either from "forgets" on one side or the other; or from my invincible shyness, which I can only symbolise by the writhing figure of the Laocöon. Mother and Caro are the only two persons in the world with whom I am quite at ease. With everybody else, in greater or lesser degrees, I am a little distressed; and, any one who knows the torture of this constitutiontal defect, knows also that it is fatal to the rapid perception of small emergencies, which goes by the name of tact.

"We have had it very wet—it has kept the children more indoors, but it is a great relief from the terrible winds. One's chest seems let out of cruel bondage, and one's whole nature suddenly made un-wicked. I wonder John does not remove his firm to Bristol! or some location where the blessed west wind is a more prevalent one. But, perhaps, the eastern has not on him the same painful, moral effect as it has on me. By-the-way, what a chest Maurice has! It starts at once on a splendid curve from the throat, like those Homer describes, so unlike the wretched contracted things I have been used to see in children's baths in our family. Ernestine's is quite as beautiful! I wish I could say as much for the strength of Phil's.! If you can restrain your own hunger for the children, is it not a pity you should cut your visit so short? I had quite prepared to stay at Wingrove till about the middle of July, and know of nothing to hinder me from doing so, should you like to have more time. It is so far to go to Berka, and John seems to be able to get away so seldom. I hope for your own sakes you will decide to do so, and in either case will you kindly give me directions where to meet you with letters? There is very little to say. Perhaps I did not mention Phil's. chuckle of delight over the already well-known (to him) cleverness of Miriam's fetching Jochebed to nurse Moses, nor his appreciation of how delightful it was to have an income for doing the very thing she liked best in the world. This is what the wives of D. Oliver, Jun., and Gilbert Baker say of their husbands. I have just heard to-day, from a nice joiner, that this church is believed to be as old as that at Jarrow; that the village was once very large, and a great store-place for corn. Most of the older houses have been granaries. Best love to our dearest John and to you, and kindest remembrances to your hosts. Maurice gave me two special kisses for you, and Ernestine a great many. Cecil is too young yet to enter into this transmission.

A. D. R."

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"16*th June*, 1871.

"Yes, I am painfully aware my writing grows worse—it is from a curious numbness in the arm, which, if it goes on, will blast both writing and sketching. However, I need not trouble my friends with long letters to spell out. The children are very well, though, poor little things, kept indoors all yesterday. Phil. seems to have a stupid fit on him as to reading, for I don't think it is much better than it was two years ago. Perhaps his mind is too active to make it easy for him to concentrate his attention. It is also difficult to make out whether or not he does his very best. A little composition will be an extremely pleasant thing to himself. We have been most successful in finding nice shells. Jennie told us the good places. I forgot to say to J. that Harry has arrested a strike by prompt measures. He sent at once for men to turn the colliers out, and for 80lbs. of boiled beef, with plates, knives, and forks, &c., to feed them during their painful work, and when the colliers saw this they yielded. Cecil stood alone to-day in a brave manner, for his chair had been pushed away by Maurice, and, instead of crying and tumbling down, he stretched out his arms, balanced himself, and laughed. Maurice is very merry. I said at tea, one night: "O Maurice, do be quiet, and finish your dinner." He caught me up instantly, and began, "Anna says, your *dinner*, your dinner, your dinner," half-a-dozen times over, with screams of delight, and the whole table was in a roar. He cannot say Aunt Anna, and, if advised thereto by Phil. it becomes "tanner." So every day a catechism of the pictures in the room begins from him, "Tanner, what is dis?" "Charlotte cutting bread and butter for the children." This is repeated in a most comical way, and one by one responds to all his merry questions. He is, indeed, a charming fellow, and his way of saying, *more* Edwin Waterhouse, 'I see,' is ludicrous to a degree. The servants are well, also, and enjoy bathing. We get most excellent fish, which the children are very fond of, and Dr. Davy used to say no one could have better food, from the iodine it contains. So two days a week we have fish and no meat. I am so very glad to hear you are having a few musical treats, dear Marian."

"We have just had a hearty romp. Ernestine using the mitts for her little numb hands, but so careful to put them away "for Papa." She sent twenty kisses and dear love, and her beautiful little face lights up all over at the mention of thy name, as I hope all the care-worn faces of the world will do some day at the name and in the presence of the one great Father. She has lost all shyness with me, and is a delightful child. Phil. does his lessons very well, and enjoys little sums in addition, and easy stories told him of English history, being especially fond of that about the little angels becoming angels, according to Pope Gregory's pun, "because they had hair like Ernestine;" he tells this with such affection in his tone!"

"You will kindly be glad to hear my attack is gone nicely off. I went out yesterday for the first time, spite of north-east wind, and

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tempted by the brilliant sun. Sweet little Ernestine came and offered to walk with me, and we went along the sands together, I, rolled up like a cocoon. She and the rest are all quite well, and I think now looking forward to the pleasures of Wingrove again.

"You will be pleased to see how vigorous Cecil looks. Maurice must have grown rapidly, for all his clothes are too short, and the length of his bare legs, and strength of them too, is amazing. There could not be a more delightful child. He is very sensitive, but has a firm, wise will, quite above the littleness of obstinacy. I fear, however, he is somewhat of a prodigal, for he always eats the whole of his butter, or honey, from the bread, and leaves himself the dry crusts at the end. With my careful nature, I remember when a child doing the very reverse, and then thinking how much nicer the dry bread and milk had been than the sweets—so perhaps, after all, it was the less wise course. Phil. took a fancy to read the CIV. Psalm, which is in large print, with pictures, in a book I have, and he has done it beautifully, entering most heartily into the truth and beauty of the descriptions. The long words seemed a positive advantage—like sign-posts in the sentence,—and, indeed, ap-point-ed is a far easier word to a child than "though." He does not much relish either the childishness of matter and style in the regular reading book. Perhaps it would be as well to let him read, for example, his own history of England instead? I tried to teach Ernie to knit on the wet days, but her little hands are too fat to guide the needles.

"John's description of the Forest is charming, and also of the society at Berka, and of the pretty house. The children like to hear all I can tell them; they often speak of the inmates and of "Dora."* Phil. was highly pleased with his letter about the horns, and wished to know what was done to all the *deer*. There was rocket firing on Saturday, which he enjoyed immensely. It is a pleasant sight to watch the little Britons and Britonesses bathe. I saw fourteen on Saturday rush into the fearfully cold water, without an instant's flinching, and thought of Professor Curtius' account of the Greeks."

From A. D. R. to her Nephew, Douglas White.

"NEWBIGGIN-BY-THE-SEA,
23*rd June*, 1871.

DEAREST DOUGLAS,

"The last time I was hoping to see you was at Lyndhurst, where I had some nice young gooseberries stewed for your cough; and then, as you did not come, I had to eat them up myself! That afternoon, came two great dancing bears up the village, a black and a brown, but they seemed to hate dancing, poor things, and did it very badly. In the evening, curiously enough, the terrible story of the bears in the wood, and Elisha, was read in the Church, (ask aunt Caro to tell it to you), and I thought that the village children there would hardly have known what bears were like unless they had seen these two big

* Fräulein Curtius.

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creatures in the afternoon, with chains round their necks, to keep them from doing any harm. This is a very different place from Lyndhurst, but we find a good many shells, in a little bay, about a mile off. Cousin Philip sends you one of each of the kinds he has put in his nice boxes, and Aunt Caro will tell you their names. He is a very dear boy, and I hope you will know him well some day, and Ernestine and Maurice and Cecil too. Philip is reading by his own choice, the CIV. Psalm, for he seems to admire it very much, especially that the beams of God's chambers appear to rest upon the waters. This he sees every night and morning in bed, from his window looking on the sea. Then he understands very well how the sun draws up vapour, leaving all the bitter salt behind, and then the cool air makes the vapour into clouds, and the wind blows the clouds along to rest on the hills, and there they trickle down among the valleys, and make brooks and rivers to refresh us all, and all the other animals, and then they run into the sea again. He has seen this at Grasmere many times. Grandmamma will say to you a very pretty poem about it, if you ask her, and your Bourne is much more like a brooklet than a river, so you will be able to know what a brooklet is like. I am so glad you find so many flowers.

"Give a kiss to Margaret for me, please.

Your most affectionate,

AUNT ANNA."

From A. D. R. to Mrs. Wilkey (née Dymond.)

"SOUTH ASHFIELD, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE,
6th July, 1871.

MY DEAR FRIEND, J. S. WILKEY,

"I can easily believe that thou may'st be very weary just now of reading letters, yet I can scarcely forbear adding one more to the number, to say how very deeply grieved we have all been to hear that so bright and charming a member has been taken from your household. Though it was for scarcely more than two minutes that I saw her, I could not help being delighted that thou and dear Miriam Dymond had such a companion in daily life, and I fear you will very greatly miss her presence. I believe I take a rather gloomy view of human affairs, and always think an early death a special mark of our Heavenly Father's love to those who go—for those who are left the case is different,—and if young people can cheer those who are older, often very sad. I hope thou hast recovered from the fatigue and strain of nursing, both of which must have been severe. I shall hear, I think, indirectly before long from my cousin Catherine.

"It was the greatest of very many pleasures in London, to see thee again, and I little thought that so heavy a blow was close at hand.

May we offer our respectful sympathy to J. T. Wilkie, in which to thyself and Miriam Dymond, I am always,

Thy gratefully attached,

A. D. R."

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After July (1871) Anna's health grew worse and worse, and at the end of October she went to London, accompanied by her ever kind Uncle and Aunt Foster, to consult Dr. Mackern. They stayed with Mrs. Foster, at Carlton Villas, who very kindly offered thus the comforts of a private house. The following letters will give an account of what was recommended, but little benefit resulted, and the next year was marked by the steady progress of the disease, that painful and incurable one, known as Bright's disease.

From A. D. R. to her Mother.

"62, CARLTON HILL, *Saturday.*

DEAREST MOTHER,

"Thy welcome letter is a pleasant greeting from home this morning, and I am glad all are well and precious Caro better. John Forster and Mr. Atchison came to tea, so I did not find time to write, as we were out all the morning, and having been to Dr. M., in Finsbury. He is a nice Scotchman. The difference between London doctors and provincial is extraordinary in the *pains* the former take. Such minute examinations (a long stethoscopic one) and questions, besides the big eyes searching all the while; whether all have the development of that organ I don't know. All other doctors have told me my troubles were from the liver. Dr. M. says the liver has little or nothing to do with them, but that they arise from great weakness of the nerves, which has come from years of non-assimilation of food. "A poor, half-starved thing you are," he said. "Where were you at school? The old system, I suppose! Monotonous diet, eh?" He has given me medicine: I am to see him again on Thursday. He orders rum and milk, warm, before rising, then bathing, at ten or eleven, hearty breakfast, meat, rice, crushed wheat, &c., &c., followed by one cup of very best coffee and plenty of cream. To rest an hour and go out, a great deal in fine days, enough for exercise on bad. Dinner at six, meat and green vegetables, rice, and crushed wheat; *no bread* at any time nor *potatoes*. Two glasses costly Burgundy. I asked whether half-a-pound of meat was enough? "Half-a-pound," he said, with scorn: "Why, Queen Elizabeth eat three or four to each meal, and *she* did plenty of work and governed her kingdom well. You must eat without limit, as much as you possibly can, and take a cup of tea or coffee immediately after, then rest again—only these two meals in the day, nothing else—to eat oftener will impair your digestion, and I expect to see you grow much stronger; you have no actual disease, only weak and irritable lungs." He was glad to hear I was not going back to N.C., for he thought the climate very unfavourable in my present state. It is well, too, as these hours would be extremely inconvenient at home, and I must arrange separately for my beloved guests when they come. But the plan

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gives the finest part of a winter day, quite free. As this diagnosis agreed with my long sensations of hunger and weariness, I easily believed it, and feel much encouraged. I wish you could tell John, who is also only half-nourished. Dr. M. said my system was in a volcanic condition, and the sick attacks were the necessary craters, and came whenever relief was needed to the collection of acrid matter, which is *not* bile. He said he knew the state well, having passed through it when younger, but the result was, in his case, upon the brain, and he was very ill. He looks strong now. Dear Aunt A. went with me. The kindness of all about me overflows."

* * * * * *

"Yesterday I went out to see the pictures, while Uncle R. went to Witley, and Aunt A. rested. The day turned out very wet. I feel much indebted to Robert for mentioning this collection. I have, I think, never seen a better,—the mediocrity of an ordinary exhibition being conspicuous by its absence. Muller's Greek sketches and F. Taylor's scenes with animals, were admirable. So were some eastern subjects, but above all eight or ten splendid Coxes reigned in majesty. Most impressive they are. I was obliged to come away, their effect upon me is so powerful, such as fine music is on a person with ear. To-day is fine; we have all been to church, and since, I have called on dear Mrs. Davies, with whom I had a very pleasant conversation. By the Dean of Durham's advice, Emily wrote to Mrs. Abbot of N. C., and *almost* by return of post came £315 for the College. Miss Bonchevett has had a legacy, and has set apart £105 for the College, which is another pleasant little fact, by the way. I wish Mrs. A. could have been asked for her name to the N. C. College. I forgot to say I enclose a little account of the Hospital for the sake of which the pictures are lent. Perhaps some one will read it to thee.

"Aunt A. is very well, and is a most tender care-taker. I admire Anne Foster more and more. She is quite a wonderful woman, and it is so racy to have a kind of atmosphere of Dentdale, in the house. I feel very well indeed, and am finding great enjoyment in the visit. I also feel so glad I came, as I might have easily gone on into a very serious condition of the brain, which now, I trust, will be averted. The meals seem to be costly ones, but it is not worth while to be alive unless one can do something, and I trust to have the talent, new to me, of bodily strength to use, according to the most beautiful collect of this day, "ready in body and soul." Aunt Anne advises me to order the wine from E. Brown, and I suppose thou wilt kindly have no objection. As for the meat, thou might safely infer I cannot do quite as Queen Elizabeth did. I may have onions and vegetables, but not my beloved bread and potatoes. I thought of writing to James Carr to ask for a stone or two of crushed wheat for the porridge, which is to be boiled *seven hours*. Dr. M. said this generation is dwindling off the face of the earth. It destroys its digestion by too frequent meals, and then the food it takes is not assimilated. A pity to starve in the midst of such abounding plenty! However, for some of his patients, A. F. for example, he orders very frequent meals, but he says my nervous force is so very low, that I must make as few

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demands on it as possible. I am to take plenty of cream and gelatine in the rum and milk. I am very thankful for all the care bestowed upon me by you all, and for having the means given me to try to grow stronger. The minor ailments, Dr. M. says, will all disappear when strength comes."

In November (1871) I visited Anna, at Heugh Folds, and was distressed to note how weak she was. She was hardly able to walk, and had repeated attacks of sickness, and was depressed by being constantly confined to the house. In the evenings, however, when the curtains were drawn, and the lamps lighted, the old spirit would return, and she would talk in a way that you could sit and listen for hours. It was at this time that I first became aware what importance she attached to the services of the church, and how great a comfort and stay they seemed to be to her.

The following extracts, from letters written by her at this time, will shew what effect she seemed to find from the treatment, and what subjects were then interesting her mind :—

"*2nd November*, 1871.

"Thanks for the offer of a paper, dear Mother, but I have hardly energy to read and enjoy one yet, and wish to keep my belaboured head very quiet. I am cheered by all the wonderful kindness I have received, and still receive, by the beauty of this place, and by the many pretty things given to the house—thy carpets, for example, which blend with the out-door colours of this season admirably. I have not yet been able to ride, but hope to do so, and see Lady R. Miss C. B. left on Saturday. I cannot eat the crushed wheat. It is so like what one gives to a poorly cow. It is least disgusting mixed, when boiled, with a beaten egg, and crusted in the oven. I am to have Chapman's flour and oatmeal, instead—the latter excellent, just fresh in, and nearly as large as Scotch. With milk and thick cream, it is a delicious dish. I have Madame Swetchini here, brought to read after Lacordaire."

* * *

"*5th November*, 1871.

"I read Gladstone's magnificent speech with many a thrill of delight and thankfulness that we have such a head. The "chaff" was rather new from him, but successful, like everything else,—and the notice of women chivalrous and well-timed—"refreshed with the comfort of your kindness," shews how keenly sensitive he would be to all the abominable attacks upon him. Please tell dear Mother, R., and L., that I filled the basket with the bulbs yesterday, most satisfactorily, and am going to beg a few fine foreign ferns, bits of

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them that is, from Miss C. B., when she returns, so that I expect it will again be as beautiful as it was the day dear Robert brought it and will be even more seen and enjoyed in the drawing-room than in the porch, where it was a kind of sword of Damocles to callers, though happily wounding nobody in its final fall. Would'st thou, any time, send or show the enclosed to Aunt Ann, as it has a message to her? You will like to see her most kind notes to me. Would'st thou think it tiresome, to choose me at Kaye's, two very pretty hymn books, A. and M., different colours, in Morocco, larger type than ours, and to *fold in*, to be carried in pocket, as those from Mr. Waters are? They are for Uncle R. and Aunt A. Aunt A. likes the collection "better than any she knows," and she expresses a wish for the author's names, so I thought I would mark all I knew, for both these kindest of relations, little as I can ever do. The white pony is out on the Fells this winter, but they are going to send me a small horse, if fine, that I may go to Lancrigg, so will leave this till I return.

"I have been on Doctor, whose hobbledehoy paces are indeed different from those of the white beauty. However, he took me over the ground. The sun broke out, and the valley was at its utmost loveliness, every step a refreshment of the purest kind. I had, as always, a most affectionate welcome, and as Mrs. Charles and Mr. H. Fletcher were there, it was a very merry conversation. Mrs. Rundell better, and has dismissed her doctors. Mrs. C. enquired most warmly after Dora Greenwell—had not heard of Mrs. Greenwell's death, or would have written, (though I wrote it specially to Lady R., the stress of bustle and anxiety had been so great as to make her miss the sentence), and wished a very affectionate and sympathising message when thou goes. The same from me please. I often think and wonder what cheering things could be contrived for her in her painful life. Lady R. asked eagerly when thou wast coming? She invited me to a party on Tuesday, to hear Mr. H. F. sing. Afterwards, I went to the cottages, to invite the darling children for to-morrow. All delighted to come, and the parents most gracious. One creeper is up to the windows, and the shrubs look very flourishing. Mr. Borwick spoke most gratefully of thy having opened the little school, as "such a help on a Sunday." It is a brilliant afternoon, and I am much enjoying myself. I wore Aunt A.'s handsome new plaid on the ride. Doctor is rough and tall, so that I climbed to his back from the top of the back chimney, at Lancrigg, with the aid of Mr. Fletcher's steadying hand."

"*7th November*, 1871.

"Tell Caro all the ladies are most kind. I have had visits from several neighbours. To-morrow is the day Dr. M. asked me to write, and I mean to do so. He objects to scones with baking powder, but I might try something like the Scotch barley kind. I feel the fasts a good deal, and they seem to expose me more easily to the cold. Neither the rum nor wine appear to agree, but I mean to try the latter a while longer. I had another attack yesterday, very severe, but not quite so long as usual. Mrs. Bell does excellently, but she is feeble

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herself, still, though better. I am glad Caro has decided not to come till late, when I hope I shall be better able to enjoy her presence. While these bad days are frequent, it would be quite a waste to have her, as no one can allay the dejection they produce. I soon get over it, however, though I accomplish scarcely anything from feeling so tired. On account of this I have not had the access of strength and refreshment I have always before found after a few days in this air. Yesterday was brilliant; to-day dull, but dry.

"Farewell, dearest Mother, I hope to write on Saturday, and tell you what Dr. M. says."

"*30th November*, 1871.

"Thank thee much for thy kind letter, dearest Mother, by which I am grieved to hear thou art again ailing. Thou should'st make thy own health of far more importance than philanthropies, which I have grown quite to hate, so often do they damage thee: "Many widows were in Samaria," and yet, &c.; much less is it needful to visit women who have good husbands, a house to cover them, and no bother of children. We have had splendid weather since Saturday; mild and pleasant; to-day frost and bright sun. Maurice has been helping me to garden, and it was so warm I got him his lunch in the porch. While he was sitting on the steps eating, a robin came to beg for crumbs, and it was a pretty sight to watch the two—he throwing crumbs, and the bird hopping within two feet of him to pick them up—the eyes of both bright with life and interest, and all the lovely country sights and sounds about them. To-day we think of going to Lancrigg. Lady R. has had a bad cold, and I saw her in her bedroom last. She wishes to present copies of Sir John's life to our Infirmary, Sailors' Home, &c. Lord Blantyre has been so much pleased with it that he has presented the auther to a Scotch living, which will enable him to leave Amsterdam, and settle among his own people again. I was so depressed yesterday by hearing of Bishop Patteson's death, that I conld not write. I do not know how Miss Yonge will bear it. She was so deeply attached to this Cousin. His aged Father freely gave him up for all the risks of his mission. It is very kind to send me a paper now and then. I hope you will see something in private of Dr. Rae. It is very nice that C. will hear his lectures. Lady R. will be greatly interested, as she is a warm friend of his."

From A. D. R. to her nephew, Douglas White.

"HEUGH FOLDS, *Thursday.*

MY DEAREST DOUGLAS,

"On Friday, two little boys came to me to ask me for some money to make a fire on Saturday, for on that day, instead of on Sunday, people made fires in most parts of England to make us all remember we were once in great danger from a bad sort of fire in the Parliament Houses, in London, so I gave them each a penny and

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said I would give another penny to each if they would put their fire where I could see it. One of them was called Gawain, and that made me think a great deal of you, because there was once a poet and a bishop called Gawain Douglas, who was a very good man, and helped to make his country more fond of books and less fond of killing each other. At night, I looked out from behind the curtains, and there was a splendid fire blazing away, and lighting up the stone quarries and the valley of Rydal; and, on the other side, where I could also see, it was a still bigger fire against a mountain, called Silver How, which the Town End boys had made; and very splendid both looked. I wished so much for you, and Philip, and Mabel, and all the rest, except little Mildred, who is not old enough to look out yet. The first fire belonged to the boys of Aunt Caro's Cottages, and a very good one it was for little boys to make; I enjoyed it very much, though I was all alone. It is so sunshiny here, and with such rich ruddy colours on the hills and trees, that it is hard to believe we are nearly half through dreary November. Please give my dearest love to your Mother; I am so glad to hear she can come down to dinner now. Tell dear Aunt Caro I am so glad to have her letter, but she must not come yet, or miss any of your Mother's company. I am better again, having given up the odious, poisoning rum. Beware of rum, dear Douglas, all your life, and such like nasty things, and tell dear kind Grandmama, who cares for everybody, that Mr. Brown,* who has a beautiful grey pony, wrote to offer to bring it off the Fells if I liked, but I said I would rather do with a funny old horse called "Doctor" now, and have the pretty pony in the dry spring, when it would have to go to grass if it came in now. Everybody is very kind —one sends a chicken, another something else. I went to see Mrs. Sykes yesterday. Philip will tell you who she is and what sort of things she has round her house. She is only very poorly, but is going next week to Scarborough. Maurice knows Scarborough, where he was called "Master," in the newspaper, poor little boy. There was a lovely shining rime on the ground this morning, and I am going out presently to look after my plants.

Farewell, dearest, precious Douglas,

Your affectionate,

AUNT ANNA."

From A. D. R. to her Aunt A. R. Foster.

"HEUGH FOLDS, 29*th*.

MY DEAREST AUNT,

"Thy note was of the kind that warms and cheers one's heart through and through—a treat of the pleasantest kind; as it happened,

* Mr. Edward Brown, of the Prince of Wales or Lake Hotel, for whom Anna had a very warm regard. He was left an orphan at 18, took the management of his father's hotel, signed the pledge, and in every way gained the respect of those about him. In many ways, at various times, he shewed respectful and truly delicate attentions to Anna.

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I was indeed very dismal, but on that account was best alone, for one does not like one's dearest friends even to witness the infirmities of our shaky tabernacles. But I am thankful to say I have rapidly become quite well. The air is so balmy, even in an east wind which has prevailed to-day, and the water better and nicer by far than the most costly wines. I have just been to see dear Charlotte Broadley. She bears her heavy bereavement with wonderful submission and courage, and it is beautiful to see these qualities united—neither perfect without the other. Her garden was a blaze of splendid colour. I never saw such holyhocks, phloxes, and gladiola; petunias, too, were profuse. Uncle R. would have been delighted.

"I intend to stay with her two days after I leave this, as she kindly pressed it, and to take some drives with her, which will prevent my gardening too vehemently. The poor little garden here is in a sad state of overgrowth. The heat and wet together have made quite a jungle of it, and rather overpowered the flowers. To-night there is a grand "Reading" from Mr. Carr and Mr. Plumptree, the Professor of that art in King's College, London. I wished much to go, for the sake of the fine poetry, but happily found out in time that the proceeds were to go to the Rifle Volunteers, a body of men whom, *as* Riflemen, I hate, and would not by any oblique method, give a half-penny to. How pleasant it was to have a tea for the poor navvies! Amid all the dreadful waste of time in social duties, often miscalled pleasures, it is so well to hear of hospitality to the poor. The children of the engineers, at N. C. look to me in most miserable plight of hunger and rags, but when I asked a poor woman about them, she said: "If you give them clothes they will go straight to the pawnshop, and the strike will be prolonged."

"Did'st thou hear of the answer of Thompson and Boyd's men? "We wish exceedingly to go back to work, but we dare not." Surely no monarch was ever a worse tyrant than these delegates; and, for my part, I would rather continue under the Queen, dear little lady, than change for a mob, or for the representatives of illiterate men.

"The season here is a very busy one, but the poor people of the valley, chiefly innkeepers, have lost *forty* horses this summer, from the epidemic, a large number for so small a place. I hope to be home very soon, dear Aunt, and to thank thee again in person for all thy kindness and sympathy.

Thy most affectionate,

A. D. R."

"Please tell Uncle R. the clematis, E. Rimington gave me, is in full beauty just now.

From A. D. R. to her Mother.

"*Sunday Evening.*

DEAREST MOTHER,

"Thy very interesting letter with the account of the essay meeting, I meant to thank thee for yesterday, but C., I dare say, would

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acknowledge it. It is very pleasant to hear of what you do, and of thy being such a centre of enjoyment and usefulness to so very many people. Now I fancy thee listening to Alice's lovely singing of hymns, and hope you have had a pleasant day in spite of the rain from the east, which you no doubt have as well as we. Yesterday seemed brilliant, summer-like from first to last. How cheering the reports of the Prince are, and how striking the oneness of feeling throughout the nation. I had a very delightful letter from H. M. W., and one from John, too, yesterday, not read till to-day. The former speaks with great warmth of the enjoyment of thy society, when at N. C., and dearest John gives quite a cheerful account of M. and the children. Thanks for suggestions of brandy, but Dr. M. has turned me over to a milk diet. It reminds me of our children's game of "whirl about, and turn about, and do just so." A very kind, painstaking letter it was. Dr. Robinson also sends me a receipt which I have copied for thee, as it relates clearly to a nervous headache, and a kind message with it, which is gratifying. Miss C. Broadley sends a Yorkshire pheasant, very plump, and a soft quilted silk chest protector, and Caro gets books for me, and fills up all spaces of time with delight of the very keenest kind, so that I am only too much looked after."

From A. D. R. to her Brother J. W. R.

"HEUGH FOLDS, 27*th December*, 1871.

DEAREST JOHN,

"I am very sorry to hear of more "bother" for thee, and shall be glad to hear of any plan by which *that* is escaped now and in the future. If Mother's capital be made safe all the quiescent members of the family should, perhaps, be well satisfied. We do not seem to have further claims upon the business.

* * * * *

"Please thank dear M. for her kind note and highly dyspeptic list of fine dishes. I am sorry to hear she is still not very strong. I imagine you all at this moment round the Christmas tree. The delight of the children will, I hope, be contagious to every one. It is pleasant to see a few Greek words in thy letters. The refreshment even of the paucist (curr to the quercine shades!) knowledge of that language is very refreshing, its form is so statuesque, severe, and beautiful. Caro is reading all the letter-press of thy Cathedrals, giving me many extracts. Most interesting she finds it. We are never weary of admiring the illustrations: "Walk in the old paths." What a very interesting result the sale of the Waterford Irish Estates has given. Grandpapa would have been delighted.

Thy most affectionate,

A. D. R."

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From A. D. R. to her Mother.

"HEUGH FOLDS, *New Year's Day*, 1872.

DEAREST MOTHER,

"We received thy welcome letter this morning, and the pretty little almanack, for which please accept our warm thanks. We were wishing for such, but could not get them here. I fear thou did'st not get the packet of letters, carefully posted on 7th day that L. might see them on 1st. On account of the hopeless disturbance of the post, I did not write yesterday, to send thee the best greetings of the season with a pair of rough *anklets*, which are meant to be worn and put on *before* the boots, so as to add to the comfort of the feet in Meeting, or other cold places. I wished to make dear Alice a pair too, but Caro thought them too homely for her, and there is little choice of fine material here. To-day has been a tremendous storm of rain. Caro happily did not go out, but, as it did not come on till noon, I set out to attend the service, and had a fierce battle up the hill again. The hymns were charming, and Mr. Jefferies preached with very great feeling on the day, alluding to the many heavy sorrows there have been during the past year in the vale, and assuring us that, though the next is sure to bring varied events, yet our gracious Father will not forget to mingle joy with whatever bitterness may be in store, as he does light with shadow on the sides of our beautiful mountains. Mrs. Binstead has not been out yet, but she sent us a kind message the other day. Her husband's father, Admiral Binstead, is staying with her. The look of bereavement and distress on the old man's face is grievous to see. I believe Mr. B. was his only son. Lady R. sent us Mr. George Fletcher's letter to read. It was most affecting in its calmness, relating what there was to tell, and then asking that his Aunt would pray for him, that he might be given perfect submission to the good will of God. Miles's wife had been ill ever since their arrival at their wooden hut, and he had done his best to nurse her; the alkaline water of the district disagreed with her, and the Irish milkmaid turned out a very bad nurse, so hearing of another help twelve miles off, he set out to find her. A snow storm came on, and he did not return. They searched three days, and found him quite frozen, not a quarter of a mile from his own home. The poor wife, if living, is to come home to Scotland. She was only able to write a few sentences and say that Miles was gone back to the God whom he so fervently loved on earth. It is a great blow to the friends, for he was really beautiful in character, and, until the fall from his horse, he had shewn very superior abilities. If Louisa Gunston is down with the children any day, perhaps thou wilt kindly tell her these particulars, for I think she will be interested?"

The next letter, the last which I ever received from Anna, was written in reply to one of mine, in which I had deprecated some too

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generous money arrangement. Of course, it was no use arguing, and I had quietly to shelve the matter.

From A. D. R. to her Brother J. W. R.

"*February*, 1872.—*Sunday.*

DEAREST J.,

"I fancy our note was right enough in *one sense.* We all belong to the same family, the mind of which fits well into Hugh's formula: "I like my own way and nobody *else's!*"

"I am going to send thee an extract from Bishop of Orleans, the ardent lover and admirer of England, which I will ask the favour of thee to read.

Thy most affectionate,

A. D. R."

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CHAPTER XII.

"For all that moveth doth in change delight,
But thenceforth all shall rest eternally
With Him that is the God of Sabaoth height;
O that great Sabaoth God, grant me that Sabaoth's sight!"

Faery Queene, VIII. 2.

LAST ILLNESS AND DEATH, 1872-73.

Æt. 40.

In the spring of 1872, it was arranged that Anna should again visit London, and consult Dr. Mackern. She travelled up in company with her sister, Caroline; rested the night at Stafford, and took lodgings in Weymouth Street. Dr. Mackern seemed much shocked to see the progress which the disease had made, and urged the taking of further advice. After many days of weary waiting for him, Dr. Kidd came and made an examination, and advised a speedy removal to Bournemouth to try the effect of the sea air. He also ordered the constant application of mustard and turpentine.

One of the Sundays, in London, they walked to All Saints', in Margaret Street, and Anna stayed to the Communion Service, but she was much exhausted. Day by day she grew worse and worse, and when I went to see her, she seemed wofully feeble and helpless, and said she was stupid with pain in the head. At Bournemouth, the bright sun and warm air seemed to have the very best effect. The

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interest, too, of watching the building of the house, which she had so eagerly planned, seemed to enliven Anna very much, and when her Mother and Alice went down, they were altogether cheered and encourged. They were, also, so fortunate as to secure the services, as nurse, of Mrs. Yorke (now of the Newcastle Turkish Baths,) a blessed woman, as I once heard her enthusiastically called.

Dr. Mackern much wished that Anna should go to a German Bath, but she seemed to have so little strength for a long Continental journey, that the plan was quite set aside. When the spring came, she was feverishly anxious to travel north, and the more so that Bournemouth has little beauty in the spring, so they left in the middle of April, travelling by Poole, Glastonbury, and Wells, to Bath. Anna enjoyed the extreme beauty of the country with all her old enthusiasm, and at Glastonbury, she walked up and down among the ruins, reading the history of the old Benedictine Abbey with most eager pleasure. At Wells, too, she enjoyed a long stroll in the Palace Grounds, and all round the Cathedral, saying often: "John must come here, it is just the place for tired people." There was one charming drive taken at Bath which seemed quite to set her up, but the following day, a violent bleeding at the nose weakened her so much that it was with difficulty the journey was continued. Not very long after her arrival at Grasmere, a settled languor overtook her, which turned afterwards into constant sickness. Dr. Johnson, of Hawkshead, a most able practitioner, was called in, and when he found that the sickness did not yield to ordinary remedies, he took a very grave view of the disease, and, in fact, was the first to find out its real nature. By his advice most of the family were summoned, but the use of morphia so much relieved the pressure on the brain, that erelong there was a semblance of recovery, and Anna seemed to gain strength day by day, and at last, was able to go out in the phaeton. She used, at this time, to take great pleasure in hearing one of her little nephews repeat infantine hymns behind her chamber door. Towards the close of July, a new and unfavourable symptom, namely, a difficulty in breathing supervened, and I went over to see her at the time of the Grasmere Rush-bearing, a symbolical church festival in which she took a lively interest. I saw her down by the church, and spoke to her for one minute, but she seemed a mere shadow of her former self. Afterwards, at Heugh Folds, I was allowed, at her request, to speak

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to her for two or three minutes, and her active mind was beginning upon a then much disputed question in architecture, when I was beckoned to leave her. On going out into the terrace, there were two or three of her friends, and we noticed on the porch, blooming all by itself, among the dark leaves, one lovely flower of her favourite clematis, a pale white star with just a tinge of ethereal blue, an emblem, as it seemed to me, of the mortal spirit there struggling to loose its bonds and soar to the empyrean.

The Rush-bearing had been far too exciting; but again she rallied, and at the end of the week she seemed very much to enjoy a visit from her friend Miss Taylor, who told her all about Brittany and the Archæological Meeting, at Bristol. It was a close, thundery evening, and Anna was terribly oppressed, but at intervals she talked with great force and clearness about the Northumbrian engraved stones, the character of the French, &c. All through her illness, it had been wonderful to everybody that her mind was quite clear and vigorous, always able to give information when appealed to. The Sunday following was an almost perfect day, and Anna was carried out twice on a mattress into the garden, but she could not lie down, and panted for breath. Looking up at the blue sky, she said: "How strange "that with such abundance of fresh air I cannot draw a full breath." That evening, she asked for Herrick's, "Sweet spirit comfort me," but as none of those present could repeat it, the reading was put off till the next morning. The chloral given at night gave some relief, but it made her heavy and confused the next day, and when Miss Taylor came again to see her on Monday, she was scarcely able to talk. Next day she was able to sleep a little on an Ilkley couch, and saw Miss Charlotte Broadley and Miss Taylor for a few minutes. After that Dr. Johnson gave constantly repeated doses of morphia, and there was scarcely any more consciousness. When the effect of the morphia a little abated, there was the beseeching look for help which none could give, and the anguish of watching was so great that her devoted sister could only be thankful when the heavy, torpid sleep, again came over her. This lasted about a week, but on Monday Morning, the (5th August, 1872) her mother and sisters gathered round the bed-side before six o'clock, and watched the slowly ebbing life, till at last, the laboured breathing ceased, and the wasted form lay at rest.

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I was from home, but was recalled by a telegram in time to attend the funeral. Eight of Anna's workmen friends carried her to the churchyard, while others walked behind and sang hymns. The hymns chosen were :—

"When our heads are bowed with woe" (163.)
"O God our help in ages past" (197.)
"The Son of God goes forth to war" (263.)
"Thou art gone up on high" (124.)
"Brief Life is here our portion" (142.)
"Jerusalem the Golden" (3rd part) (142.)

It is impossible to describe the solemn effect of this procession, and of the singing of these hymns by those who loved her well, for she was much loved in the valley.* At the grave side, we met many of her lady friends, who wished to pay this last tribute, and her body was lowered, amid the kneeling, weeping circle, into the grave, which is close to the Lancrigg ones, and to that of Miss Broadley, with one of Wordsworth's yews, very near. A simple headstone, of slate, was put up, with the text from Philippians iii. 10, chosen by her sister, "That I may know Him, and the power of His resurrection, and the fellowship of His sufferings, being made conformable unto His death." And sure, a sweeter spot could scarcely be found; the rapid Rothay here pauses, and makes a deep pool, where the trout are ever swimming—the old yews spread their solemn arms—the place is hallowed by the graves of Wordsworth, Hartley Coleridge, Sir John Richardson, Mrs. Fletcher, and other less known if not less loved names—the everlasting hills stand round in a glorious amphitheatre, on whose slopes she had so often watched the trailing shadows of the clouds—and near by stands the dearly loved old church, where swell those strains of prayer and praise she loved so well. And, oh! if her earthly image was so sweet to all of us, can we even picture her heavenly form? Her sweet spirit has left us here and flown, whether, as some believe, at once into the enfolding arms of her dear Saviour, or, as she herself inclined to think, to rest, and await the great judgment day—who

* One of the boatmen on the lake, a few days later, said to a gentleman he was rowing, "She was the best lady that ever lived in this valley."

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shall say? We may reply in the words of one of her favourite hymns, "Norunt illi qui sunt intus;" or in those of Baxter: "It is enough that Christ knows all, and I shall be with Him."

FINIS.

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APPENDIX A.

The following letter is from one of Anna's dearest friends, to whom several of the letters in this volume are addressed :—

MY DEAR FRIEND,

"When you asked me to send some recollections of my beloved friend, your sister, I felt, at first, that it would be utterly impossible for me to embody in words my sense of what she was, or give any idea of the friendship that was so deep and sacred a thing to me. I still know that I cannot do it adequately, but, as you wish it, it will be a pleasure, of no uncommon kind, to recall a pure and lofty image, and attempt, however imperfectly, to restore it. How one longs for some mental photography, or that rare and wonderful artist power, which can convey to others a true picture of that which is so distinct and visible to ourselves!

"My first recollection of your sister is as a girl of thirteen or fourteen, even then full of aspiration and enthusiasm. We met at the house of a mutual friend, and spent some days together. I was four years her senior, but we talked together, found that we cared for the same things, and loved each other from that time.

"She was then, as always, a genuine hero-worshipper, prone to make idols, and invest them with many noble and lovely qualities that existed chiefly in her own imagination. I never knew a more loving, loyal, and reverent heart than hers; where she once truly and deeply loved, it seemed simply impossible to her to change, and it made one tremble to read in her letters the expressions of her attachment, and the happiness she derived from it; but it was, perhaps, the safer from being in so great a degree "subjective." She once said she thought in love it was the blindness chiefly that ought to be cultivated.

"It was only the innermost circle of her friends, however, who profited by this blindness; beyond that, her judgment and instinct with regard to character were clear-sighted and true enough. After the meeting of which I have spoken, at Carlisle, Anna went to school in the south of England.

"Her letters thence were very original, full of affection, and showing considerable sense of the humourous, which was not very conspicuous afterwards, though it does break out, now and then, like an exquisite gleam of sunshine on a sombre sky.

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"She speaks in these early letters of "unmanageable thoughts" that came crowding into her brain that she could not express, and of "journeys over the waste of thought;" and certainly these journeys led her into tracks not often trodden by such youthful feet.

"The enjoyment of her school life, both in England and afterwards in Edinburgh, was marred by a temporary lameness, which was not only very painful, but which hindered her from doing things that she would greatly have liked. I saw her once or twice at Edinburgh, and was struck with her heroic endurance of what was especially disappointing to her.

"This was, perhaps, the first of a long series of trials, disappointments, and hindrances which, from ill-health and other causes, seemed to beset her through life. They were acutely felt, especially when they came to overthrow plans of usefulness; but she bore them bravely, and any one who knew her intimately could see that these painful ordeals did not mar the beauty of her character, though, no doubt, they altered its development. Just as in the crystallization of a precious stone one sees a disturbing influence adding to the beauty of the perfected gem, so the power of the life that was in her wrought with the adverse circumstances of her outward lot, and, if she suffered acutely, she also enjoyed intensely in an endless variety of ways.

"It was after one of these fiery baptisms of suffering that our intercourse was renewed. It was marvellous to see how her whole being was developed. And now began a period of intercourse, by letter, and at rare intervals face to face, which was, perhaps, as perfect in its enjoyment as anything of the kind could be. I perfectly revelled in her large and wonderful mind, which seemed capable of grasping and retaining all kinds of knowledge; but this would have been nothing in friendship, if her affections had not been deep in proportion. I remember her saying how thankful she felt that we had been told that John rested on his Lord's breast at supper; it seemed to hallow all close personal intercourse. Our friendship was very barren in outward incident. We could not meet nearly so often as we wished, having both of us strong ties to home, but we did meet a few times at each other's homes.

"She wrote out a delightful Lake tour, which was to have been undertaken by us two entirely alone, and mostly pedestrianizing, but this, like many another day-dream, vanished without fulfilment. She came to me once when staying by the seaside for health, on which occasion we had nearly been drowned together. This was our only adventure!

"We had intense enjoyment in Wordsworth. I think, for some years of her life, he was more to her, as a poet, than any one; and, if we delighted in Wordsworth, how did we delight in those things which were his joy and inspiration! We shared entirely in that feeling for the mountains which Ruskin describes in his chapter on "The Mountain Glory":—"For myself, the mountains are the beginning and end of all natural scenery; in them, and in the forms of landscape that lead to them, my affections are wholly bound up." So it truly was with both of us, and I could easily understand how it

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was, that while she clung to the mountains with so passionate and deep a love, she had no corresponding feeling for the sea. Though I remember she once took me with some pride to see the great waves breaking on our Eastern coast, which she thought so much finer than those on the West; yet, for the most part, she shrank from the sea, and had no pleasure in it. There was something in its wild, restless, uncertain nature, something in its treacherous calm, which were the emblems of things she did not love. The very sound of the waves, unless it were from a great height, was unrestful to her; it seemed like the moaning of the turbulent billows of thought, surging up, for ever in vain, against the answerless problems of our existence. No wonder, then, that the rest and peace, the everlasting truth, and faithfulness of which the mountains seemed at once the image and the abiding place, were most precious to her, and that she read in them the assurance of a

> "Central Peace, subsisting at the heart,
> Of endless agitation."

It was curious to see how the mountain magnet drew her again and again to them, until she finally settled among them, and found a haven of peace under their shelter. "Living here in this indescribable country," she writes: "I feel perpetually bathed in a glad sense of continually revealed blessings."

"Her home affections were very strong. She wrote me from Paris, where she spent a few months with one of her brothers, that, amongst all the interests that surrounded her, she was terribly home-sick; but she would not tell her own people so, it might make them unhappy. She delighted in little children, and said she felt how th[illegible] sweet poetic offices far more them made up for the trouble o[illegible]ir distractions.

"Her enjoyment of intellectual society was, of course, in proportion to her power of appreciating it, and she often showed her pleasures in this way in her letters with those less favoured than herself. Still, she said, the enjoyment of this kind of society felt to her a sort of intoxication, and so she cheerfully acquiesced when led into quieter paths. At one time, possibly, there used to be a little impatience with mediocrity, and she confesses: "What a constant battle! I have to be perfectly thankful for plain goodness and honest truth, which, indeed, I heartily am, only a little intellectual vigour one naturally takes to." She certainly had the power of attaching to herself many who had not a suspicion of what she really was, and this partly, because she despised no kind of knowledge, but liked to learn from any one anything he genuinely knew. She said she thought humility the best of the Christian virtues, and a direct gift from heaven, and it was no small experience of life which led her to say: "The sum of all things is an infinite patience."

"She had intense sympathy with suffering of all kinds, bodily or mental, and any one who experienced her ministrations in illness, knows they were of the wisest and tenderest.

"Her mental superiority did not consist so much of any one faculty developed at the expense of others, but a fulness of life animating

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every power, even to the arrangement of the minute details of daily life. This was shown, too, in her skill as an artist, in which I greatly delighted, for it seemed to me that there was not only the power of drawing, but also the poetic faculty to

> "Add the gleam,
> The light that never was on sea or shore,
> The inspiration of the poet's dream."

Some of her Italian and Swiss sketches, though she made little of them, were very charming.

"She loved flowers heartily, and I remember the pleasure with which she told me the meanings of some of their names, especially that of Veronica, whose heavenly blue was caught from the sky, and this was associated with the legend of Saint Veronica. She had a great desire to be permitted to use her powers and acquirements for the help of her fellow-men. She once told me there were two things she longed to do: one was to write another translation of the New Testament, and the other was to take charge of poor women emigrating from our over-crowded cities to some new land. She thought that women of education ought to fit themselves, by physiological and other studies, to help their less favoured sisters in every way; indeed, the whole subject of women's education became profoundly interesting to her. Speaking of Stewardship, she said: "What an endless ramification it has, stretching backwards over all the winding dealings of God's good Providence, and forward into the unseen awfulness of serving him for ever." Nearly the last time I was with her, she told me sorrowfully how she and other members of her family had had such s' ·ng yearnings to be of some real service to others; but, she s. ·/e have been thrown back again and again by ill-health. Yet ı never heard from her anything but the most loving acquiescence in all that was permitted to be a part of her lot. "Knowing so surely as we do," she said, "from even the trifles as they seem of our daily life, how lovingly our true welfare is guarded for us." Still, I think, this belief did not prevent her from feeling that many of the things that happen to us are not at all according to God's will, because the result of our own sins and follies and of those of others. For, after all, this far stretching penetration into so many lines of human thought, this power of appreciating the true and the beautiful so keenly, this faculty for action and production, and so much besides that I have not spoken of, and which I could rather apprehend than fully comprehend, all these were not the deepest part of her nature. They were noble off-shoots; but the root of all was a deep reverential religiousness, a personal love of God, which never, so far as I could trace, in all her "journeyings through the wastes of thought," stood in any danger of eclipse.

"In 1853, she wrote, "the love of a Divine Friend, to whom as to a parent of exhaustless consolation we may carry all our troubles, and from this close relation receive sympathy as we need it, and light and knowledge as we are able to bear them, this is, indeed, the fulness of blessing, the crown encircling the cross, of whose exceeding worth we feel ourselves so unworthy."

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"I have said how deeply reverent she was. She said to me once how it pained her to hear Divine things spoken of too familiarly; she thought we should always say Jesus Christ, and not simply Jesus, when speaking of our Saviour. She felt deeply the profound mystery which surrounds the highest life of our souls, a mystery, she thought, most happily spoken of as the life hid with Christ in God.

"She had a most appreciative love of the early members of the Society of Friends, and read their books, feeling them to be infinitely deeper than those of modern times. She told me of the enjoyment she had, when she was very young, in conversation with a dear aged minister*, a near relation of her own, and that he had given her Dr. Pusey's sermons to read, and, I think, had pointed out to her the resemblance between his deep views of spiritual truth and those of the early Friends. She always maintained that this was the case, and that, in many things, the High Church doctrine was like that of George Fox, Isaac Pennington, and others, though, when followed out by each, it led to such different external developments.

"Once, during the later years of our intercourse, she told me that her highest ideal of Christian life, in modern times, was that of the early Friends; but, as that seemed almost impracticable, she felt most rest for her spirit in that portion of the Church of England to which Pusey, Keble, and others belonged. She grew gradually into the belief that it was a mistake to cast away altogether the forms and ceremonies which she and many others felt to be helps in the Christian life; perhaps, scarcely quite making due allowance for the fact that, to some minds, they would be hindrances rather than helps. She did not, however, adopt these views rashly. She assured me that a study of the New Testament, in the original, and of the early Fathers, as profound as she was capable of, had led her to take the strongest views of the nature and efficacy of the sacraments; and I could not but marvel at the humility with which she came to bow to the authority of "the Church" in these and other points.

"I am sure she did not love her friends less who did not see these things as she did, and, of course, it was felt that the divergence of thought was not in the very deepest things; still it was closely associated with the very deepest.

"I spent one memorable Sunday with her at Heugh Folds, and I shall never forget the depth of solemnity that seemed to clothe her both at home and at church. But that was very near the end of our intercourse. Once, again, we met under her dear Mother's roof, very happily; but, for many reasons, that Sabbath day is hallowed in my memory by the sanctity of parting, and the desire of re-union. And now, I am deeply thankful to have had such a friend, thankful that such a spirit dwelt amongst us to give us assurance of so much that is true, and beautiful, and good. And since she has been called to the fuller development of her noble gifts in God's service above, and to the joy of seeing more "light in God's own light," I like to think that the hills she loved so well, keep watch over the place

*Her uncle George Richardson.

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of her sleep; and that the quiet brook that sings by the grave of Wordsworth, makes a continual music over her last earthly resting place in the little churchyard of Grasmere.

"I fear that I have been prolix, dear friend, but you will forgive me; and, whether you care to add these recollections to your memorial or not, accept my thanks for the pleasure it has been to me to write them.

Yours truly,

H. M. W."

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APPENDIX B.

Extract from a letter written the year after Anna's death, by one of her friends, to Frau Professor Ernst Curtius, of Berlin.

Referring to another active and artistic lady's efforts in gardening, &c. :—

"So eine liebe Hand überall zu sehen das errinnert mich gleich schmerzlich an Anna; was ich an ihr verloren habe kann Nichts ersetzen. Grasmere ist nicht mehr Grasmere, der Zauber entschwunden—was ist mir Berg, Aussicht, Haus und Garten, und sie nicht mehr? Ihr Geist nicht mehr, wie eine höhere Weihe der schönen Natur Leben verleihend, weiter spinnend, Neues wirkend, Verborgenes aus Licht gewinnend; ich zehre noch immer an meinem Verkehr mit ihr; sie war mir so hoch und gross, ich ahne den Umfang des Kreises den ihr Geist umschloss, obwohl ich nie hinan reiche; wir Frauen sind meist nur receptiv: nicht schon im Geiste erschauend was noch nie vollbracht, die freie Idee zur That fördernd. Sie war männlichen Geistes. In ihrer Naturauffassung, wie sie dies in ihren Zeichnungen niedergelegt, in ihrer eigenthümlichen Hausverfassung, ihrem philanthropischen Wirken, in ihren Mittheilungen, brieflich wie mündlich, frappirte stets ihre Originalität. Was wusste sie nicht Alles über Botanik, Medizin, Astronomie, über Alterthumsforschung, Sprachlehre, Geschichte, und dann erst Theologie —Wenn dies auch nur dem kleineren Kreise der fernen und nahen Freunde zur Verwerthung und Nutzung kam, so ist, O! wie erfreulich der Spur zu folgen, so manches Wort von ihr, in Anderen zur That geworden."

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APPENDIX C.

Note to Chapter vii.

Caroline wished to put up in Heugh Folds, some inscription as a memorial of the dear builder, and suggested the following:—*On the rock, and of the rock, Anna builded the house, and now she has taken refuge in the Rock of ages;* but she was not satisfied with it in this form, and none of us succeeded in putting it into satisfactory English verse, and so it was turned into Latin.

How seldom do we see a satisfactory inscription in modern English, perhaps, hardly ever. Indeed, in all tongues, the power of tersely expressing a thought seems to diminish as the language develops, and, in our own country, this is doubtless the reason why Latin is so frequently adopted. I went, not long ago, to Westminster Abbey, to see Livingstone's tomb, and Dean Stanley (if it were he) had, I saw, taken refuge in a text from the New Testament on the one side, and on the other had inscribed the happy distich:—

"Tantus amor veri! Nihil est quod noscere malim
Quam fluvii causas per sæcula tanta latentes.

The earliest (or one of the earliest) Greek inscriptions on record is also one of the best, viz.:—that on the monument erected to the memory of Leonidas and the Spartans who fell in the pass of Thermopylæ:—

Ὦ ξεῖν', ἀγγέλλειν Λακεδαιμονίοις ὅτι τῇδε
Κειμεθα, τοῖς κείνων ῥήμασι πειθόμενοι."

Oh! stranger, go tell the Lacedæmonians that we lie here in obedience to their laws.

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CORRIGENDA.

Page 11, 7th line from bottom, for *Jessler's* read *Gessler's*.
„ 13, 2nd „ „ „ *of the Creator* read *on the Creator*.
„ 25, 18th „ top „ *Grand Papa* „ *grandpapa*.
„ 38, 2nd „ bottom „ *kind* „ *Kind*.
„ 39, bottom line (note) „ *Son* „ *son*.
„ 158, 5th line from bottom, „ *Sutton Place* „ *Lutton Place*.
et passim.
„ 209, 3rd line from bottom, „ *ou* „ *où*.
„ 236, 5th „ „ „ *rencoutre* „ *rencontre*.

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